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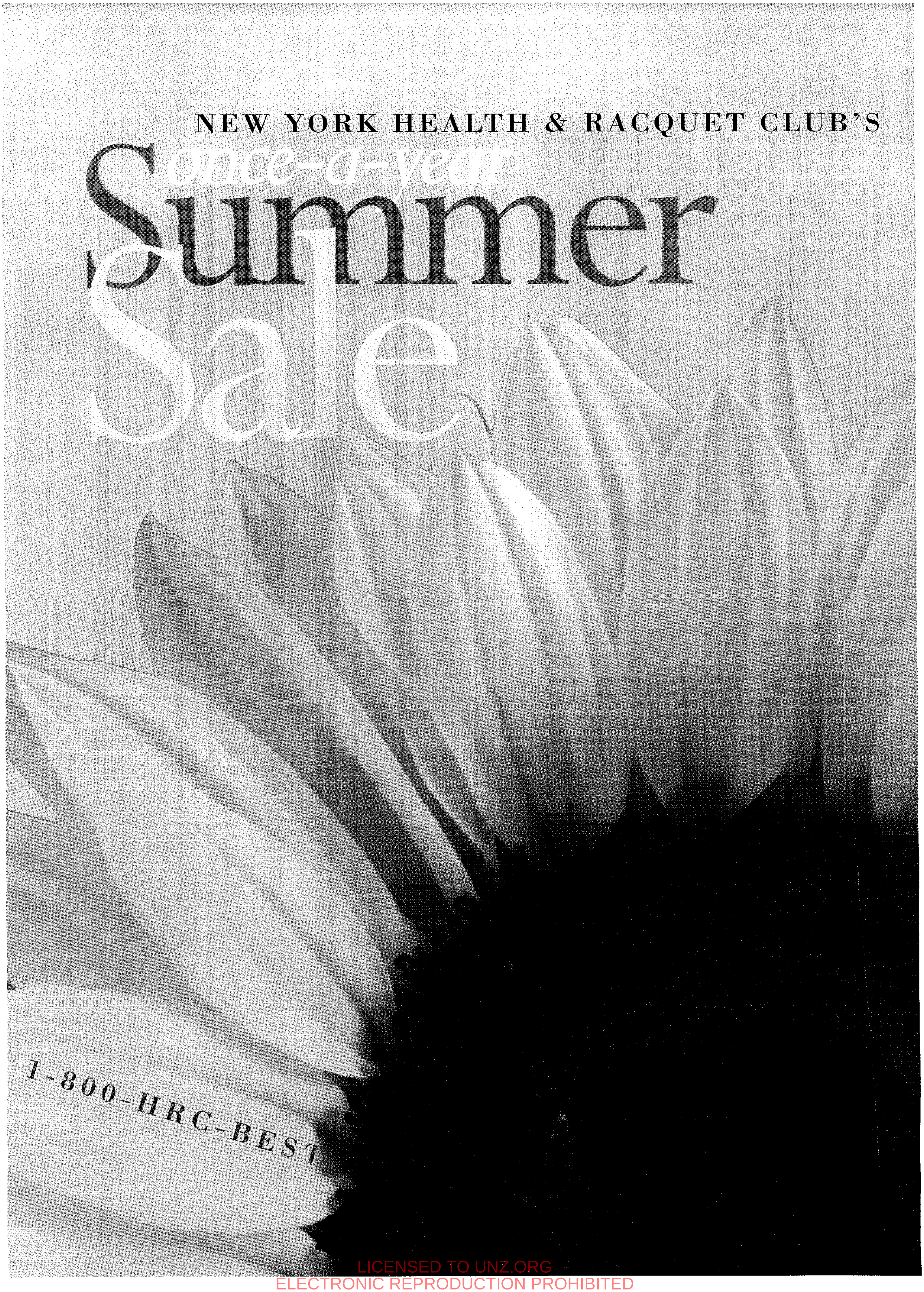
Former Spence girl GWYNETH PALTROW is beautiful, brilliant, and, in *Emma,* simply amazing. Plus, she's got Brad Pitt. By Nancy Jo Sales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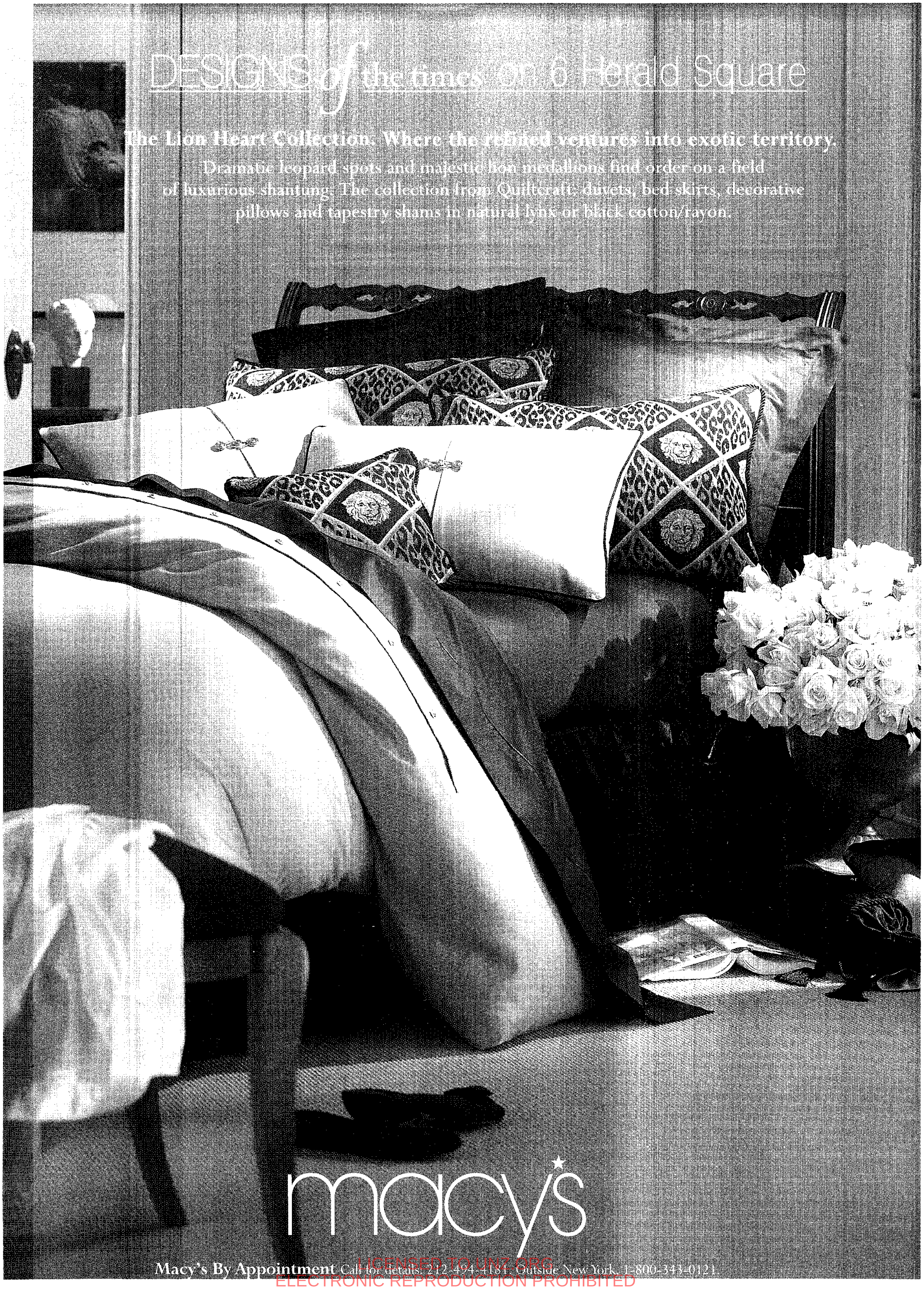
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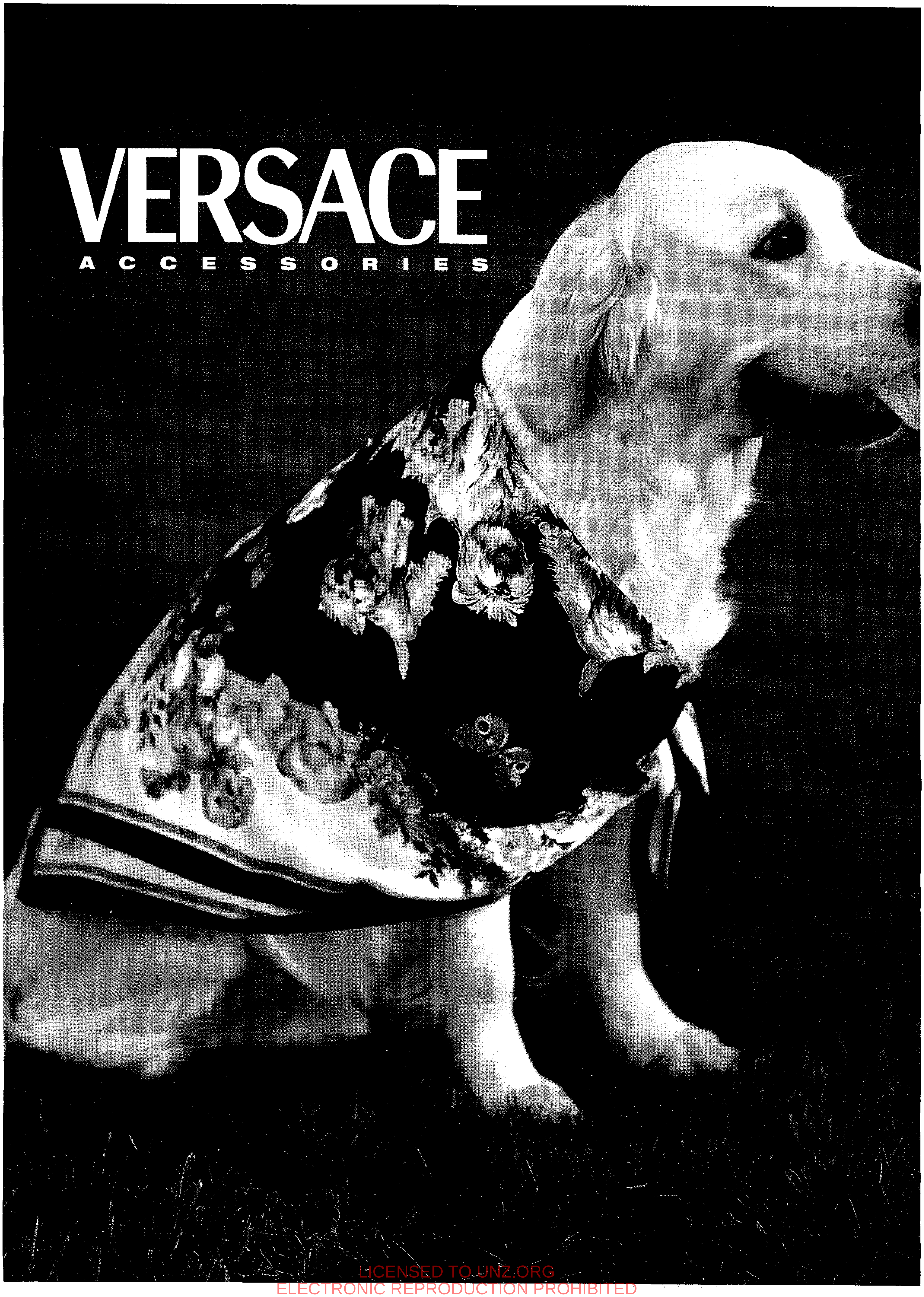
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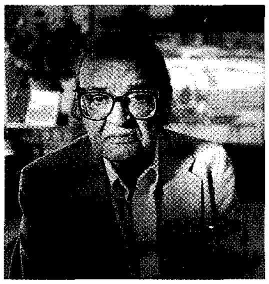

Nearly three decades after *The Godfather* put him on the map, crime novelist Mario Puzo's still kicking, with an imminent new best-seller. In an exclusive *New York* interview, he talks about his comeback, his movie career, and (surprise!) his life of crime. Plus: John Connolly asks mob insiders to . . . er . . . *review* Puzo's latest book.

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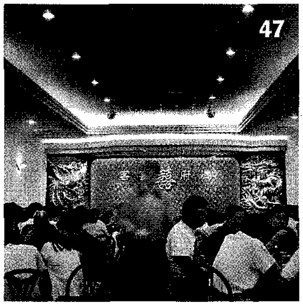
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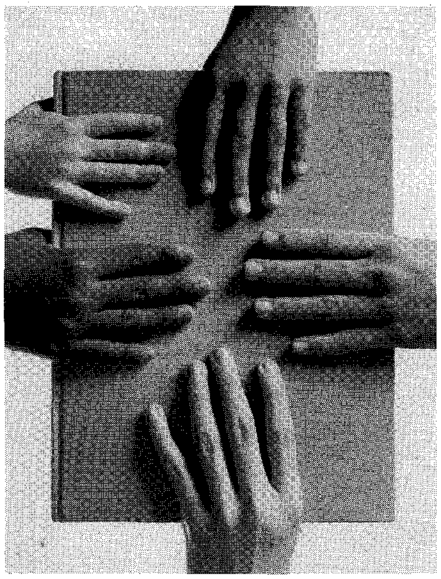

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LETTERS JULY 29, 1996

Not in My Backyard

ERIC KONIGSBERG'S "POWER ELITE Eden" [June 24–July 1] refers to an enormous headstone in a Martha's Vineyard cemetery bearing the one word BELUSHI: "No dates, no epitaph. But of course, that is enough." One would think so, but I wonder. A few years ago while driving to Gay Head, I picked up a pair of hitchhikers in their late teens. It was their first visit to the island, they revealed. As we passed the graveyard, a recessive tour-guide gene compelled me to tell my passengers, "You know, John Belushi is buried there." There was a brief, awkward silence. "Excuse me," one of them said. "Who's John Belushi?" Suddenly, I felt kind of old.

David English
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

AS A LONGTIME SUMMER PATRON OF MARtha's Vineyard, I would like to thank you for adding fuel to the fire. The once-low-key woodsy retreat that my family has enjoyed and respected for many years has become a zoo for the ostentatious. Yes, that is Eric Konigsberg's point (although punctuated more laughingly than alarmingly), but it doesn't mean you have to supply ferry, car, and airplane transportation information to several thousand more people. Make them work for their summer getaways, and maybe they'll be less inclined to trample on the natives.

Heather Barberie
MANHATTAN

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? SINCE FOLKS who make their home on the South Fork would be foolish to publish a map encouraging heavy weekend traffic through quiet rural and residential areas, your "East Hampton Express" map must be the work of someone either spiteful toward those homeowners or just plain thoughtless. In a place where busy weekends can now be judged with a squished-kitty count on the roads each Monday morning, this is not appreciated.

Barbara Bornstein Hendricks
SAGAPONACK, N.Y.

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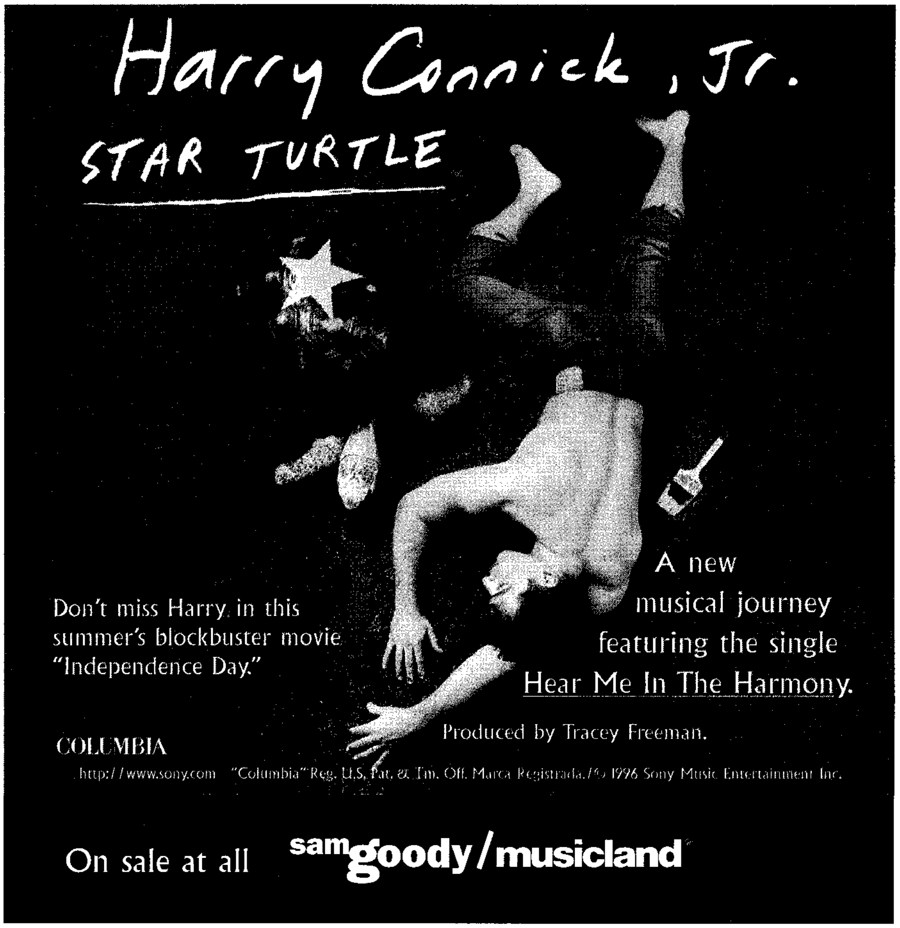
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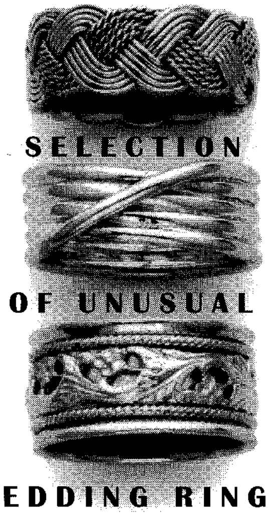

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LETTERS

YOUR "1996 GUIDE TO SUMMER FUN" should have been subtitled "For the Rich and the Richer." Hoping for tips on ways to enjoy steamy weekends in and out of the city, I was grateful to learn I can have a great weekend for just $1,000. First, I'll take Corky Pollan's advice and spend $225 on a beach bag from Barneys. Then I'll hop into my rented Mercedes-Benz convertible—for $600 a day—and drive out to the Hamptons. Of course, because of my weakening financial status, I will have to stay at the J. Harper Poor Cottage—for $275 per night! Who are you kidding? The only helpful page was the July and August events calendar. Why not more coverage on Central Park's SummerStage, Bryant Park's free movies, or the one-day excursions provided by the Long Island Rail Road and Metro-North? These are the events that make my summer fun. And judging from the crowds they draw, I don't think I'm the only one.

Cleo Oshel
MANHATTAN

Power Play

I AM WRITING TO CORRECT THE INACCURACIES in the "Intelligencer" item "A *Style* They've Seen Before" [June 24–July 1] regarding the dispute between my proposed book "The Power of Elegance" and *The Power of Style.* Rochelle Udell's claim that she initiated the project is as untrue as Geraldine Stutz implies. Research materials and other information were given to Udell during our initial meeting in January 1990. Upon seeing this material, she asked to become my co-author, and offered to show the material to Crown and Clarkson Potter. Foolishly, I had no qualms about leaving such obviously valuable material with a Condé Nast executive. It remained with Udell for at least six months; she then informed me that Crown was publishing a "similar" book, by Annette Tapert. My answer was the so-called angry letter mentioned in your article, sent four years before *Power of Style* appeared—not after publication, as you stated. Crown's book is not "similar" but practically the same. Of its fourteen subjects, eleven appeared in my "book." Self-invention, the thrust of my work, appears prominently throughout. I spent more than twenty years nurturing the material for my proposed book. It rankles that it was, shall we say, spirited away. Does anyone believe that on the basis of an angry letter, moneys were "elegantly" disbursed?

Rachel Crespin
MANHATTAN

"Intelligencer" replies: While researching "The Power of Elegance" for twenty years, Ms. Crespin never actually wrote a book. The proposal she submitted to Rochelle Udell and Crown evidently included research material but, by her own admission, was not a finished manuscript.

Fine Dining

I RECENTLY HAD DINNER AT THE NEWLY opened Ansonia restaurant on Columbus Avenue ["The Insatiable Critic: Trading Up," by Gael Greene, July 8]. On my way back from the rest room, I stopped to admire the activity in the kitchen through the large glass observation window. I was shocked to see a food preparer repeatedly pull a spoon out of his back pocket to dispense a sauce onto a plate, "clean" the spoon by putting it in his mouth, then return it to his pocket. I have no doubt that many things diners don't want to know about occur in restaurant kitchens, but I expected more from such an upscale restaurant. The manager wasn't the least bit fazed when I explained why I was leaving.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

Note: An Ansonia spokesman says the kitchen staff now uses disposable spoons for tasting.

Closer Reading

BEFORE DEVOTING SPACE TO A BOOK REVIEW, *New York* should choose a reviewer thoroughly familiar with the book's author. If Walter Kirn ["Books: Women in Groups," July 8] had read and understood all of Louise Erdrich's novels, he would have known that *Tales of Burning Love,* which he takes seriously and calls "flat-out awful," is a satire. He would have known that the dialogue he describes as "preposterously florid," "stilted," and "phony" is intended to be that way: No contemporary American author writes crisper prose than Erdrich when she chooses to do so.

Patricia Hopkins
Professor of English, Brooklyn College
BROOKLYN

Going Swimmingly

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR PIECE CLAIMING CNBC president Bill Bolster complained about my salary and ratings: He has offered me more money to stay. And the ratings are at an all-time high (up 73 percent over last year). If that's not enough to illustrate our happiness with each other, every Saturday morning at 9 A.M., Bill and I skinny-dip together at the Y pool. It is true, however, that he gets mad when I beat him in our holding-our-breath-underwater contests.

Charles Grodin
FORT LEE, N.J.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

RUDY: ENDORSEMENT INDUCEMENT

Elephants never forget. So, after hinting that he might endorse Clinton's re-election bid, **Rudy Giuliani** has apparently decided to stay on the Dole. According to a well-connected City Hall source, the Dole campaign recently offered the mayor a Cabinet position in exchange for his endorsement next fall. The source claims that the Dole camp made its offer to counter one by Clintonistas, who were reportedly hinting at an attorney-general position if Giuliani endorsed Clinton. But one City Hall insider claims that Giuliani—who angered Republicans by endorsing **Mario Cuomo** in 1994—decided to back Dole because he fears a bruising GOP primary battle if he crosses party lines again. "The public has a short memory," notes one City Hall insider. "But Republicans have a very, very long one."

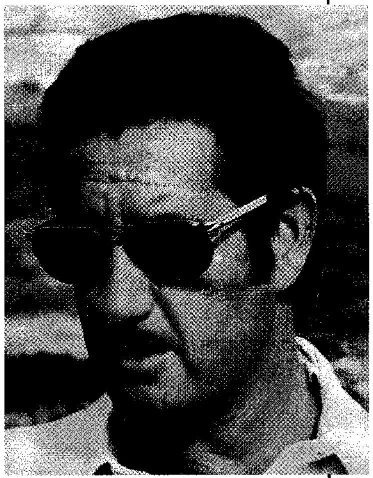
LAUER DIDN'T GO TO THE MATT FOR HER

Being the fiancée of hunky NBC star **Matt Lauer** wasn't enough to get **Kristen Gesswein** on air at America's Talking, NBC's pre-MSNBC talk-TV cable channel. For nearly a year, Gesswein, a tall brunette who'd been a reporter in Iowa, floundered as a booker at the New Jersey station. Then came her *To Die For* moment: Someone called in sick, and Gesswein was tapped to read the minute-and-a-half newsbreaks. Sadly, her elevation was short-lived. The next morning, the new president of CNBC, **Bill Bolster,** called to complain. "Get her off the air!" he shrieked, according to one startled newsroom source, who says that Bolster was concerned about charges of Lauer-influenced nepotism. "I don't want her on the air. You got it?" Bolster, through a spokesman, admits he's a good friend of Lauer's but says that had nothing to do with his tirade. "Bill *did* raise some questions about that incident," acknowledges CNBC spokesman George Jamison. "He's not accustomed to a worldwide network that doesn't have a better system in place than . . . to just grab the closest person and put them on the air." Soon after, Gesswein's producer left CNBC for Fox's cable-news start-up along with **Roger Ailes,** and her CNBC career "took a downward turn," according to an insider. Now Gesswein herself is going to Fox, where she'll be a reporter come September. And, no doubt coincidentally, sources say, her wedding to Lauer is now on hold.

THEY COULDN'T STAND THE HEAT . . .

It was like a visit to *Fawlty Towers* for those unfortunate diners who gathered at **Nell Campbell** and **Lynn Wagenknecht**'s restaurant-of-the minute, E&O, last week. As tables waited interminably for appetizers, floor staff stumbled over a variety of excuses, including "We're sorry—there have been some accidents in the kitchen" and "We apologize for the delays, but some people have walked out." In fact, practically the entire kitchen staff had walked out when the chef discovered that the restaurant was actively interviewing for his replacement. Anxious waiters and hosts frantically passed out free drinks in the hopes of numbing appetites and mitigating the nonservice. Admits a manager: "The chef had a few friends in the kitchen. We lost a majority, but not all of our staff."

Campbell: In the soup?



Robert Vesco: A new cell mate?

A JAILHOUSE WEDDING FOR VESCO

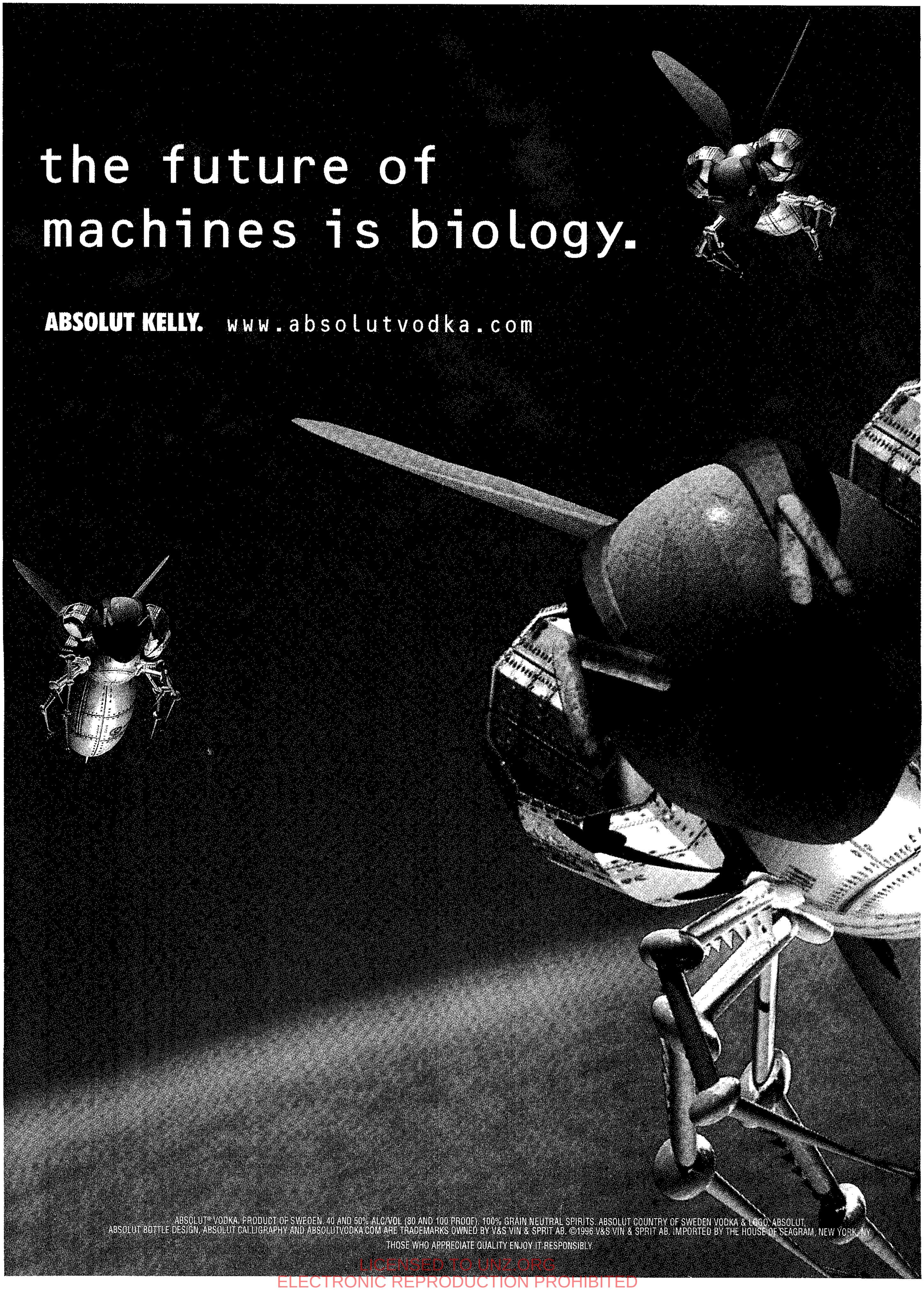
Robert Vesco, the wily financier who has eluded American lawmen for almost 25 years, was recently married in a Cuban prison to his longtime mistress, **Lydia Alfonso.** "The Cubans allowed a notary public to come in and marry them," reports journalist **Ann Louise Bardach.** (Her *Vanity Fair* story on the fugitive was optioned for Disney.) Alfonso, 43, was a Cuban trade official who met Vesco in a Havana hospital in 1992. The leap from bride to defendant took less time than the courtship: Not long after the wedding, Alfonso herself was charged with financial irregularities and now faces up to ten years in prison. Sources speculate that it will be easier for Alfonso to visit Vesco in prison as his wife; even before the wedding, she visited the notorious Villa Marista prison as often as possible, bringing in special food—"chicken and pizza and hamburgers," according to his court-appointed Cuban attorney, **Menelao Mora.** This spring, Vesco was quietly divorced from his wife of 45-odd years, Patricia (who now lives in Florida with her ex-husband's mother). He is reportedly quite sick these days, suffering from a painful infection in his urethra. Once a close friend of Castro's, Vesco was arrested on fraud and espionage charges last year. His trial is due to begin on August 1.

RUDOLF ON THE ROAD

No matter where you go, you can't escape the heat. Facing unwelcome attention from local authorities in Los Angeles, gothic nightclub dinosaur and former Danceteria owner **Rudolf** has packed his bags and set out for the city of lights, blaming "a Big Brother climate" for the demise of his latest project—an L.A. branch of New York's louche supper club Tatou. His final destination? Paris's Les Halles quarter, where a spokesman says he is hoping to find a more "liberal" atmosphere.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, AP/Wide World; Photos: Steffen Thalemann; Frances M. Roberts.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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

GOTHAM

You're twenty-four inches away from everything—*David Witt*

THE FRONT PAGE

In the Dark

A tragedy just out there, and we huddle together, awaiting word.

The screen is black. "What you're looking at," a voice comes from the television, "is a shot from our news copter. It's traveling toward the site of the crash. That's 30 miles from here. We're over water. There's a light. I don't know what it is."

We sit in the dark, watching nothing. We know it will be several minutes before this helicopter reaches Moriches Bay, where a 747 carrying 230 people has gone down on fire. The helicopter flies across endless black water, and we watch. The light, we are told, is a lighthouse. We know at least that.

Long Island residents and visitors are calling in. We can hear only their voices as we watch the people on the television listen to them.

"We were down on the beach, Moriches Beach. I was with my three boys," says Debbie. "I turned to them and I said, 'Hey, look at the fireworks!' It was a big orange ball. But then we left. The fireworks were over."

"Thank you, Debbie," the woman on the television says.

Another man saw it from the beach: "The plane was on fire, and it spiraled down, like in one of those old movies."

"You know what a comet looks like?" asks an Air National Guard captain who saw it from the sky. "It was 100 times bigger than that."

"It looked like a fireball, going down, going down," says a restaurant worker from Westhampton. "And you saw it hit the water and it was like a huge explosion, like a sunset, but on the wrong side."

Boats, dozens of private fishing and recreational boats, arrive at the scene of the crash. A man on the television asks a boater over the phone, can he see any survivors? "No," he says. What can he see? "Fire, and . . . " What can he see? "We're backing up on a body," the man says. "Uh, I'm kind of busy right now." The man on the television begs him to stay on the line. He hangs up.

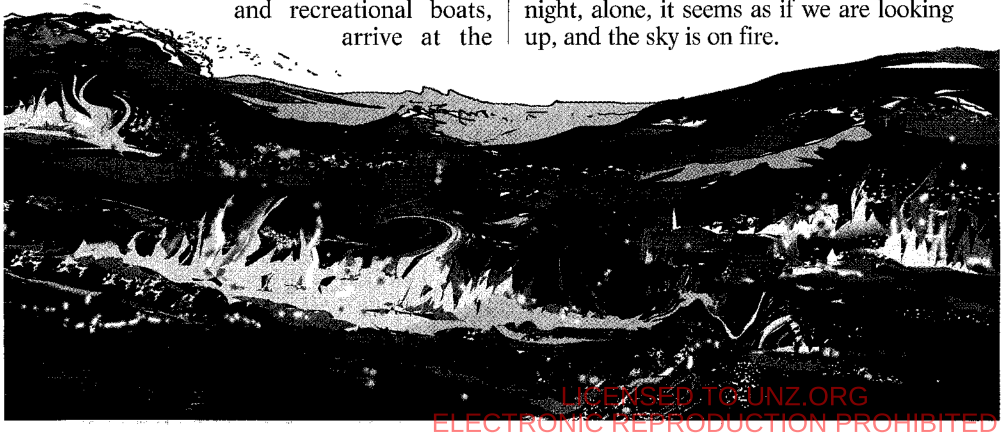
A reporter is in a boat. He sees a woman's body being pulled out of the water. He sees, floating amid the wreckage, a red beret with sequins. He sees "a letter with an address which I won't read on the air." He stays out there all night.

A man stands in his boat, blackness all around him, the glare of a television light in his eyes. "We came out here to find live people," he says. "Not dead people."

"Nothing," another says. "All these people dead and there's nothing you can do about it."

The helicopter hovers overhead. "We can see life rafts in the water," a voice says. "There is nobody in them."

We are looking down from 6,000 feet, we are told. There are hundreds of dots of light; these are the rescue boats, we are told. They surround a long, ragged gash of flickering yellow-orange; this was the plane, we are told. We stare at the lights, the gash. We know we are looking down at 230 dead people. But here in the dark, at night, alone, it seems as if we are looking up, and the sky is on fire.



TRICKLE DOWN "A couple days after things drop, everyone comes in. It's a three-day-type cycle. . . . Besides boxing and weights and massages, it's mostly sauna-and-steam-room. We definitely see high-volume usage of towels at times like this."—Lisa Pintal, sales manager for Executive Fitness gym in the World Trade Center, on the effect of last week's downturn in the stock market

PLANETS AND STARS "We're being very sensitive to community concerns. The museum has been open to their comments and concerns and we're listening. . . . But no, I wouldn't say that's an argument we've heard before."—Jim Schmidt, project manager for the Hayden Planetarium's renovation, on neighbor Billy Baldwin's protest that the disruption was "unacceptable . . . considering how much we're paying to live there"

TRADE MOOSE Last week's federal ruling that the oddly shaped, three-borough 12th Congressional District, known as the Bullwinkle district, would not have to be redrawn may have pleased Representative Nydia Velasquez, but certain others weren't so thrilled. "We are certainly going to investigate this and look into how this might infringe trademark laws. Other than that, I cannot offer further comment," says Tiffany Ward, whose family holds the copyright to the names Rocky and Bullwinkle.

Health

THE SHIPMENT

WHEN ANDY YOUNG STARTED CALLING around to find French drugs to import and resell last December, he had no reason to think it would be a particularly difficult operation. Demand was high, there was no competition, and he'd pulled off similar arrangements many times before. Working for an outfit as well established as his can have its advantages.

Since 1987, the PWA Health Group, Young's employer, has been importing promising AIDS treatments that are either unapproved or unavailable, and selling them at cost to people in New York and elsewhere. The pharmaceutical-buyers' club gets away with it by stretching the limits of the FDA's Personal Use Import Regulations, which let individuals under a doctor's care import small quantities of experimental drugs. "We've been around for nine years, openly, as a legal charity," explains Sally Cooper, the group's executive director. "We only carry things where there's existing data; we have very sober fact sheets. . . . When we bring things in, we generally do so with prescriptions from people's doctors. We're fairly boring and conservative in that regard."

The drug Young was after was a possible new treatment for the effects of cryptosporidium, a parasite that, though generally harmless to healthy people, causes severe diarrhea and dehydration in people with weakened immune systems. With the only approved treatment no more than 20 percent effective, the infection is responsible for thousands of deaths annually.

This winter, word had started to circulate in places as far-flung as Brazil and Mali that an "off label" application of nitazoxanide, a drug developed in France for use on animals, could be up to 98 percent effective against cryptosporidiosis. In this country, data were a bit scarcer, as was the drug itself. One U.S. company had begun clinical trials on NTZ, but these were small and could take years; even with an FDA-approved "compassionate use" program, the drug was available to only a few dozen people nationwide.

Between its effectiveness and its inaccessibility, NTZ seemed like a perfect product for the buyers' club to carry. In March, the governing board voted to import it. After an excited announcement to that effect appeared in the group's newsletter, 50 people signed up for as much as they could lay their hands on.

But the plan soon hit a big snag: "The problem with nitazoxanide," the next newsletter sadly announced, "is that it is seemingly not for sale anywhere in the world."

Still, Young had a feeling the story wasn't over. "I figured, maybe that's a lie. Sometimes, these companies don't want you to go elsewhere, because then you won't enroll in their trials."

Indeed, when the group launched its Website shortly thereafter, only a day passed before someone tipped it off to a Mexican clinical trial that might just have enough pills to spare. "I was like, I'll come and buy it," says Young, "and they sent me a letter saying, 'We'll see you at eleven o'clock in the morning.' " He had literally started to pack his bags when the plan hit another round of setbacks: Legal and accounting questions had to be addressed; the price had to be negotiated; and, since the pills were in such short supply, a special batch had to be run off by the manufacturer in Mexico.

Finally, there was the difficult problem of getting it all back here, where the Health Group's practices don't always go over very well with Customs agents. "Importation of this drug is legal, but due to the drug war at the Mexican border, it's always a nightmare," says Cooper. For that reason, and the belief that money

SHOT

AUTO SPRINKLER FOR ENTIRE BASEMENT & 1st FLOOR ONLY

42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, Sunday, July 14, 8 A.M., *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

would be better spent on getting more of the drug than on paying someone to transport it, they decided to go get the drugs themselves.

So on June 21, James Learned, the Health Group's deputy director, flew to Tijuana, where $14,000 worth of the pills were waiting. He split them into two loads, put the first half in a rental car, and headed for the border. That's as far as he got. When Customs officials noticed the drugs, which hadn't been officially declared, they spent seven hours going through the shipment's extensive documentation, then confiscated the whole lot, including the car. The second shipment made it across the border, though, and from there went straight to Los Angeles, where it was flown to New York.

After all the delays, Learned was relieved to have even that much to distribute. "It would have been so upsetting for all the people who needed it if we hadn't been able to get *any* of it in," he says. "For as long as you're out of medication for any reason, you have that very strong sense it's affecting people."

That feeling, which had lent the proceedings a sense of urgency all along, became painfully real when Learned and his colleagues started calling around with the good news.

Fourteen weeks had passed since those 50 people signed up for the drug, and in that time, half of them had died.

"You don't know why they died," Young says grimly. "Maybe this was the only thing immediately wrong with them. And crypto is an ugly, ugly death. There was just nothing you could do."

Nor have things gotten much brighter since that staggering setback; the other shipment of drugs is still in custody, and the Health Group is starting to panic that the Customs Service will eventually destroy it. "There isn't enough drug *in the world*," explains Cooper. "The plant is just firing it up. For them to throw it out would be heartbreaking."

The group has been compiling the necessary documentation to send to Customs, and calling on friends to intervene, but they admit they're not quite certain how to proceed. "There's not a little book at Barnes & Noble about when your drug is seized at the border and you have to write a petition," Cooper says.

City Council member Tom Duane contacted the White House on its behalf. Congressman Jerrold Nadler wrote a letter to the FDA, but according to a staff member, "what ensued thereafter was a confusion between the agencies as to under whose auspices this problem should be handled. It now appears the FDA has jurisdiction over it."

"It's not an FDA case," Donald Pohl, of the Office of AIDS and Special Health Issues, insists. "We're not involved in the decision, but I've talked with Customs officials, explaining the FDA's viewpoint on personal importation, and our historical relationship with AIDS buyers' clubs." And Customs officials, for their part, don't discuss pending cases. At the recent annual world AIDS conference in Vancouver, Young even managed to get the ear of Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala, who said she'd look into the matter.

Of course, the big news from the conference was the great strides in pharmaceutical AIDS treatments, and the resulting sudden mood of hopefulness. It's a mood that people at the Health Group are finding hard to reconcile with their own growing sense of desperation. "We had some volunteers in the other day, and everyone was walking in saying, 'Hey, good thing the AIDS crisis is over,'" Cooper laughs. "There's this weird double reality. With the new class of HIV drugs, we're in this wildly optimistic time, [but] every time something gets stuck on its way from Cincinnati or there's a plane delay in Yugoslavia, the result is still that people die." ARIEL KAMINER

SOCIETY

Death of An Aesthetic

THE PARTY WAS DOWNTOWN—A block party in TriBeCa—but the talk was of an accident on the Upper East Side. Billy Way, the 35-year old bon vivant who had dated actress Téa Leoni and played on the professional-tennis circuit, had been hit and killed by a cab the night before as he was crossing Madison Avenue after leaving the restaurant Nello. Though few at the party had actually met Way, everyone knew who he was: bright, well bred, good-looking, and, as all were quick to point out, a very good friend of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s—they were roommates in high school and college. This last fact increased the sense of tragedy.

The spot where Billy Way was killed.

July 4's New York *Post* provided more information. At the top of "Page Six," there was a large photograph of Richard Johnson with his arm around Billy Way. The accompanying article confirmed the details. Way was from an old Bermuda family, had gone to Andover and Brown, and was, according to the article, the "embodiment of the Upper East Side aesthetic." The *Post* said nothing about Way's occupation, but it seemed obvious that he was successful. As to his popularity among his peers, there was no doubt.

As I was sitting in a restaurant having coffee last week, a friend came in, sat down, and told the following story:

For the past several years she has worked at a stylish, well-known restaurant on the Upper East Side. The owner of that restaurant also owns the townhouse in which the restaurant is located. One of the residential tenants in the building was a man who, sometime last summer, stopped paying his rent. Months went by, and the owner finally began eviction proceedings.

One week before the eviction was to occur, the man disappeared. That evening, employees of the restaurant went upstairs to remove several bags of garbage that had been left on the balcony. There they discovered the electricity in the apartment had been cut off for failure to pay the bill. Burnt-down candles were stuck to the carpeting. Takeout-food containers and dirty laundry were strewn all over the floor, along with cut-off drinking straws and roach clips. The stench was enormous.

There was no need for my friend to finish this story. She had mentioned that the man was Billy Way, and I knew the rest—he had died the night before, returning to the squalid apartment from which he was about to be evicted.

The current use of the word *aesthetic* is attributed to certain German philosophers of the eighteenth century, Immanuel Kant in particular. Those philosophers, in claiming the absolute and unchanging nature of beauty, were, it has been argued by some modern critics, attempting to mask the social circumstances that create and support the object of beauty. In this sense, the death of Billy Way was indeed a true embodiment of the Upper East Side aesthetic. M. D. RIPS

Photographs: top, Teru Kuwayama; bottom, Doug Dechert.

MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Liar's Poker

Joe Klein of 'Newsweek' finally admitted that his emphatic denials about writing 'Primary Colors' were misstatements, now inoperative. Does he have a credibility gap?

IT WAS INCEST TIME IN THE NEW YORK MEDIA HOTHOUSE again last week. Yeltsin was ailing, Dole imploding, Time Warner–Turner merging, the stock market roiling. Then, of course, the TWA crash later that day. And here we were, crowded into an eleventh-floor conference room at Random House, squeezed between the New York *Observer* and *Charlie Rose,* watching Joe Klein cop to writing *Primary Colors.*

Paragraphs like the above are obligatory by now, as they were even in the days last winter when people were playing parlor games about the identity of Anonymous, much to the delight of the marketing department at Random House and the enrichment of Klein. Have I made it clear that I don't think this is the most important thing in the world? That I'm world-weary enough to know that high-horse jousting over journalistic ethics is C-SPAN-at-four-in-the-morning time? It's testimony to the byzantine layers of reactions to this affair that saying this now actually plays into somebody's spin. The pro-Klein line of *Newsweek* management, which supports the writer for lying to preserve his Anonymity, always adds, "It is important to remember that this isn't a matter of national security or affairs of state," or "Closer to 'Who shot J.R.?' than to the Pentagon Papers." *Lighten up,* runs this logic. *Everyone's just jealous.* Or worse and more cynical, *Get over it—the world is thus; the only thing that matters is that he's going to the bank.* Call me a cornball, but it's more complicated than that. The Klein affair has aroused strong feelings among reporters and editors—not least here at this magazine—and even if this debate won't cure any diseases, it does illuminate some increasingly delicate issues involving the growing confluence of journalism and celebrity, the overlapping and sometimes conflicting pursuits of the modern omni-media "content provider." Like so many other media commodities, Klein wore many hats: a *Newsweek* columnist, a CBS commentator, a novelist. He tried to compartmentalize these things, stash them away in different sectors. But it didn't work.

In a conference room at Random House, Klein comes clean. But why did he wait so long?

"IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL TO BE STANDING ON THIS SIDE," JOE KLEIN said, with a kind of plaintive irony, as reporters poised with notebooks and cameras surrounded him. It was a way of reminding us that he was a journalist—one of us—and that he was uncomfortable with this attention and was really just a regular ink-stained wretch. He tried to leaven the proceedings by donning a Groucho nose, then began talking about how his decision to be anonymous was "a mixture of cowardice and whimsy" and what great, good fun it had mostly all been.

The assembled company would have none of it. Hostile questions and epithets followed: He had lied, undermined his journalistic integrity, dishonored the profession; this was a money-grubbing scam, his friends felt betrayed, he'd violated ethical guidelines. Some of it sounded sanctimonious; some of it did sound jealous. It was certainly rude and ugly, as it usually is. But he was fair game now, a public figure.

And he is, and was before, as a matter of fact. Not just because he wrote the best-selling book with the highly visible "Anonymous" hook that has reaped him millions, but because earlier he appeared regularly on *CBS News* and hit the lecture circuit and got recognized in airports. All of this flowed from the credibility of the *Newsweek* column, as did the campaign access that produced the book. And it was real credibility. Joe Klein should be flattered he's being held to such a high standard: He's one of the toughest, smartest reporter-writers in the country. And battle-tested: If he were on the other side, he would have had the right impatient shift of feet, the roll of the eyes, when a dopey TV reporter asked a lightweight question at the news conference, as they always do. So when, on cue, the reporter gushed, "How did it feel to write a best-seller and not be able to tell anybody?" Klein visibly relaxed. Gee, it was so interesting. That night, he turned down invitations from other shows in favor of newsmaker-friendly *Larry King Live.* Like Reagan, he went over the heads of the mediocracy and straight to the people.

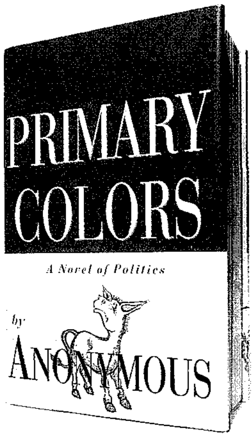
But what is he? A journalist or something else? One thing he didn't seem, ironically, considering the sharp-edged portrait of the press in his novel, was media-savvy. If he thought he was going to supply the funny-maestro ending to the parlor game, he badly miscalculated. He was pilloried in the press the next day, at which point his unrepentant, even slightly righteous demeanor changed a bit. He said later he felt miserable about lying to his friends—a sentiment barely indicated the day before. And there had been a juncture five months before, he said, when he could have come clean but didn't, but almost did. "I can understand why people might think I made the wrong decision. It was the pressure of the moment. . . . It was very difficult to think

Photograph by Teru Kuwayama.

straight under those circumstances," he told me.

The moment he refers to, actually, was occasioned by *New York* Magazine. And lots of people here wouldn't agree with me, but I think the magazine made its own imperfect steps. Last February, *New York* published a story by Vassar professor Donald Foster using computer textual analysis to argue that certain literary fingerprints convincingly established that Klein wrote it (some months before, Foster had made the front page of the New York *Times* by using the same technique on Shakespeare).

The fact that Klein denied the truth of the story, emphatically and angrily, has aroused certain parochial passions around here, especially since the Washington *Post,* with its handwriting analysis and Klein's surrender, is getting credit for the scoop. This magazine miscalculated, because as Foster's story was being put to bed, the editors, myself included, thought they'd solved the mystery. Elsewhere, writers David Kusnet and Jim Sleeper had noticed thematic and stylistic clues, but Foster nailed it: The story barked, "Come out with your hands up."



"This happened because Klein wasn't just a **political columnist,** *he was Joe Klein, Inc."*

I was sharing in all of this, but in a way that further demonstrates the insularity of these media-on-media stories, I was feeling a little funny about it, too. I live in the same tiny suburban town as Joe Klein, and I run into him. I like him, and also have been a reader for years, especially admiring his political stuff and—I realize this sounds like a zinger—his moral authority.

But I figured this would be a happy day for everyone: After all, it's a terrific book; he should be proud of it. The Anonymous thing had been kind of a hoot, and if some of his friends were to feel a bit bent out of shape, so be it. He might sell fewer books now that the jig was up, but it had been a good run. Up to that point, he'd issued cute circumlocutions to inquiries as to whether he'd written it, wittily sidestepping. "I am Spartacus," he told the Washington *Post.* (He told me he had denied it prior to publication in the *Times* Book Notes column, and that's true, but his most visible denials later on were non-denials.) It was still sport.

Given *New York*'s confidence that Foster's story aced it, the magazine dithered a bit on when to call him for his comment. It's common-enough journalistic practice: In an effort to preserve the scoop, you wait till the last minute so they can't send out a press release, feed another version to someone else, whatever. The call went to Klein early in the morning, and the article was sent to his literary agent the day before it printed. Midday he called back, heatedly denying that he was the author. Later that afternoon, partly because word was leaking out (and, to be honest, we would have trumpeted it by day's end anyway), the magazine sent out copies of the piece to the press.

Klein says he felt *New York* called him too late in the game. ("So, he thinks we should have called him earlier," my steamed editor, Kurt Andersen, counters, "so he could have started lying to us earlier?") Klein also was angered by some of Foster's scholarly musings about the depiction of racial and sexual issues in the novel, and understandably took some of this stuff personally.

But Klein says all that was only a "small factor" in his decision to redouble the cover-up. Which is what he did, ratcheting up the stakes, buying more time, setting the stage for the later hostile reaction of his peers. He didn't no-comment or dance; he denied it flatly, on *CBS Evening News,* in *Newsweek.* He told anyone who would listen that this magazine had acted irresponsibly. He dressed down political writer Jacob Weisberg, who'd written a sidebar to the piece, in the bar of the Wayfarer Inn in New Hampshire. He criticized Foster's scholarship.

"I was in a box," Klein says, "trapped between two competing systems of ethics. It was a damn close call." He says, unconvincingly, that his publisher was pressuring him to keep the secret. "It was a once-in-a-lifetime moment," he says. "I had to make a snap decision." He made the wrong one. But some of me is sympathetic, and one hopes that sometime he'll explore in print the more Raskolnikov-like aspects of his imprisonment. Just as the bunkered-in Bill and Hillary dig in their heels with the self-destructive (if partially accurate) attitude that journalists are jackals, so must Klein, with his lonely and thrilling secret, have tired of the endless, aggressive picking at him.

A practiced moralist, he constructed an elaborate justification for the deception, invoking Henry Adams and the eternal rights of novelists. And he felt confident that his highly praised and eminently respectable and journalistically fearless column in *Newsweek* had nothing to do with any of this. He reckoned his own deception was different from the serious malfeasance he blasted pols for, that it was more like the harmless peccadilloes the press was overreacting to these days, a practice he'd criticized.

"I wanted," he said, "to keep my fiction writing entirely separate from my journalism."

That has proved to be impossible. As a practical matter, his journalism should survive. His sources will still take his calls, and the *Primary Colors* imbroglio will eventually blow over.

Which is not to say that permanent damage hasn't been done. In a world where everybody seems to lie, reflexively and routinely, one scraggly little group isn't supposed to, by definition. Of course, no code of journalistic ethics really exists, and since reporting is such a secret methodology, there's no one to police it. Anyone in the business knows that unscrupulous reporters not only function easily in the press but even populate some of the best publications because editors look the other way if they're Getting the Story. Nothing is cut and dried. Everyone dissembles in the horse-trading of gathering news, and reporters, as Klein keeps saying in his defense, lie to protect sources (actually they don't and they shouldn't, though maybe I could imagine a wild scenario when they might). But what they write, and what they say publicly, is supposed to be, um, true—or as close to the truth as they can manage. I don't know how much I buy the argument that Klein besmirches the journalism profession, but he's definitely crossed a line. There are certain tribal conventions that are observed not by all reporters but by a large enough majority to make a difference. Like not lying to the press.

Magazines, too, can probably justify an occasional lie—a matter of national security, terrorism, whatever. But when the goal is preserving the publicity campaign of one of its writers, that's very different, as occurred when *Newsweek* published an item in which Jonathan Alter, one of its own veteran writers, speculated about the identity of Anonymous when its editor knew it was false (just as he knew Klein's denial in *Newsweek* of *New York*'s story was false). *Newsweek* has rather amazingly said, well, it was Jon Alter's opinion, as if Alter—a frequent television commentator—were something separate from the magazine.

And that's the issue. This happened because Klein wasn't just a political columnist, he was Joe Klein, Inc. I'm not saying it's wrong for print reporters to be commentators on TV, for editors to socialize with the rich and powerful, for the converging media to put journalists in less-detached and more awkward places. But everybody had better be very careful. As Joe Klein, who lost something, should know. ■

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

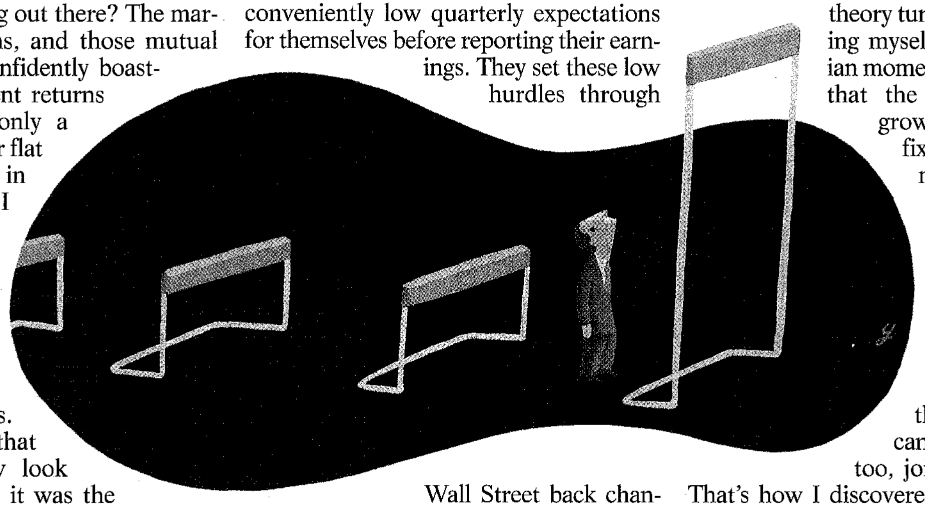
THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

The Big Mo

The mutual funds don't like to admit it, but the practice of "momentum investing" has been pumping up the market for years. Guess what just blew up in their faces?

THIS HAS BEEN A HUMBLING LAST couple of weeks for those in my profession, especially those of us who fancy U.S. technology stocks. And it's been downright embarrassing for me, as I have tirelessly flogged Hewlett-Packard and Motorola as great American companies capable of outperforming anything the Germans or Japanese could throw up against them. But after announcing sharply reduced expectations and poor short-term forecasts, these titans were reduced to just so much small agate type bumping along in "52-week-low" territory. And their travails set off wild confusion in the market.

What's happening out there? The market has lost billions, and those mutual funds that were confidently boasting 15 to 20 percent returns are suddenly up only a handful of points, or flat or even down—all in less than a month. I don't know where the market's going, but I do know that the last couple of weeks have killed off a few tried-and-true ways of doing things. Methodologies that once worked now look like charades. First it was the overhyped speculative stocks. Now it's the earnings-expectations game—or momentum investing.



Momentum investing has dominated this market since it began climbing in 1990. All of the top-performing high-growth mutual funds practice it. All of the showboats and hot dogs of my business excel at it. Even the huge, plain-vanilla mutual funds have, in one form or another, used momentum investing.

Of course, people on the Street almost never admit they play the momentum game. It's too crass and unscientific. They prefer to talk about unexploited niches, or emerging stocks that sell at cheap multiples relative to their growth rate, or tremendous secular growth, whatever that means.

But that's all just obfuscation and mumbo jumbo. Let me explain to you what they've really been doing with your money. I know, because I've been doing it myself, and I'm filled with self-loathing when I think of what it's done to our industry. Mutual funds have been piling into the same handful of stocks quarter after quarter, knowing that these companies and the research analysts they talk to would set conveniently low quarterly expectations for themselves before reporting their earnings. They set these low hurdles through Wall Street back channels, then proceed to jump over them. A company puts the word out among stock analysts that it thinks it will report earnings of, say, 12 cents a share when the quarter ends. Then, some weeks later, it comes in at 14 cents. Once they've beaten the expectations, the money managers plow more of their investors' millions right into those same stocks.

No matter how expensive these stocks got, the game would work. It would succeed, in part, because supposedly sane individuals, including me for a time, would short-sell these same stocks, betting for them to go down because of their ridiculous valuations. The mutual-fund managers would then drive the short-sellers crazy by forcing them to buy back these shares—as short-sellers must do—at even more ridiculous prices. Fueled by the low expectations, ignited by the short-sellers, one stock after another would soar.

Periodically and selectively, reason would enter the marketplace, and these momentum stocks would fall. They would look dead, but like Jason, they would just keep coming back to life to rip the lungs out of all who stayed short. The press would call this "buying on dips." But take it from a battle-weary veteran: The mutual funds were simply propping up the share prices of their favorites with new money, their groupthink seemingly limited to stocks they could control through massive, concentrated buying. Those with a conspiracy-theory turn of mind, including myself in more Nixonian moments, came to think that the prices of these growth stocks were fixed by a bunch of mutual-fund managers convening in some mythical hotel room to agree that certain stocks simply must not be allowed to fall.

Oh, well, I thought. If you can't beat them . . . I, too, joined the charade. That's how I discovered that last year it became not enough to just beat the number. You also had to beat the "whisper number." That's the quarterly-earnings estimate for a company that's higher than the official number that analysts declare. It's the number the companies tried to discourage analysts from going public with, but that they hoped they could beat if the quarter finished well. This new hurdle was high. Only a handful of companies, mostly tech companies, could perform strongly enough to beat this secret-handshake number. In fact, lately, if you didn't beat the whisper number by a penny or two, your stock got clobbered. Insanely, billions in capitalization would be lost if you reported that you earned 99 cents for the quarter instead of $1.

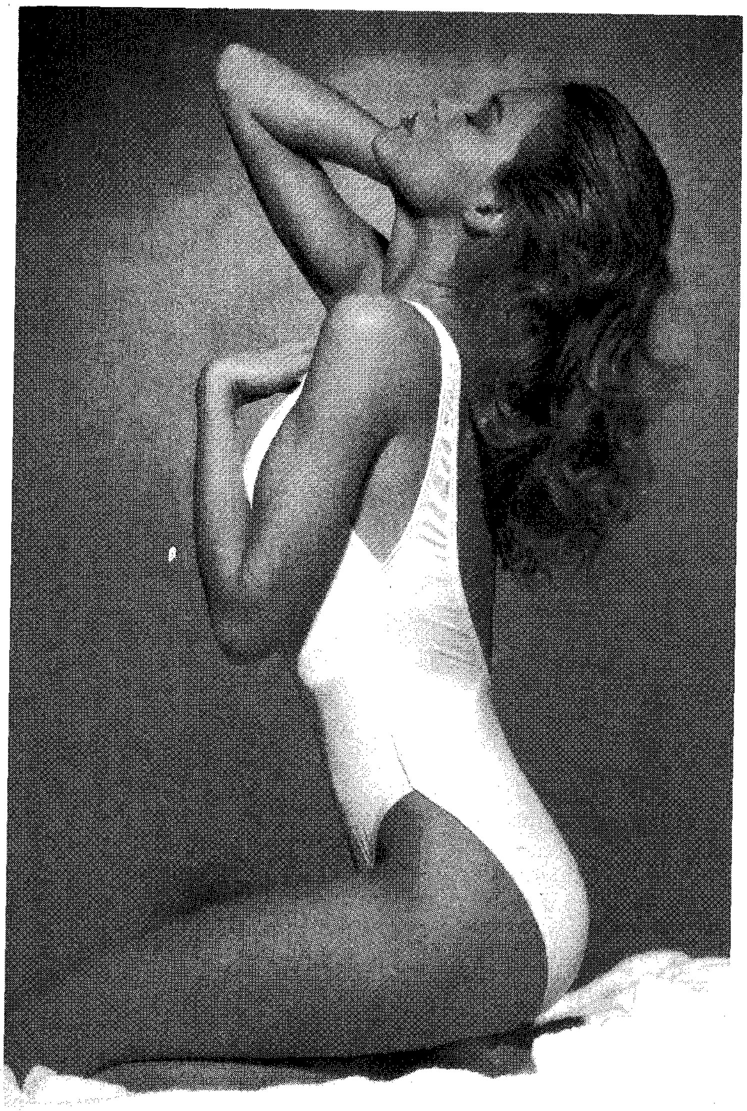
But now my earnings-surprise machine

James J. Cramer is a professional money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. Of the companies mentioned in this article, he owns shares of Microsoft and Intel, and a short position in Motorola.

Illustration by Dan Yaccarino.

is flashing GAME OVER. The conceit that propelled this remarkable period in stock-market history is dead. Here's what killed it. First, the public stopped sending in the money quite so eagerly. That made it harder and harder for these mutual funds to buy so profligately to prop up their favorite names. Second, the brokerage houses underwrote so many new companies in initial public offerings that the mutual funds couldn't juggle them all. There were just too many of them. Third, the hot companies started issuing more stock in secondary offerings, which enabled the short-sellers to cover their losses without getting caught in a squeeze. (Quick refresher: A short-seller borrows shares at one price, betting the value of these shares will go down so he can pay back the shares later at a cheaper price. If the value goes up, though, and shares are scarce as he tries to buy them for the payback, he's caught in a squeeze, chasing shares that keep going up in price.) With the shorts out of the picture, things calmed down. Finally, many of the companies simply stopped beating the analysts' earnings estimates. Not just the whisper numbers but the numbers they told us they could beat easily just a few weeks ago. Securities-law considerations don't allow companies to give any "guidance" to analysts or investors like me toward the end of a given quarter—they're locked in. And that's how fast the high-tech outlook changed: Competition is too intense; the economies of the world are too weak to load up on computers. And it wasn't just the crazy speculative tech stocks that blew up, but icons like Motorola and Hewlett. Not even Fidelity could keep those stocks levitated after they failed to meet their very own numbers.

In fact, every high-growth technology stock keyed to personal computers is in danger of being plowed under by this earnings-expectation game, except maybe Intel and Microsoft, which seem, for now, indestructible. The game has changed so much that one company in which I own shares reported numbers that beat expectations, but their stock still got pounded, from $48 to $18 in a couple of weeks this month. Motorola even had the gall, in its conference call with analysts the morning after its stock incinerated, not to apologize for a terrible quarter, not to spin tales of circumstances-beyond-our-control, but to *attack the Wall Street analysts who had been predicting good results*—it blamed the messengers for delivering good news. These same analysts, of course, had helped Motorola take in billions in market capitalization in the past five years. So much for gratitude. And so much for momentum investing based on beating the numbers. ■



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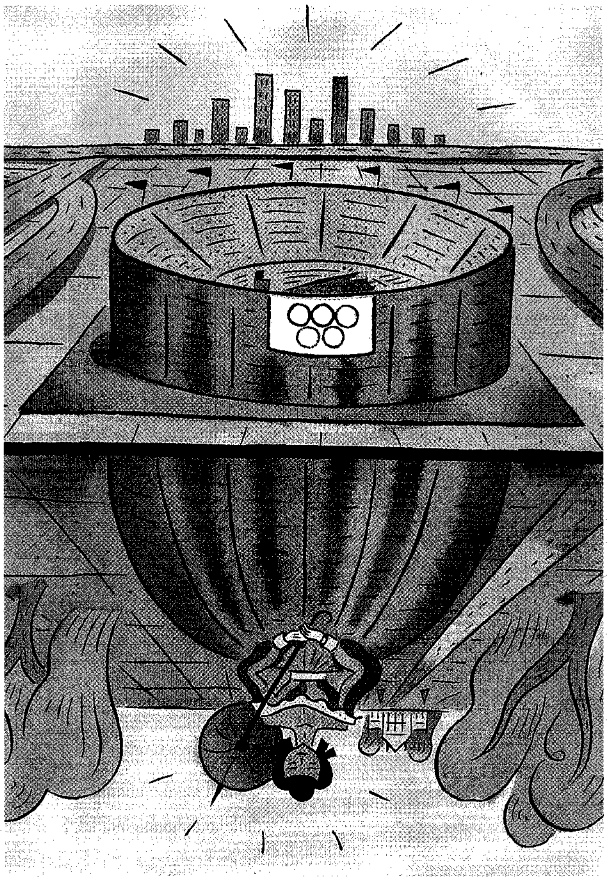
THE CULTURE BUSINESS STEVE ONEY

A Hollow Venue

It's not just the endless corporate hype and TV commercials that make the Olympics seem a little soulless. It's Atlanta itself, which for better or worse has buried its past.

THE MOST TELLING NEWS TO COME OUT OF ATLANTA during the days leading up to the opening ceremonies of the centennial Olympic Games had nothing to do with the erection of a 165-foot-tall statue of a Coca-Cola bottle—in a city of fizzy promotional excess, a predictable event. Rather, it was the near-destruction, evidently by arson, of a nondescript apartment house at 17 Crescent Avenue in the midtown section. It was at this address 70 years ago that a former *Atlanta Journal Magazine* writer—wearing an old-fashioned green eyeshade and toiling at a Remington typewriter—began pounding out the novel that for so long determined how people around the world perceived Atlanta. The writer, of course, was Margaret Mitchell, and the novel was *Gone With the Wind.*



Now, on architectural merits alone, the house on Crescent Avenue was never much. Shortly after moving in, Mitchell christened her apartment the Dump, and over time, things only got worse. By the early nineties, some 40 years after Mitchell's death, the place had become a decaying hulk. Still, the fact that the big book had been written here generated a certain aura, and following a fund-raising drive, the Mercedes-Benz people—hoping to score public-relations gold—agreed to spend a hefty sum for restoration just in time for the Olympics. This is where cabbies were to have dropped tourists seeking Tara, pilgrims for whom the well-packaged brand of southern hospitality served up by everybody else in town wouldn't be enough.

In short, it was at a gussied-up 17 Crescent Avenue that the Olympic city was going to make a formal bow to the Old South. And if there never was a Tara, if, in fact, Mitchell meant *Gone With the Wind* to function as a blueprint for modern Atlanta—a point she explicitly brought home when Scarlett O'Hara rejects the genteel Ashley Wilkes for that outrageous scalawag Rhett Butter—well, as Scarlett said, *fiddle-dee-dee.* Here's where visitors weary of the high-tech gizmos displayed around Centennial Park—the shrine to marketing residing at the Olympics' core—could have conjured visions of lads in Confederate gray, girls in hoop skirts, and, yes, Big Sam and Mammy. But it wasn't to be. The building is a charred ruin. Not that anyone in town except *Gone With the Wind* fans shed tears.

The truth is, today's Atlanta—despite the fact that it was the spiritual capital of Dixie—has little use for its past, especially those parts of it depicted in *Gone With the Wind.* If New Orleans is the city that time forgot, Atlanta is the city that forgot time. To Atlanta's integrated elite, the Dump, its drawing power notwithstanding, is the site from which a politically incorrect myth arose, a myth, in a phrase, that is not just history but *the wrong* history. The only history folks around here can now agree on began in recent memory, and while this attitude has set the city free, it has also untethered it from its foundation.

Thus sojourners at Atlanta's 1996 Games find themselves in a place whose leaders behave as if it weren't founded until, say, 1967, when John Portman's Hyatt Regency Atlanta (the one with the atrium) opened, or finished until a few days ago, when workers put the last paint on the venues. During that nearly 30-year span—roughly a generation—the modern metropolis that prides itself on its financial acumen and racial comity was born. Its principal article of faith, preached both in corporate boardrooms and from black pulpits, is that what's good for business is good for the 'hood. "Enlightened self-interest," the city's brave new oligarchy calls it, and while that might sound like a contradiction, the results appear to speak for themselves.

The downtown skyline is what Atlantans point to most often when showing off evidence of the town's prosperity, and with the de rigueur towers by Johnson-Burgee and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, it is indeed almost impressive, especially after dark. But in the light of day, there's clearly something missing—a stock of venerable buildings that might create not just urban context but a link to a now-lost city. Not long ago, there were plenty of such structures. Terminal Station, a Moroccan fantasy that was historically and stylistically significant, was bulldozed in the seventies. Also razed in that decade was the Loew's Grand Theater, where in 1939 the movie version of *Gone*

Illustration by Michael Klein.

With the Wind premiered. In the eighties, then-mayor Andrew Young, one of the men who lured the games to Atlanta, crystallized the city's attitude toward preservation when he referred to the Castle, a magnificent old house that at the time was facing the wrecking ball, as a "hunk of junk." The Castle, as it turned out, was saved, but Young's sentiment prevails.

The eternal flame that burns at Martin Luther King Jr.'s tomb is the other stop on the Olympic tour. It commemorates the great fallen martyr and bespeaks Atlanta's victory over segregation. Here again, though, much as locals like to brag on King and congratulate themselves for overcoming, there's another side to the narrative. In 1903, Atlanta instituted sweeping Jim Crow laws, and in 1906, it was the site of one of the worst race riots in American history—a clash every bit as bloody as the one that took place in Los Angeles in 1992. Furthermore, the only Atlanta native to be elected governor of Georgia in recent history—and if you hear his name breathed during the Olympics, call security—is Lester Maddox.

That contemporary Atlanta has tried to put such distance between itself and its past—and as a result, a lot of people attending the Olympics or watching on TV may come away from the city feeling that for all its gleaming surfaces, it lacks depth—stems from a singular fact and a couple of related responses to it.

The fact is that Atlanta is the only major American city ever destroyed by war. When General William Sherman's troops torched the town in 1864, they left very little. And what they did leave—save for a nexus of railroad lines—was quickly abandoned by the wily people who remained.

Modern Atlanta arose out of the ashes in 1886 when Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, went to New York and delivered a speech entitled "The New South" to the New England Society. In the address, Grady spoke of a "brave and beautiful city" that welcomed Yankees, boasted low interest rates, and forgave Sherman, even if he was "a kind of careless man about fire." It was a shameless and persuasive act, and ever since, Atlantans have been heading north—or anywhere else on the compass where folks could be separated from their wallets—to give a version of the talk. Indeed, when Billy Payne, president of the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games, sold organizers on the idea that the mean temperature in July in this notoriously hot and humid city is a pleasant 79 degrees, he was channeling Grady.

The saving grace of Atlanta boosterism is that along the way, it was put to progressive ends. "The city too busy to hate," Mayor William Hartsfield famously decreed back in the fifties. Part hope, part hokum, the slogan provided cover to the coalition of white financiers and black organizers who steered Atlanta through the volatile sixties, keeping it from becoming, as the local saying goes, another Birmingham. A great achievement, this, but if not Birmingham, what then did Atlanta become?

The temptation is to declare that by dint of hosting the Olympics—an extravaganza that is in many ways the world's greatest convention—Atlanta has earned the right to call itself the world's greatest convention town, a collection of hotels and arenas designed to dazzle many and offend no one. This is where, in a sense, it has long been headed. It's why, several years back, Cain Street—a downtown thoroughfare commemorating a founding father—was blandly renamed International Boulevard. It's why, around the same time, Forrest Avenue, a byway honoring Nathan Bedford Forrest, founder of the original Ku Klux Klan, was renamed for Ralph McGill, the *Constitution's* courageous, Pulitzer Prize–winning editor during the civil-rights movement.

Atlanta's obsession, in other words, is with its image, and as a consequence, a lot of very real problems—corruption in the police department, crime, a declining tax base—get short shrift. Nobody wants to tarnish the pretty picture.

In his extraordinary *The Souls of Black Folk*, written in Atlanta in 1900, W.E.B. DuBois proclaimed:

"South of the North, yet North of the South, lies the City of a Hundred Hills, peering out from the shadows of the past into the promise of the future . . . Atlanta, Queen of the cotton kingdom; Atlanta, Gateway to the Land of the sun. . . . And the Nation talked of her striving."

Nearly a century later, the striving continues, but to what end? Can a city too busy to hate also be too busy to be great? Conceived by fire from without, and now validated by the flame of the Olympic torch, Atlanta must in the end illuminate itself from within. And the only source for such light is its past, the uncomfortable ambiguities notwithstanding.

Meanwhile, it turns out, the restoration project at 17 Crescent Avenue was insured. The Dump will be rebuilt. ■

Steve Oney's upcoming book on the 1915 lynching of Leo Frank near Atlanta will be published by Pantheon.

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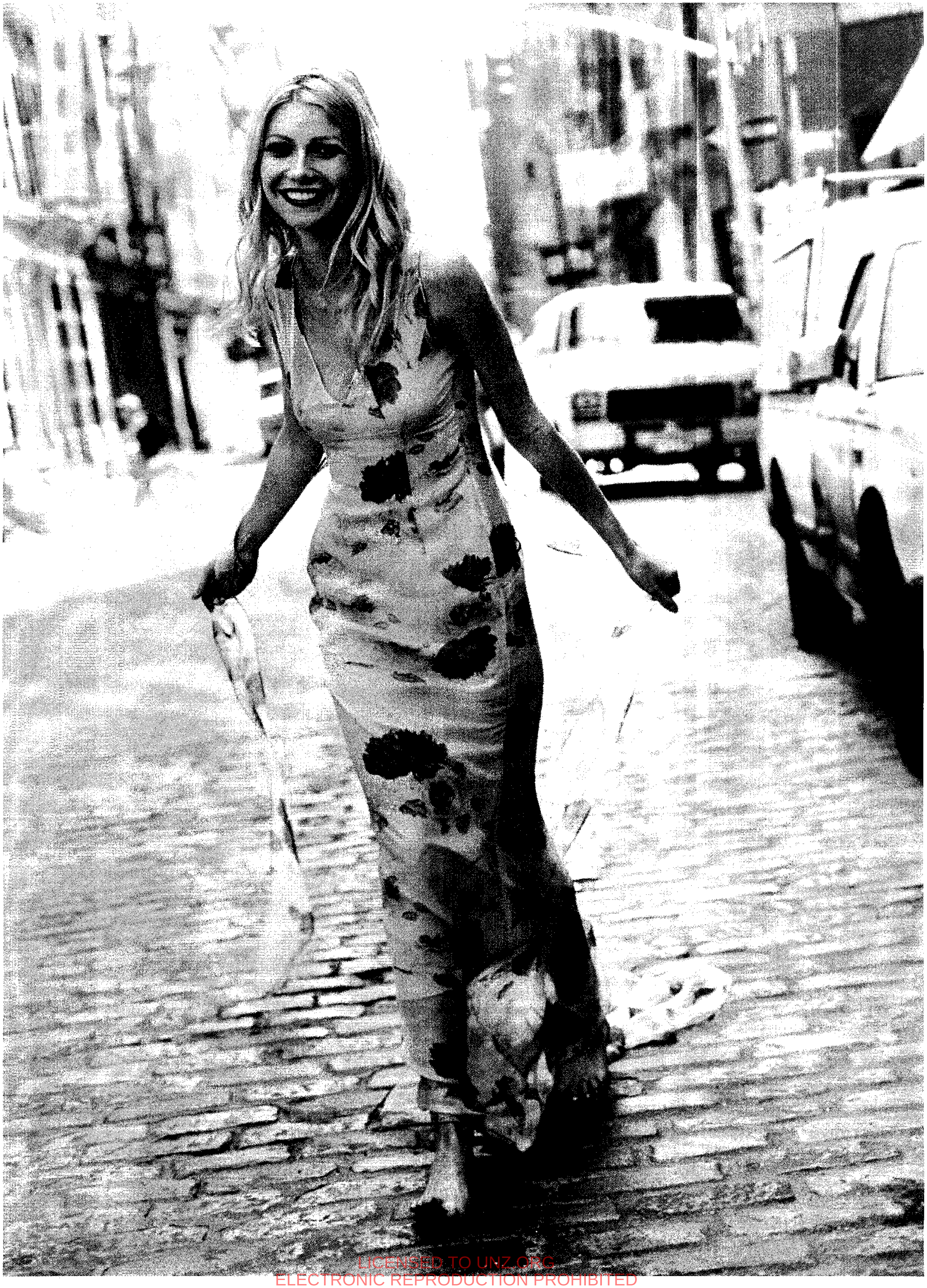
EVEN BACK AT SPENCE,
GWYNETH PALTROW HAD
THE LOOKS, THE BRAINS,
THE PERSONALITY, AND GOT
ALL THE GUYS. NOW, AT 23,
SHE HAS GOT *THE* GUY AND,
WITH HER REMARKABLE
PERFORMANCE IN *EMMA*,
IS ABOUT TO BECOME A
MAJOR MOVIE STAR.

a star is bred

BY NANCY JO SALES

Gwyneth Paltrow alights in the Pembroke tearoom of the Lowell Hotel. She is wearing a black leather jacket and vinyl pants, a twinkle of a diamond bouncing from a short chain around her long neck. Even off-screen, she appears backlit. If she came with a soundtrack as well, it would be something with harps, a choir, and a Bootsy Collins bass line. Her brilliant hair twisted back in a tossed-off bun, she has the look of a funky angel come to earth to do some good deeds and maybe get in some shopping at Agnès b. ★ Doug McGrath, the 38-year-old director of *Emma*, and I, two perfectly normal-looking people, dwindle in our chairs as Gwyneth arrives. We grow momentarily silent, our feet now barely scraping the ground. Gwyneth's so beautiful, it's embarrassing. ★ Seconds after arriving, Gwyneth mentions the unmentionable—the subject her publicist has made verboten. ★ "Brad *loved* the movie," Gwyneth tells McGrath, leaning in for the kiss.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANTE D'ORAZIO
FOR *NEW YORK*



Emma director McGrath and star Paltrow.

"He thinks you did a great job. He was so into it. *Ohmigod.*"

McGrath turns, actually blushing. "I hypnotized her before this interview," he explains.

A lady in a white apron wheels around the tea cart. Gwyneth orders an unpronounceable Chinese brew. The secluded tearoom is otherwise empty. McGrath and I note that it seems the perfect place to conduct an interview, or an affair; then we both are blushing.

Gwyneth just smiles, and smiles.

Emma is Gwyneth Paltrow's twelfth film, and she's all of 23. In the others (*Seven, Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle, Jefferson in Paris, The Pallbearer*), Gwyneth played secondary roles that got her notice but nothing like the coronation she's about to receive. Her portrayal of Jane Austen's 1816 heroine is uncannily authentic, the kind of performance movie folks love to herald as "breakthrough."

"A lot of people are talking about a Best Actress nomination," crows Harvey Weinstein, the head of Miramax, which is releasing *Emma.* "God willing, she'll get it. But either way, this is going to propel her into the higher ranks of American actresses."

"Emma will follow Gwyneth the way Holly Golightly followed Audrey Hepburn," says Steven Haft, producer of *Emma* and *Dead Poets Society,* "in that it was the perfect blending of an actress and a role."

"She fits into Austen's world perfectly," agrees David Ansen, *Newsweek's* movie critic. "You wouldn't want to see Demi Moore as Emma."

Neither, it seems, would Gwyneth. She doesn't think much of anyone's improving the classics, whether by tacking happy endings on to tragedies like *The Scarlet Letter* or even updating social comedies like, for example, *Emma.* "I think it's sad," she says, lighting up her first Camel, "that America's main cultural reference to this movie will be *Clueless.* I mean, *honestly.*"

"I went to Spence, an all-girls private school," Gwyneth continues. "We did not read *Emma.* We read *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility.* I had a very difficult time getting through *Pride and Prejudice.* Parts of it are so rambling, I really was like, *oh, Lord.*"

"Aren't you always secretly wishing that a carriage will break loose and run over that mother?" McGrath jumps in on *Pride and Prejudice.*

"I wanted a chandelier to fall on that mother," says Gwyneth.

Gwyneth and her director finally agree that *Emma* is a much better novel than *Pride and Prejudice.* "*Emma* is funny," says Gwyneth. "It made me laugh so many times. Brad was laughing when he watched it—and he wouldn't go and see it in the theater, you know what I mean? He went to see *The Rock,* okay?

"In the picnic scene"—the one where Emma humiliates poor old prattle-mouth Miss Bates—"Brad was like, 'You *bitch*! That was so mean!' " When Gwyneth does Brad, she lowers her voice to a studly, slow-witted baritone. (It's affectionate, I think.)

"He was hitting me," Gwyneth says. " 'You're evil!' he said. And I said, 'It's not my fault; it's a movie, hello? *Good morning?*' "

The Miss Bates scene is the pivotal moment in the novel: Emma, whom Austen describes as "handsome, clever and rich" but with "a disposition to think a little too well of herself," can't resist slinging a nasty remark at her silly old-maid neighbor, a woman who wouldn't hurt a soul. Emma's cruel wit is her fatal flaw.

"That's one of *my* flaws," admits McGrath. "It so disturbed me." The crushing picnic scene was what compelled the Academy Award–nominated screenwriter—he co-wrote *Bullets Over Broadway* with Woody Allen—to undertake *Emma* as his first-time directing project. "You make some little smarty-pants remark just to make people laugh, and think, Oh, she's not going to get that, and then she does get it, and you look like the smallest, meanest person."

Gwyneth nods knowingly. She reflects, "Girls' schools are a lot like that—especially these private Upper East Side schools. The one I went to certainly was."

MISS BATES, CIRCA 1996, HAS A LOW-LEVEL JOB IN PUBLISHING. "I can't believe I'm telling you this," she says with a nervous laugh. She goes to great lengths to first explain that she always liked "Gwyn" when they were students at Spence, from which they graduated in 1990. "She was just very straightforward about things. She wasn't dreaded like some of these people there were. Spence people could be really mean. They could say awful things to each other. . . ."

And yet she still remembers, with a degree of emotion that puts a catch in her voice, standing naked with Gwyneth Paltrow in the locker room before swim practice one day as they climbed into some "hellish" Speedo bathing suits, the team uniform. "She said, 'Isn't it interesting how different people's bodies are?' Like comparing mine to hers. And I just wanted to *hit* her."

Photograph by Art Streiber/CPi-Montage.

'MY FRIENDS ARE ALWAYS SAYING, 'DON'T YOU HAVE ANY CUTE GUYS FOR ME?' " SAYS GWYNETH PALTROW. "FOR SOME REASON, ALL MY FRIENDS THINK I KNOW A HUNDRED PERFECT CUTE GUYS."

If the perceived affront persists, it may be because the one who delivered it is now everywhere and has, it seems, everything. And this Spence graduate is by no means alone in her inability to simply *let Gwyneth go.*

"Everyone's like, 'Ohmigod, I have this shitty job and *Brad Pitt is kissing her feet* . . . ,'" says a Brearley graduate who knew Gwyneth, and who also has a low-level job in publishing.

"We all went to college and worked really hard, and now she's the newest hottest thing dating the Sexiest Man Alive," says a Nightingale-Bamford alumna, also working in the lower rungs of publishing.

"People are jealous of her. *I'm* jealous of her."

This young woman knew Gwyneth only slightly—from socializing with the popular crowd at schools like Spence and Nightingale, Dalton, Chapin, and brother institutions like Collegiate and St. David's—but she says she still finds herself obsessing about Gwyneth. Gwyneth the Goddess. Gwyneth the It Girl. "Even people who don't know Gwyneth measure themselves against her success," she says. "Gwyneth makes us feel extremely lame."

Gwyneth's precipitous and glorious ascendancy seems to function as a very public reminder of how their lives have yet to deliver the fabulousness they were promised as their birthright. It's a blow to have to suddenly realize, at the age of 23, that having an Ivy League education, a parent who kicks ass on Wall Street, or even beauty (helped along, perhaps, by a little cosmetic surgery and lots of trips with Mom to Georgette Klinger) doesn't necessarily mean you're destined to run the world yourself—or ever be on top of it the way Gwyneth Paltrow seemed to be one shiny afternoon in L.A. this year, when she showed up at the Oscars in a slinky Calvin Klein creation, on the arm of Brad Pitt.

Brad, Brad. Brad, Brad, Brad. Gwyneth's classmates walk by newsstands, and *People* magazine hollers BRAD IN LOVE! They turn on the Golden Globe Awards, and Brad Pitt is accepting his Best Supporting Actor award for *12 Monkeys,* giving thanks to "my angel, Gwyneth." (Cut to: *Gwyneth in the audience, shaking with pride and* looking so tastefully beautiful.)

It's all enough to make a struggling young Manhattan lady—eating her take-out sushi alone at night as she flips through another magazine citing a "Best Dressed" win for Gwyneth—feel mighty sensitive. Gwyneth's idlest comments about her own life are now mistaken as insults. "At our fifth reunion, she kept dropping Brad Pitt's name and nobody was biting," says a Spence classmate. " 'Well, Brad's in town.' 'Oh.' I mean, like, she could have been saying 'Uncle Joe's in town.' I mean, we're not stupid, okay?"

IN THE LOWELL'S TEAROOM, THE TALK HAS TURNED TO matchmaking—another of Emma's foibles. Gwyneth undoes her loose bun and lets her hair cascade across her shoulders. McGrath and I are smiling like idiots. "My friends are always saying, 'Don't you have any cute guys for me?' " says Gwyneth. "For some reason, all my friends think I know a hundred perfect, cute guys."

"They're hoping Brad has a hundred cute brothers," McGrath offers.

"Clones," Gwyneth says, twisting her hair back again *carelessly.*

GWYNETH'S MEMORY OF SPENCE DIFFERS FROM OUR MISS BATES'S, though it is no less Austenesque. "I had braces and I was skinny and little and I had a bad haircut." Gwyneth wrinkles her perfect nose. "And there was one girl who did terrible things to me, and she was like the head of the whole class. Sometimes we would be friends, and sometimes she'd just be like, 'I have the power over you.' "

"You woke up and you were in a women's prison," McGrath embroiders.

"The things she would do!" Gwyneth continues. That girl, she says, used to go on a campaign to have other girls call Gwyneth and tell her that popular boys at St. David's wanted to date her, when it was all just a big lie. "One day in seventh grade, I thought we were having a nice conversation about California, where I was born, and she said, 'Oh, do you like California better than New York?' and I said, 'No, I love New York now that I'm used to it—I'm having a wonderful time,' and she said, 'Good, because I was going to say if you like California better than New York, then you can just *go on back there.*' And I was like, 'Oh . . . my . . . God . . .' "

"She's in the military now," says McGrath, riffing.

"I heard she's a zealot—a [member of a cult]," says Gwyneth. She sighs ironically. "God will have to save her."

Gwyneth acknowledges, though, that she, too, has a bit of a mouth. "Sometimes, I can get into trouble for it," she says, picking plump green grapes off a custard tart before us on a stacked tray, with fingernails painted slate. "I should learn

Paltrow with Toni Collette in *Emma.*

Photograph by David Appleby/Miramax.

"WE WERE CRAZY," GWYNETH SAYS. "WE WERE SO PRETENTIOUS. IN THESE UPPER EAST SIDE SCHOOLS, THE EMPHASIS BECOMES ALL ABOUT WHOSE REMARK IS MORE INSIGHTFUL OR WITTIER OR MORE ANALYTICAL."

better manners," she says, chewing happily. "I can be very impatient, and I'm too opinionated."

"You have very good manners," McGrath replies. "You always had very strong opinions on the movie, but it wasn't about winning an argument. You'd say, 'No that's not what should happen, this should happen,' and you would explain why, and you would be right."

"Sometimes I was wrong," Gwyneth insists.

"Yes, but when you were wrong," McGrath says, continuing the love scene, "then I'd say, 'No, you're forgetting about this.' And you'd say, 'Oops, you're right,' and that would be the end of it."

"That's true," says Gwyneth. "But sometimes I don't know when to stop, and I can get whiny because I have to express every emotion that I have every second that I'm having it."

"Which I think is bad," she adds. Her eyes, which are the blue of a flame, narrow slightly. "But at the same time, you don't have to guess with me."

WHEN HER "BAD HAIR" DAYS IN HIGH SCHOOL BECAME TOO "painful," Gwyneth says, she retreated into avid movie watching—and books. With her friends, the intellectuals, she "would sit around smoking tons of cigarettes and drinking tons of coffee discussing our Russian-existentialism class and whose Raskolnikov's-dream interpretation was better."

"We were crazy," she says, laughing. "We were so pretentious. In these private Upper East Side schools, the emphasis becomes all about whose remark is more insightful or wittier or more analytical."

In past interviews, Gwyneth has freely given the impression that in high school and beyond, she was something of a hellion. In 1994, she told the New York *Times* she would sneak out at night and leave a note on her pillow saying, "Dear Mom and Dad, I didn't run away. I haven't been kidnapped. I'm out at the clubs. You can punish me in the morning."

Gwyneth seems to like playing with the impression that, deep down, she's just a bit of a bad girl, but take it or leave it, and aren't you missing out if you do leave it. In *Flesh and Bone,* Steve Kloves's gloomy little 1993 movie about drifter angst in west Texas, she slithered leggily on to the screen while Muddy Waters sang "Bad to the Bone." Some critics thought she should have won a Best Supporting Actress nomination for her performance as a grave-robbing con artist. She stole the movie from Meg Ryan, anyway, whose cheerleaderish cuteness she chewed up and spit back at her like a mouthful of damp pom-pom. "I'm not a nice girl," Gwyneth tells Ryan at one point in the film, with a smirk, "but I'll bet that you are . . . aren't you?"

Gwyneth now says reporters blew her badness way out of proportion. "I was *just* finishing puberty when I said that; yeah, I was wild because I snuck out of the house and went to a bar." She fires up another Camel, blowing smoke out of her nose impatiently. But she's not mad. She seems rather amused by all this. "And now, like, I read in the *Star* I'm, like, a boozer. I was not wild. I was a normal teenager. I snuck out and went to bars."

"And then after the murder, she really went on the straight and narrow," interjects McGrath, playfully.

GWYNETH DID ONCE HAVE A BAD HAIRCUT—"FOR ABOUT FIVE minutes," one of the young women who is not Gwyneth recalls, though she can't recall the awkward geek girl Gwyneth remembers herself as. By ninth grade, the consensus appears to be, Gwyneth had blossomed into her present state of stunningness, and took to wearing a leather jacket and hemming her school uniform well above her knees—the better to show off her coltish legs around the corner on Madison Avenue, where she would escape to smoke cigarettes and flirt with passersby. "I mean we all did that, okay? But she wore her skirt a little too short."

Even then, they all lived in the shadow of Gwyneth.

"She was *always* this badass. She wore cowboy boots."

"She was always six feet tall with blonde hair down to her waist."

"I heard all those stories about how she stole other people's boyfriends."

Gwyneth rolls her eyes. "I kissed somebody's boyfriend when I was 15," she says, maybe a little perturbed.

THE CONVERSATION TURNS, ONCE AGAIN, TO THE CLASSICS.

"That scene in *Annie Hall* with the black soap?" Gwyneth laughs. "'What are you, joining a minstrel show?'" She does a fair Woody Allen, almost as expert as McGrath's. ("She is the world's best mimic," says producer Haft. "One day on the set she was doing Emma—as Woody. Or Woody as Emma. It was riotously funny.")

"Will you call Woody and ask him to write me a romantic comedy?" Gwyneth asks McGrath. (She's kidding, I think.)

IT WASN'T BOYS, OR EVEN BOOKS, THAT MOST INTERESTED YOUNG Gwyneth—it was acting. "I always knew I wanted to be an actress," she says. "I always knew that it was just a matter of time." ("She was *not* one of the biggest actresses in our class," says a Spence graduate who was, and who now works in retail.)

Gwyneth did have a role as Titania, queen of the fairies, in a Spence production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (a part she seems born to play). Her love of performing was nurtured each summer, too, at the Brown Ledge acting camp in Vermont. "If you ever have a daughter," she confides, sounding like an Upper East Side matron, "send her to Brown Ledge. It's the best."

Gwyneth credits her parents—actress Blythe Danner (*The Great Santini, The Prince of Tides*) and TV writer-producer Bruce Paltrow (*St. Elsewhere*)—with giving her self-confidence. "I grew up in a house," she says, "with two very intelligent people who always led me to believe that whatever I thought was valuable. If I said something, it was 'Oh, why do you think that, that's very interesting.' "

Private school, camps, great parents. Like Emma, Gwyneth does seem to have passed through her young life with "very little to distress or vex her." She grew up on 92nd Street with German nannies, golden retrievers, and an adorable younger brother, Jake, who's only 20 and just made his directorial debut with a short film at the Sundance Film Festival. Jake's a St. David's boy.

Her mother, she says, "wanted [her] to become Margaret Mead," and her father was afraid that the life of a performer would be an unsuitable one for his daughter. Gwyneth con-

Photograph by Sante D'Orazio.

Paltrow with mom, actress Blythe Danner; and with beau, Brad Pitt.

vinced them of her talent after appearing with Danner in a 1991 Williamstown Theater Festival production of *Picnic.* "I first saw her onstage in *Picnic* when she was 17," says Miramax executive producer Donna Gigliotti. "And I thought, This is major." Gwyneth acknowledges that her familial connections used to get her phone calls returned; but now, as she sweetly and justly enough puts it, she has earned "the respect of my peers, and the people with the power to make movies."

"Among her many sickening qualities," McGrath says, "she can do everything you ask her to without having to rehearse it or ever see any of the objects involved—like archery, horseback riding. She just says, 'Oh, sure, I can do that.' I said, 'You're going to have to sing and harmonize,' and she said, 'Oh, yeah.' If I'd said, 'You know I need somebody to do twelve back flips over burning barrels,' I'm sure she could do that too."

"Some people were born to sing," says Gwyneth matter-of-factly. "They just can or they can't."

"She can play Emma," boasts Miramax's Weinstein. "She can play a whore [as indeed she does in the upcoming *Hard Eight*]. She can do anything."

"Everything she does, she does to perfection," adds producer Haft.

"She never seemed to have trouble with *anything,*" sighs a former schoolmate.

McGrath says, in fact, that during the time he was adapting the *Emma* screenplay, he couldn't picture another twentysomething actress in the leading role. Not Julia Roberts, Sandra Bullock, Drew Barrymore, Marisa Tomei, Laura Dern. "I didn't know who I wanted to play it," he says, "and I was worried I had no one in mind." Gwyneth, meanwhile, was up in Canada making *Moonlight and Valentino* when she got a visit from "some agents [from ICM] trying to steal me from CAA—which I almost succumbed to. They said, 'We have this genius Doug McGrath, and you have to do this movie.' " At a reading at Miramax, she says, "I was like, When do we start?"

She wanted the part so badly, she made a pact with Harvey Weinstein to do *The Pallbearer* with David (*Friends*) Schwimmer first, even though she thought the script weak (so, as it turns out, did audiences). Weinstein "bribed me," Gwyneth says. "He admits it."

But though she says she's protective of her "artistic integrity," she agreed to the deal because Emma was "the best part ever written for a young girl."

"You stick with me," says McGrath, in a fit of anxious perfectionism. "I'll show you all the things wrong with *Emma.*"

"What?" says Gwyneth.

"The truck!" he exclaims. Apparently there's a one-second shot where a lorry sits parked on a nineteenth-century street.

"Oh, shut up," Gwyneth says.

"I can read the license plate on it now," McGrath moans.

"What are you, computer-enhancing it?"

"I have studied it."

"Don't listen to this man—he doesn't make any mistakes."

"I have so many to choose from," McGrath laughs.

"Like what?" says Gwyneth. "You were never in a bad mood on the set, you never raised your voice or lost your temper . . ."

"The day of the eye-lines?" he ventures, referring to the trouble they had positioning Emma and the evil Mr. Elton correctly in a carriage scene. "A topographical map on my forehead."

"*Ach.* If that's losing your temper, will you move in with me?

"I certainly make tons of mistakes all the time," Gwyneth adds, sipping her tea.

"IT'S VERY STRANGE TO BE FAMOUS," GWYNETH IS SAYING, "BUT right now it's on a really nice level. I can work when I want to, and I don't have to work if I don't want to, and very sweet people shake my hand on the street or take my picture. I'll walk by NYU, and a girl will come up to me and say, 'I've seen all your films and I'm an acting student and can I just talk to you for a second?' And it's nice."

A couple of years ago, Gwyneth was offered the female lead in *Cool As Ice,* playing opposite Vanilla Ice. She wanted to do it, she admits. "I needed the money." Fortunately, she says now, her parents talked her out of it.

"I have really stayed away from doing leads in films until now on purpose," she says. "I turned down five studio films because I was learning. At that point, if I had done something just to be the star of a movie, the responsibility would get placed on me. I'm in no hurry, and I'm not that ambitious anyway. So I would say, 'I don't want to do this, I'm not ready for this.' I didn't want to be held accountable for the success of a film at 21."

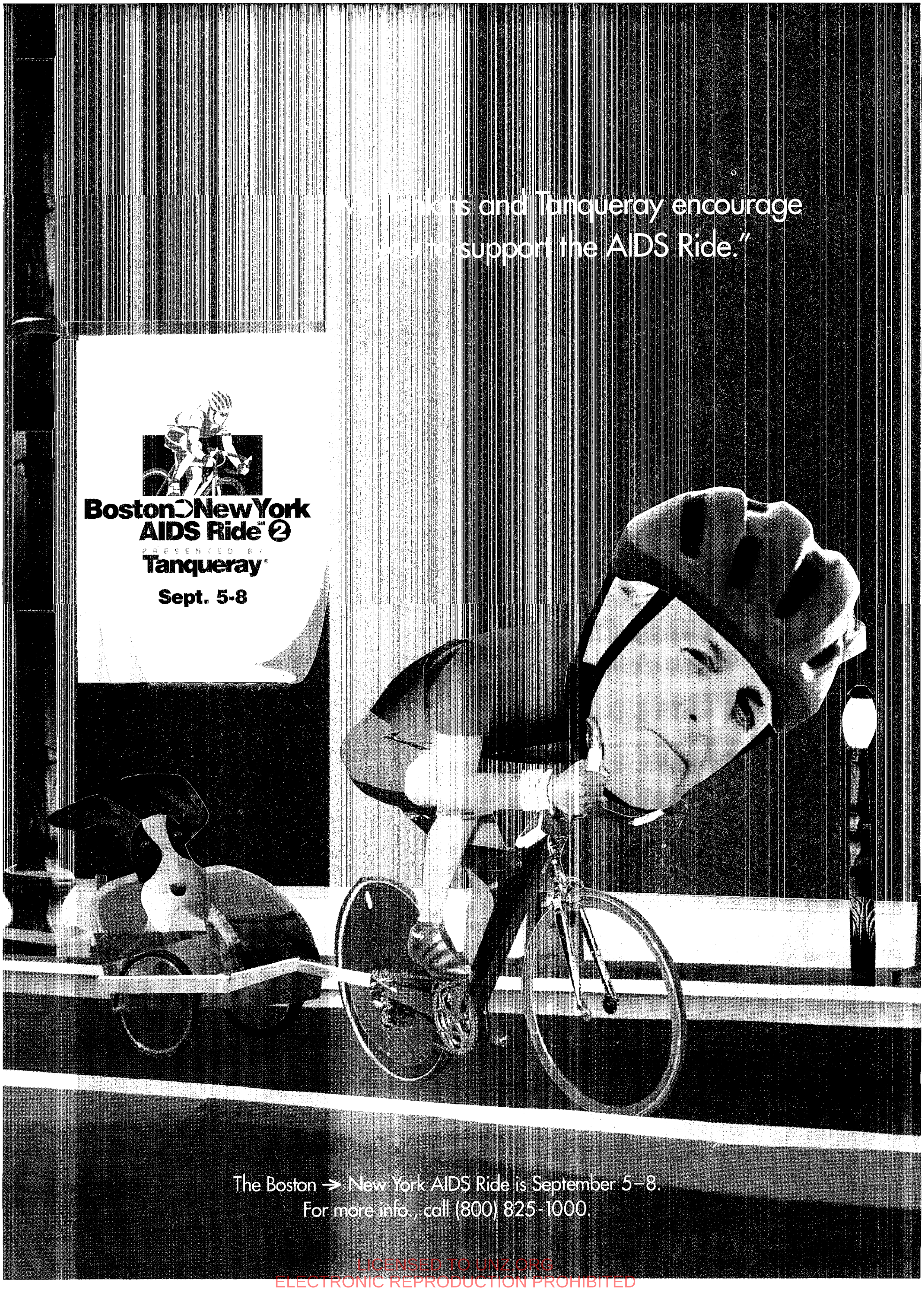
At 23, it's a different matter. As much as she has made mistakes, Gwyneth says, she has found the experiences salutary, improving. Like Emma.

"I think the fact that Emma learns from her mistakes shows how she has such a capacity for life and the importance of other people," says Gwyneth. "The thing that I loved best about her is that even though she makes terrible mistakes, she learns from them. That's such a wonderful quality in somebody."

GWYNETH RAN INTO AN OLD SPENCE CLASSMATE LATE LAST YEAR at Grange Hall, the bar-restaurant in the West Village. This was well after the young superstar fell in love with her; after *Emma* was in the can; and after Gwyneth was on her way to make three more movies in quick succession (the upcoming *Kilronan* with Jessica Lange, *Hard Eight* with Samuel Jackson, and *Great Expectations* with Ethan Hawke, which she's about to shoot).

"I'm so out of it," the former Spencie says, "I had no idea what she was up to. And I said, 'Hey, how are you, what have you been doing?' And she said she was acting, and I said, 'Well, stick with it. It's hard at first, but you'll get there.' And she was like, 'Yeah.' She was a really good sport about it. She could have made me feel like such a fool." ■

Photographs: left, John Barrett/Globe Photos; right, Paul Morse/LGI.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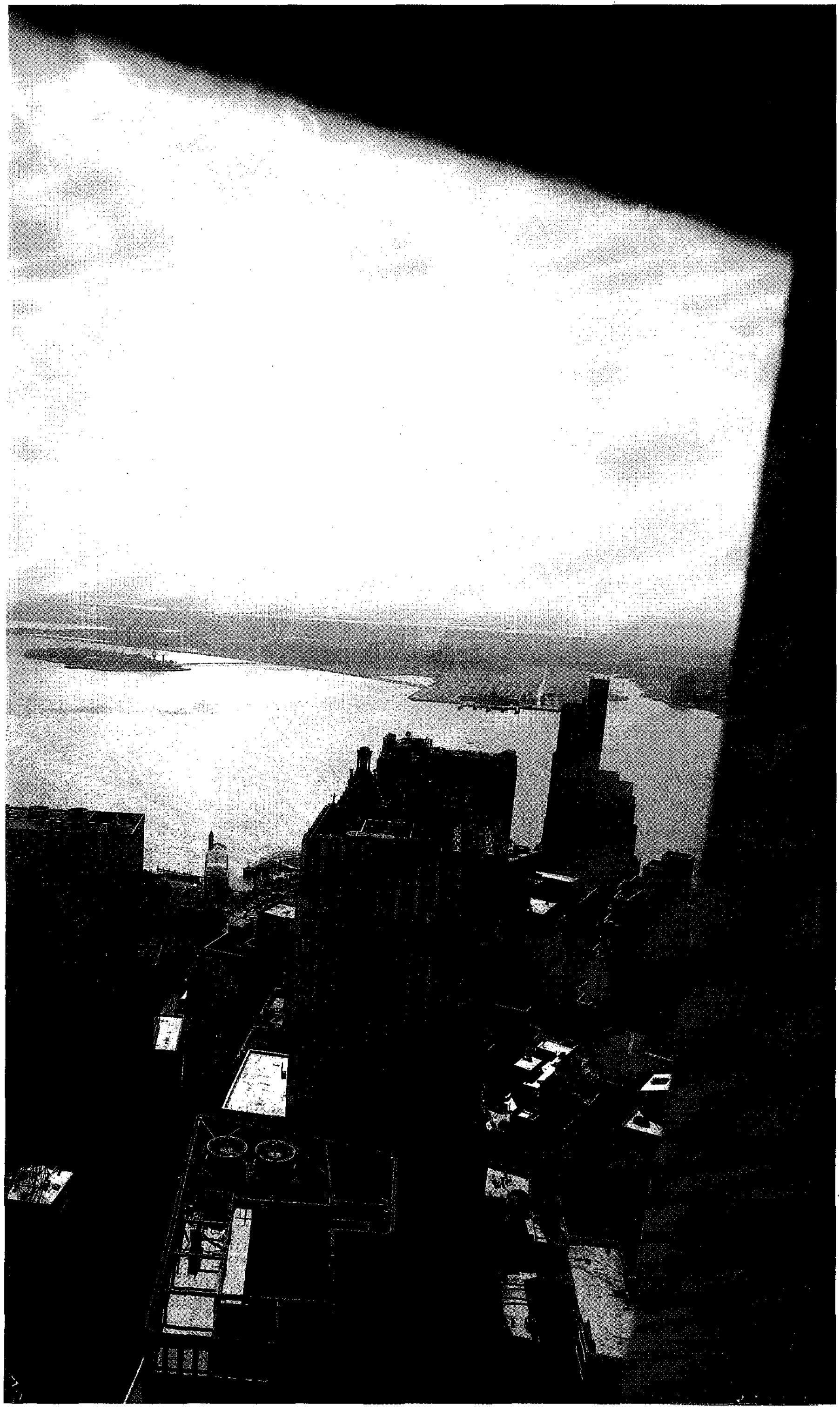
STORM

The enormous new superfreighters on the horizon will take their business elsewhere, costing New York thousands of jobs and the harbor its East Coast preeminence—unless the city dredges and reinvents its Brooklyn waterfront. If we build it, will they come?

By Michael Tomasky



TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW OF JOHN McHugh's fifty-first-floor office on Exchange Place is to drink in a breathtaking view of lower Manhattan. Its skyscrapers, seeming to race one another toward the clouds, exude, from this vantage point particularly, just what they were built to exude, the power and mystery that surround the secreted movements of all those electronic billions.

But to take in McHugh's view is also to be reminded of another New York: McHugh's window presents a full, gorgeous prospect of New York's harbor. To the left, the piers of Brooklyn; to the right, Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty; dead ahead, its mighty towers just visible through humidity's mist, the Verrazano-Narrows bridge, and the sea.

To peer into the windows of the office buildings is to know that one piece of the city's economy is functioning—although not, as we shall see, at the levels once hoped. But to survey the harbor in such a context requires imagination. True, some work is still done on the Brooklyn finger

Port's progress: Brooklyn's piers (far left) need updating. Elizabeth, New Jersey, is out of room.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEAL McLAUGHLIN
FOR *NEW YORK*

piers, as they're called, the narrow protrusions that jut out into the water to greet arriving ships. Most of our coffee and cocoa, for example, still comes through Brooklyn, offloaded in large sacks and stocked in warehouses whose deliciously pungent aromas surely cushion the workday for the longshoremen who labor there. But much of the space in the large terminal and warehouse buildings that stretch from Brooklyn Heights down to Bay Ridge is empty, and has been so for 30 or 40 years. Most people don't give the waterfront much thought, and if they do, it is only to reflect upon the sadness of its inevitable, and unchangeable, decline. The work dried up then because of—in one typical phrase—"forces beyond our control," and nothing can, or should, be done about it.

But lately, a consensus is emerging that blue-collar jobs along the Brooklyn piers did not disappear for reasons no one could fight, and that, indeed, something can and must be done about it. McHugh, an attorney who specializes in admiralty law, has been saying it for years. So have people like Ira Brophy, an expert on the city's manufacturing-job base. And so, most relentlessly of all, has Congressman Jerry Nadler, the liberal West Sider who's been talking about this for ages and who two years ago made an unlikely alliance on the issue with Michael Long, the chairman of the state Conservative Party.

Nadler's idea, in a nutshell, is this: Rebuild the Brooklyn piers, and revive Brooklyn as a deep-water port. Build a rail link between Brooklyn and New Jersey for transport of goods to the American mainland, and make necessary improvements on existing rail lines to New England and Canada. And watch as waterfront warehouse buildings rouse themselves back to activity and as long-dormant factory buildings along the rail lines, throughout Brooklyn and Queens, come back to life, because healthy ports almost always produce tremendous ancillary activity in warehousing, distribution, and related services (today, about 9,000 people work on the New Jersey docks, but port-related employment is put at 166,500). Watch as unemployment drops, along with, incidentally, consumer prices on many goods, because it'll cost less to get them to market.

For eighteen years, the words "Jerry Nadler" and "rail freight" have been a standing Albany joke. When Mario Cuomo was governor and Nadler in the State Assembly, Cuomo would deliver his state budget to the lower house. Every year, Nadler would stand up and ask if money for the Oak Point connector—a crucial rail link in the South Bronx—was in this year. And every year, the governor answered, "Maybe next year, Jerry."

No one's joking anymore. To Nadler's great joy and surprise, more and more people are listening. Mayor Rudy Giuliani has met with Nadler on more than one occasion to discuss the possibility of reviving the port of Brooklyn. Governor George Pataki has at least two top aides working on the issue. The city and state economic-development agencies are studying the idea. The City Planning Commission, heretofore committed to a post-blue-collar New York, is coming around. Last week, Nadler made a presentation to the Association for a Better New York, the city's leading civic business group. Even the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which has 40 years of its unswerving wisdom invested in the notion that the port belongs in New Jersey, is—officially, at least—receptive.

In 1995, the *Daily News* editorialized strongly in favor of the plan. And recently, the *Times* urged its readers to "think about" the port of Brooklyn and credited Nadler with "some intriguing ideas." Support, or at least keen interest, runs high left to right. "This is the best-thought-out idea that's come out of the government in a quarter-century," says Bill Stern, the former head of the state Urban Development Corporation (now the Empire State Development Corporation), who writes for the conservative Manhattan Institute's *City Journal*.

Why the switch? Two main reasons. The first is economic. Everyone now recognizes that what Nadler has been saying is true: The city cannot sustain itself without a diversified job base that includes a significant blue-collar sector. The second reason is geographic. The port of New Jersey, based in Elizabeth and Newark, remains the Eastern seaboard's largest. But that preeminence is threatened both by impending changes in the shipping industry and by nature. In brief: The new, larger ships coming online will need navigable water depths of up to 50 feet. Both Elizabeth and Brooklyn are currently dredged to 40 feet. The difference is that in Brooklyn, you hit dirt at 40 feet, whereas in Elizabeth, you hit solid rock. Blasting rock can get quite expensive. And unless the local ports can handle these larger ships with ease, the region may lose much of its business to Virginia or Nova Scotia.

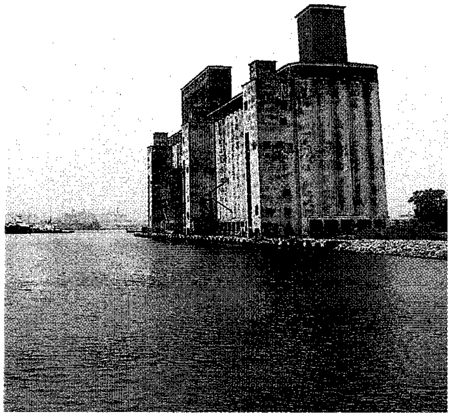
Doing what Nadler envisions will not come cheap. But the price of not acting may be a lot higher. "This is not a political issue," says McHugh. "This is an issue of survival."

IF YOU'RE DRIVING SOUTH ON THE NEW Jersey Turnpike, you can get a brief glimpse of the nation's third-busiest port. Just glance to the left as you pass Newark Airport. Those large, stork-like structures that look as though they came off the *Star Wars* set are cranes, costing some $7 million apiece, that lift containers off the ships and load them onto the docks.

Containers, in the argot, are the large metal boxes that carry most of the world's shipping trade—clothes, paper products, electronic goods, foodstuffs, liquor, furniture, practically anything that was manufactured overseas and ends up in your house. The containers, 20 or 40 feet long, fit on top of one another on the ships, locking on to the ones below them. The cranes lift them off one by one, and after they're placed on the dock, they're attached to either a train, if they're going a long distance, or a trucking rig, if they're staying local. The advantage, from an efficiency point of view, is that the containers are never opened, from the point at which they're loaded—somewhere in Europe or Japan or Korea—until they reach the grocery store or the doors of your local Wiz.

The shipping business moved to containerization in the mid-fifties. Austin Tobin, then the head of the Port Authority, sized up the changes in the industry and decided that containers would require more space than Brooklyn offered because they must sit in what are in effect large parking lots until they're carted off. "They looked around," says Frank Caggiano, the authority's deputy director of port commerce, "and there was this swamp."

Today, the swamp-turned-port covers 2,100 acres, and it is an awesome operation. To visit it is suddenly to come to terms with just how much serious work is required to satisfy the New York region and its army of hungry consumers. Trucks wait their turn at check-in points resembling toll plazas, where drivers show their papers and are directed to their cargo. The cranes pluck the containers from their berths, lifting them up and whirling them around to the dock as effortlessly as if they were Christmas ornaments.



Jerry Nadler (left) has pushed the port project for years; he finally has allies. Center: The long-unused Brooklyn grain terminal. Right: The port in its heyday, before new ships and containers made it obsolete.

The port handles petroleum tankers and other non-containerized cargo, products ranging from Central American bananas to Japanese cars. In one area, scrap metal is exported to developing countries, hoisted raw by crane and dropped into the bellies of ships. In another, rock is off-loaded from ships straight onto a conveyor belt that runs into a large building; it comes out the other end as gypsum board, processed and ready for delivery. Orange-juice concentrate is shipped in. It's mixed with water and hauled to nearby points to be packaged under various brand names (hint: Buy the cheapest orange juice).

Last year, Elizabeth and Newark handled about 2.25 million TEUs—twenty-foot equivalent units, that is, or 2.25 million twenty-foot containers. By contrast, Norfolk handled about 1 million; Charleston, South Carolina, the same; Baltimore, about 530,000; Halifax, roughly 380,000; and Philadelphia just 107,000. The largest ports are on the West Coast—Long Beach, the nation's biggest, and Los Angeles moved a combined 5.3 million TEUs.

But Jersey has some problems. First of all, it's hard for large ships to get there. Vessels have to come past the Verrazano-Narrows bridge, turn left, and pass through the Kill Van Kull, a narrow and shallow channel that separates Staten Island from Bayonne (see map, page 31). Then, at the end of the KVK, as it's called in shorthand, there's a hard right turn up to Elizabeth. McHugh says that sometimes, larger container vessels have to be tugged into port. It can take, he says, three hours or more to get from the Narrows to the docks. Since these ships cost at least $40,000 a day to operate, those are pricey minutes.

A second problem is water depth. In the future, the Kill will need to be at least 50 feet deep, which means blasting another 10 feet of rock. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which has already blasted from 35 to 40 feet at a cost of $350 million (shared by the Port Authority), is now studying what it will cost to clear the Kill to 44 feet. Stuart Piken, chief of the corps's planning division, estimates it will run "at least" another $350 million. But 44 feet won't be enough. Even today, the larger ships have to be "lightered"—partially off-loaded out in New York Harbor so they rise to a level that permits them to make the run to Jersey. Enter Brooklyn, where you don't hit rock until around 65 feet (to say nothing of much easier access for large ships, which wouldn't have to traverse the Kill Van Kull).

The major shipping lines—the Dutch Maersk, the Korean Hanjin, the Chinese Cosco, the others—will need the depth. And the East Coast port that offers it stands to reap handsome rewards. The next phase of shipping will see much larger ships coming on-line, "post-Panamax" ships—so named because they're too large to pass through the Panama Canal. Such ships, experts say, will make up nearly half of all seaborne commercial traffic in the near future.

Furthermore, economic constraints are moving the industry toward establishing a "hub and feeder" system on each coast. The port that can most easily accommodate these ships and provide ready access to American markets will become the East Coast hub port, and others will be reduced to feeder ports. Last year, *The Journal of Commerce* reported on the coming wars among ports to achieve hub status, noting that some cities, like Marseilles, have invested millions in supersize equipment even though, at the time, Marseilles had not received a call by a single post-Panamax ship. Such is the competition.

"The bigger ships that are more expensive to operate lend themselves to a hub-and-spoke system," says Bob Merhige, of the Virginia Port Authority. "It's just like the airlines. Do big planes stop everywhere? No. Same thing's going to happen, same principle." Merhige says the competition on the East Coast will be "fierce" and frankly asserts that Virginia, with lower costs and no geographic problems, is poised to take over.

Likewise, Halifax is booming. Its percentage of the North Atlantic market share more than doubled from 1994 to 1995. New York is still first, but the margin is beginning to narrow. "Our plan is to become a hub port," says Patricia McDermott of the Halifax Port Corporation.

New Jersey's third—and, in truth, its most immediate—problem is dredging. In the past, most of the material dredged from the Jersey ports has been dumped at sea, six miles off Sandy Hook. But more-stringent federal environmental regulations passed a few years ago won't permit that—under the old rules, just 5 percent of the material dredged in Jersey was considered too contaminated for ocean dumping; under the new rules, 66 percent is.

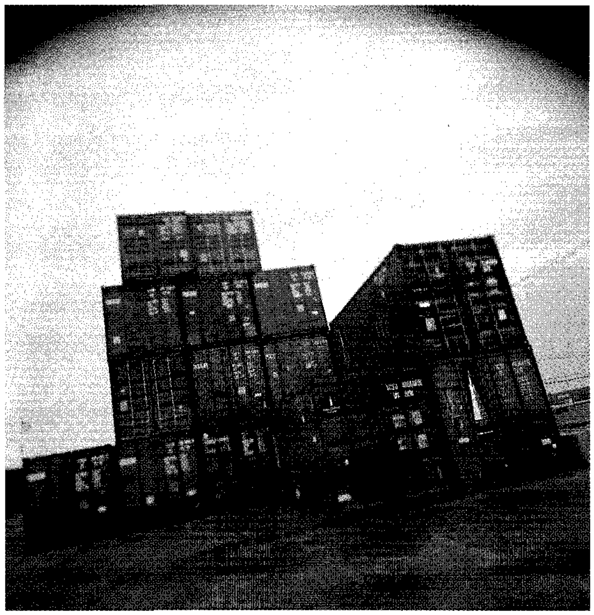
"The urgency is that the dredging needs to be done when it needs to be done," says the Army Corp's John Tavolaro. Halifax and Norfolk, by the way, have no dredging problems, and their ports—60 and 50 feet deep, respectively—offer easy access for post-Panamax ships.

THE NADLER PROPOSAL CONSISTS OF TWO MAJOR infrastructure pieces. One is the piers

Photographs: left to right, Imke Lass/Outline; Micheal McLaughlin; Archive Photos.

themselves, because Brooklyn's current ones are inadequate. Everyone who supports this plan agrees on that. The other, however, is the more controversial.

The Port of New York Authority, as it was originally christened, was created in 1921 to bring some measure of peace to the commercial competitions between the two states, which were at one point ferocious enough that the two state-police forces actually exchanged gunfire in a border dispute. One of the first things the Port Authority was supposed to build was, for the time, an immense project: an underwater freight tunnel joining Brooklyn and New Jersey. Even then, most of the rail and road links were in Jersey, so the tunnel was intended to connect Brooklyn to the rest of America. For various reasons—cost, and the opposition of powerful planning interests—it never got built.



Nadler and the plan's other supporters want, finally, to see the tunnel built. "It's the linchpin of the whole plan," Nadler says, "because it provides the best way to get goods shipped in to Brooklyn out to market." Right now, rail links from the Northeast come into Brooklyn, literally right to the docks, and links from New Jersey and the rest of the country—Chicago, most importantly—come to Bayonne, again right up to the water. But they don't meet; it's rather like having a bridge with an eight-inch gap in the middle. The city is studying the viability of such a tunnel now, and it certainly seems to make sense: The containers could come right off the ships, be loaded onto trains, and sent out through the tunnel to the middle of the country.

The tunnel has run into opposition on two bases—first, that it's too expensive, and second, that it may not be necessary.

On the first point, Lillian Borrone, the Port Authority's director of port commerce, believes the tunnel would cost "well over a billion." And Peter Goldmark, the former Port Authority head who now runs the Rockefeller Foundation, thinks it's off the charts. "New York is a region that has major infrastructural needs," he says. "We've got to avoid white elephants. And the underwater freight tunnel has ROMANTIC WHITE ELEPHANT written all over it." He figures the cost at $2 billion to $4 billion.

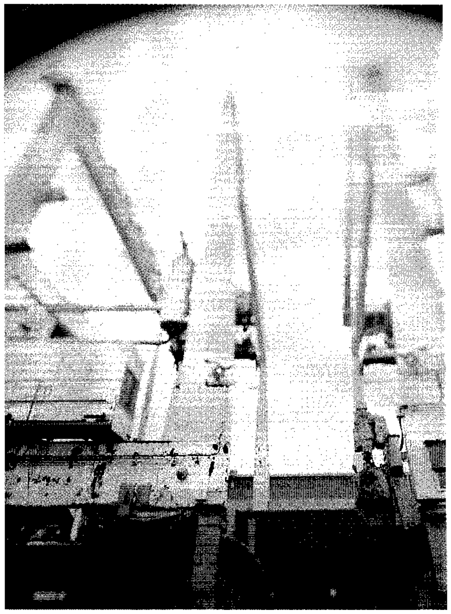
Nadler says he believes the tunnel could be built for around $750 million. The Port Authority studied it in 1977 and put the price tag of a Bay Ridge–to–Bayonne tunnel at $405 million. The inflation rate since then would roughly triple the price tag, but Nadler and McHugh note that technological advances since that study was done would help offset that inflation.

Another school of thought is that such a rail link isn't needed at all. Eric Kober, of the Department of City Planning, says that if you want to ship goods to Chicago, the rail routes that run up through Brooklyn—which are already in place—are actually better. He's referring to the line that begins at 65th Street, Bay Ridge—conveniently, right on the water—runs through Brooklyn and Queens, and shoots into the Bronx (taking advantage of the Oak Point connector), up to Albany, out through New York's western tier, and on to the Midwest. According to Kober and Joe Rose, the planning department's director, these links can be made ready by raising a handful of clearances. That's still expensive—it means raising elevated roadways from 15 feet above the ground-level rail lines to 21 feet—but less costly than the tunnel. Furthermore, says Rose, moving containers from Brooklyn to Jersey can be done via barges far less expensively than via the tunnel.

The Port Authority's Borrone adds that rail traffic is much less important in New York than truck traffic. Right now, she says, 88 percent of the goods that come into Elizabeth and Newark stays within 250 miles of the ports, and around 60 percent stays in the metropolitan region. None of that ever gets on a rail car. This being the case, the links we'd need to improve would be not rail but road.

Nadler agrees that Chicago is better reached via Albany, but he says that would still leave New York unconnected to about a third of the U.S. market. "Draw an arc from Ohio to Texas," he says: Those southern and mid-Atlantic markets are served by rail lines that run through Pennsylvania and Virginia. Most of the goods going to those regions now come in to Norfolk, Charleston, and Miami, and no doubt some would continue to. But if New York is to become the East Coast hub port, it will need an easy link to all parts of the eastern United States, and the tunnel, Nadler argues, is the only way to have it.

On the other matter, that of rebuilding the piers, there is general agreement that the plan's proponents have come up with a potentially ingenious way to build them. Remember the dredge material building up in New Jersey that has to be moved somewhere, soon? Why not, says Nadler, take that material and use it as landfill to build piers big enough to dock large container ships? The material could be covered with a nonporous substance such as concrete, allaying environmental concerns. "Sure, it could be done," says the Army Corps's Piken. "It's been done in other harbors."



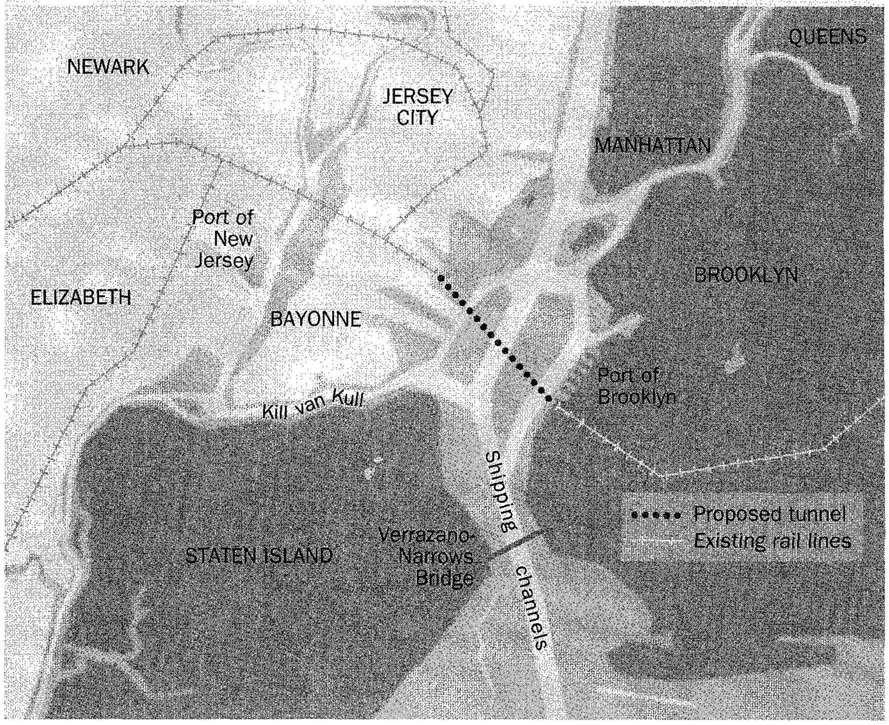
In the sixties, Elizabeth's port, using shipping's new technologies, took Brooklyn's business. But it's too shallow for the newest freighters.

It's a clever solution to two problems: first, what to do with the New Jersey dredge leavings; second, how to create "upland space" in Brooklyn. The landfill area—it would expand the Brooklyn land mass from its current position out to the pierhead line—would create 400 acres for container storage. That's still small: Jersey, remember, has 2,100 acres (though it started with 400), and Long Beach has 2,300. But Nadler estimates that 400 acres used efficiently could move 900,000 TEUs a year—which, added to Elizabeth's total, would make this port the country's largest.

No one really knows what all this would cost. The city's Economic Development Corporation is leading a feasibility study that should be completed by the fall. It could end up that just blasting the rock on the Jersey side would be cheaper. But up-front investment should be just one consideration; another, even more important consideration is what the investment will return. We need studies for that, although we don't need a study to know that developing Brooklyn would be good for the city—which, in the end, is the reason Nadler and Long, as unalike ideologically as you could imagine, are pushing this.

THE SHIPPING NEWS

To get to New Jersey, ships must pass through the Narrows, turn left through the Kill van Kull, and then turn a hard right up to Elizabeth and Newark. Rebuilding the port of Brooklyn, and extending the borough's landmass out to the edge of the piers, would provide larger ships easier access to local docks. Goods would move from Brooklyn to continental rail links via the proposed underwater tunnel from Brooklyn to Bayonne (red dotted line).



Map by John Tomanio.

ELIZABETH AND NEWARK BECAME fully operational ports in the early sixties. Still, at that time, the Brooklyn waterfront was fairly busy, helped along by barge traffic that moved goods from Brooklyn to New Jersey. But in 1968, the barges all but stopped operating. In the succeeding years, manufacturing jobs flew out of the city: 60,000 jobs lost in each of the next two years, 300,000 over the next decade.

That happened, of course, for many reasons. But certainly a big factor was the collapse of the port and the related transportation connections. If you manufacture something, it's worth nothing unless you can get it to market. Conversely, you must be able to get your ingredients or parts cheaply. The rail line that runs through Brooklyn was also shut down in the sixties. "If you look at an old photograph of that line, back when it was operational," says Nadler, "you'll see a tremendous number of factories working right along the tracks. Why? Because they could both receive and ship things directly by rail." He says he's spoken to people who used to brew beer in New York before microbreweries were called microbreweries, and they say one reason they shut down was that after the rail lines closed down, the cost of getting their hops and barley zoomed.

New York City, say Nadler, McHugh, and others, veritably chased manufacturing out. Nadler and Long have written in op-ed pieces that the city lost manufacturing jobs at roughly six times the national rate. "We lost manufacturing jobs," says Ira Brophy, a retired city-economic-development official, "because it was difficult to move merchandise around the city and because rents became high in Manhattan."

"The city made a decision somewhere in the 1960s to take the World Trade Center in exchange for the port," Giuliani's deputy mayor for economic development, Fran Reiter, says. "And we think it was a bad move." The World Trade Center—which is owned and operated by the Port Authority—has probably helped the city in certain ways, but a lot of businesses were moved so it could be built. Real estate was the coin of the realm, went the thinking, so everything that didn't help raise land values—and manufacturing does not—was pushed out: Produce was moved up to the Bronx, for example.

Future job growth was thought, by late-sixties city planners, to be likely to arrive in the so-called FIRE sector (finance, insurance, and real estate). This worked, briefly, during the eighties. But after the 1987 crash, there were enormous layoffs. The net effect today is that since the late sixties, the FIRE sector has been all but stagnant—from 464,000 jobs in 1969 to 474,000 last year. Manufacturing, during those years, collapsed, from 826,000 jobs to 273,000.

Today, the city is full of immigrants and poor people who are not likely to be bound for professional careers. New York became great, partly, yes, because of its artists and writers and intellectuals, but also because of the many millions who simply labored. At one time, blue-collar jobs available to people lacking diplomas were legion; now they hardly exist.

No one is romantically naïve enough to think we'll ever return to those days. But it makes simple sense to try to encourage the growth of a job base that suits the skills of so much of the population. "We have a wonderful labor base in New York," Brophy says. It's just that past decisions have created a local economy that cannot put that base to use.

How many jobs revival of the port might produce is hard to say. The Port Authority has studied the issue and come up with a figure of around 50,000 over ten years. If you accept the authority's claim of nearly 170,000 port-related jobs in New Jersey, and consider that Brooklyn could move about 40 per cent of Jersey's current capacity, you come up with around 70,000.

But consider two things: first, that international trade is exploding in general, and, second, that if New York does become a hub port, the expansion could be fantastic. For example, the next big market, experts agree, is India. Will ships loaded in India cross the Pacific to West Coast ports or come east, through the Suez Canal? If we can lure them here, growth over the next two decades could be phenomenal. Nadler talks about "hundreds of thousands" of jobs, which sounds wildly optimistic at first blush but which, over the course of twenty years, may not be totally crazy.

"What we've seen in New Jersey in warehousing and distributing has been tremendous," concurs planning chairman Joe Rose. "Brook-

(continued on page 57)

[THE *NEW YORK* INTERVIEW]

Don't Call It a Comeback

Kiss, reunited, has launched the biggest rock show of the summer. But are inexplicably popular local galoots **Gene Simmons** and **Paul Stanley** actually... serious? Yes.

BY CHRIS NORRIS

IT'S NOT EASY TO ROCK AND ROLL ALL NIGHT ONCE YOU hit 40, to say nothing of partying every day. But when Gene Simmons, 46, and Paul Stanley, 44, decided to revive the sleeping giant that is Kiss—in all its blood-spitting, fire-breathing, pyromaniacal glory—they knew what they were getting into. "We're gonna show every new band how the big boys do it," Simmons warned at the press conference. And he wasn't kidding.

On this tour, the big boys, including original members Peter Criss and Ace Frehley, do it with a total of $900,000 worth of pyrotechnics, $170,000 worth of costumes, 54 pounds of makeup, and 358 pints of fake blood. And they're doing it—a note- and fireball-perfect re-creation of the set, costumes, and, oh, yeah, songs from their 1977 tour—to arenas full of screaming, lighter-lifting fans too young to have caught this show the first time around. And again it must be said, they're not kidding. There's not a whit of coy *Brady Bunch*-ish revivalism to this event. Next to Kiss, *This Is Spinal Tap* is a nuanced portrayal of four driven, complicated men in the entertainment industry. To paraphrase Woody Allen, it's hard to satirize a guy in eight-inch, dragon-headed boots.

In a year of comebacks by seventies bands from Styx to the Sex Pistols, Kiss's reunion tour has improbably, through sheer will, production values, and fan-club support, blossomed into the biggest live-concert event of the year. Kiss sold out four nights at Madison Square Garden (July 25–28)—here in the city that initially spurned them—in 58 minutes. They, not Lollapalooza or any other cool, nineties touring extravaganza, are the biggest rock event of the summer. They defy rock critics, with whom they have some issues. They defy twenty years of cultural history. They defy parody. They are Kiss. Hear them spit.

Brunching in a hotel restaurant, Stanley, a forest of chest hair in a lavender bandanna, and Simmons, the captain in a U.S.S. INTREPID cap, hold court.

New York: *Do you have anything special planned for Madison Square Garden?*

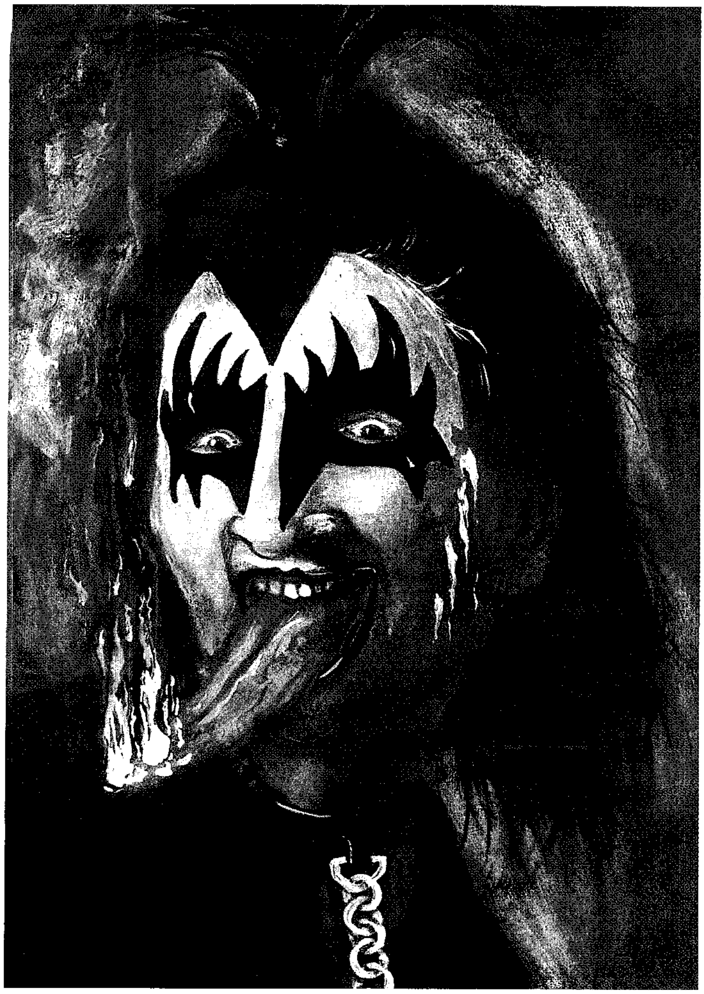
Gene Simmons: In a very real way, Madison Square Garden is coming home. Coming home and really delivering what other bands just don't deliver for us. We are going to punish New York for being a disco town for so many years. We are there to deliver—it's deliverance time.

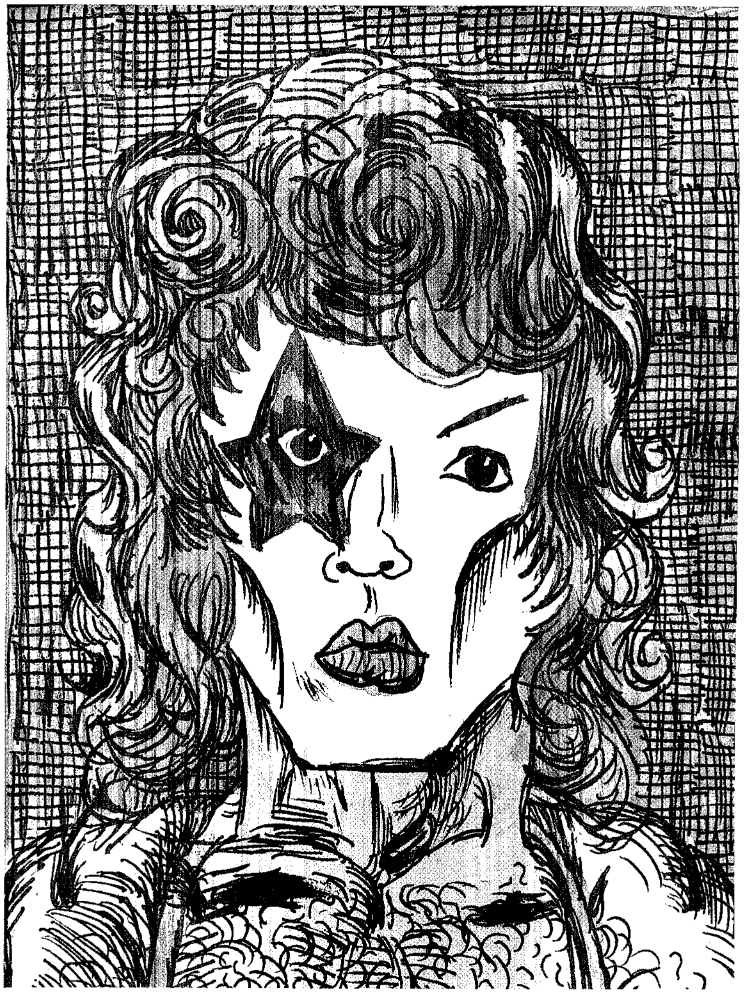
What are the physical demands of the show?

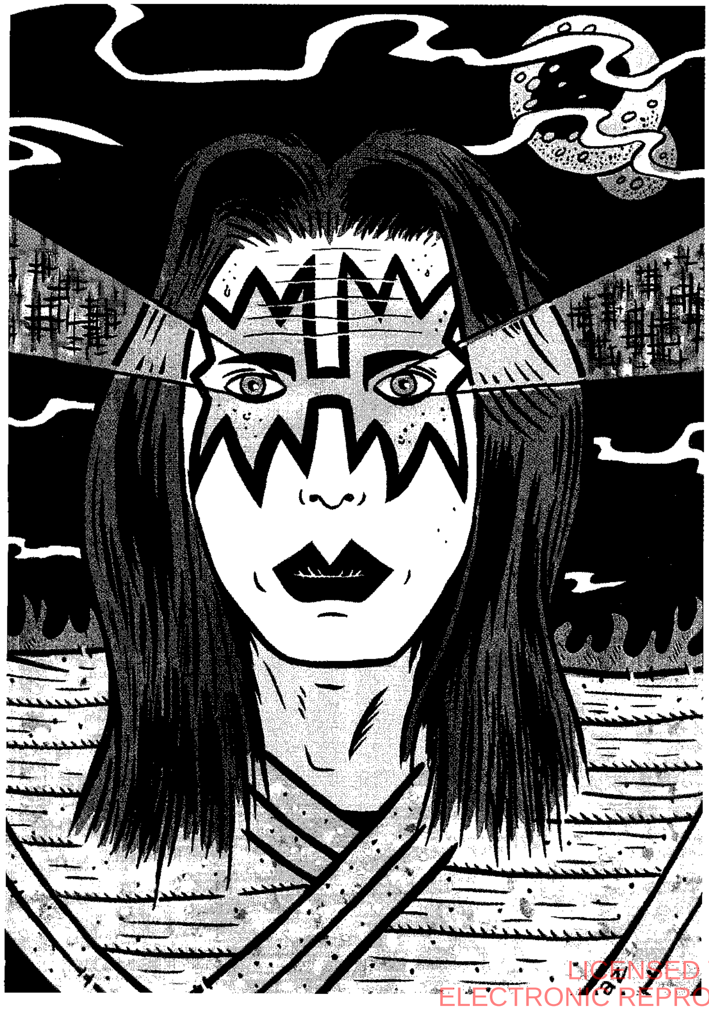
G.S. The boots are about thirteen to fifteen pounds each, and the codpiece, which is covered with studs and so on, is another eighteen or so pounds. The guitar is another ten or twelve pounds. You obviously have to be in very good shape. Paul's is the coolest outfit, but mine weighs the most.

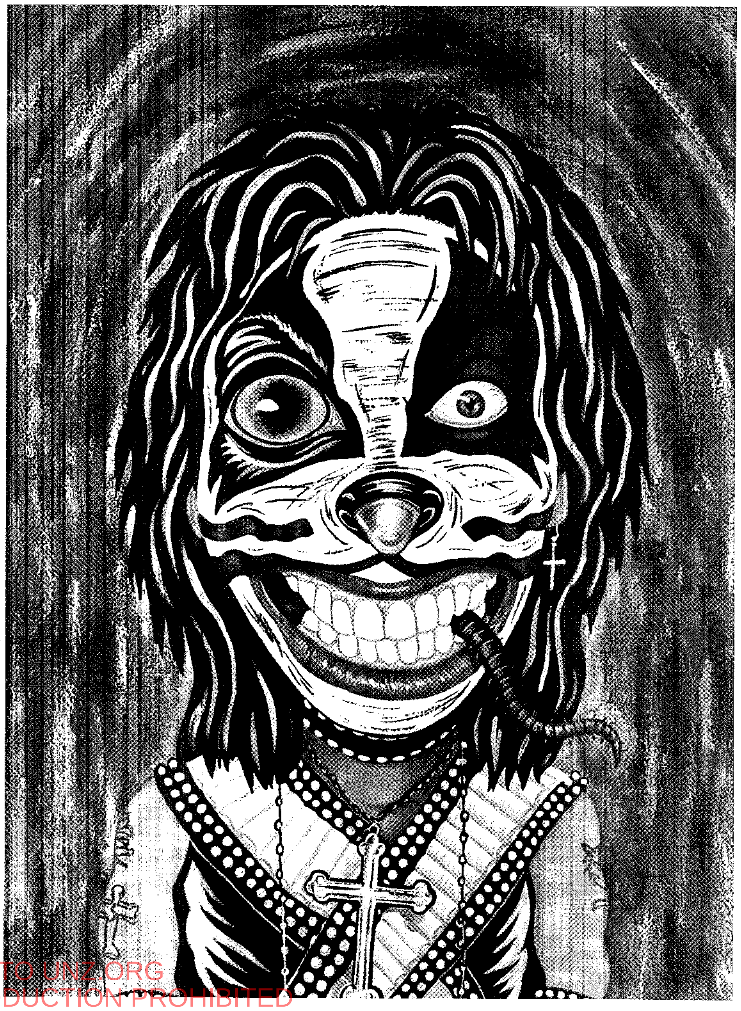
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, GENE SIMMONS, PAUL STANLEY, PETER CRISS, ACE FREHLEY.

ILLUSTRATIONS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, SUE COE; GARY PANTER; HUNGRY DOG STUDIO; KAZ.
FOR *NEW YORK*









Paul Stanley: Oh, Gene's is the coolest outfit. He'd be the first to tell you. Still, I wouldn't recommend anybody trying what I do in eight-inch heels. But at the same time, somebody's gotta do it.

Did you really relearn the guitar solos note for note?

P.S.: Yes. There's nothing that's more of a turnoff to me than to go see my favorite band and wait all night to hear my favorite song and they've turned it into some unrecognizable reggae tune. We wanted to make sure that the songs would be played with the intensity with which they were originally written.

When the Sex Pistols' tour finally imploded in 1977, Johnny Rotten famously asked fans: "Ever get the feeling you been cheated?" Kiss seems bent on not having that apply.

P.S.: When people say, "What do you think of the Sex Pistols reforming," I think the similarities end with the fact that we all play instruments. If a legend—and I *have* to use the word—returns and stories have built over the years, if you can't live up to that, then you should leave it alone. It's the same as a boxer training to regain the heavyweight championship.

I was going to ask what's going on with comeback rock in general because now we're seeing—

G.S.: We don't care; it doesn't apply. Every once in a while we read our interviews and I know it comes off cocky, but too fucking bad—we deliver. Humility has nothing to do with a statement of fact. We are the greatest. If someone doesn't get it, so what? We're too big, we're too powerful. We are the greatest.

P.S.: I think, without being pompous, when you've sold 70 million albums . . . [*A Playboy Playmate walks over to the table and says, "Hi. How ya doing today?"*] Great. How'd your shoot go?

Playmate: Oh, that's next Tuesday.

P.S.: Oh, cool. Well, good luck to you. [*After a few moments of puzzled silence, she begins walking away.*] Wait. Let's just . . . take a moment . . . Mmmm . . . God bless Mother Nature.

Right. Uh . . . What did you think of the Sex Pistols when they first came out?

G.S.: It affected everybody. Just as a statement of fact, the Sex Pistols never made it and that's unfortunate, because they had something very important to offer. Still, there's something fantastic about this guy Rotten, because he was not only punk but he understood what the stage meant.

P.S.: Punk was theater. Nobody should believe that wearing a flannel shirt and shorts is any less a showbiz costume than us wearing eight-inch heels.

Do you see punk as having any validity as a social or cultural movement?

G.S.: No, it's a pop revolution, and it's very valid on a pop level. Punk started as a British cultural movement, about the underclass being disillusioned with the royal system and so on. In England, it was a social movement; in America, it was posing. There ain't no American punk. Here, it's just fashion. It's a great pop revolution of very talented songwriters.

Why do you think Kiss is often called "the band critics love to hate"?

P.S.: Because they're jealous! It's an old adage, but the truth is, most of them are musicians who failed, and to see somebody up there doing what they wanted to do and knowing that they probably took the wrong route, whether they went to the Guitar Institute of Virtuosity seven days a week or sat in their room and did scales, maybe they would have been better off figuring out how to make a total package.

G.S.: Critics are failed human beings. They are a completely useless life-form on the planet as we know it. A critic does nothing. Literally. A critic is as valid as the gas that comes out of my asshole—but I mean that in the nicest way. . . . Even that can be fun. You go to a party, you take a match, you light it, you go, "Oh, look at that." That's just as valid, because ultimately everybody's got an asshole, and therein lies the kernel of truth, which is that a critic's opinion is every bit as valid as my opinion or somebody else's opinion and that's all good. The problem only lies, if a critic thinks that his fart stinks less than mine. Or that it's more important.

That's a very thoroughly worked-through metaphor.

G.S.: And how dare *New York* Magazine not put us on the cover when we're the only New York band that has ever made any noise on the face of this planet? We are the only New York band that has ever made it. Ever. Not the Rascals, not the Dolls. Nobody. Who you gonna put on the cover, Gloria Estefan?

How is Kiss a New York band?

P.S.: That's where we're from. We are born and bred in New York. We were cabdrivers, we were liquor-store delivery boys. I grew up in uptown Manhattan in Inwood, near Fort Tryon Park and the Cloisters—211th Street and Broadway. We are a product of New York City. We are New York's finest.

G.S.: I lived in Williamsburg in Brooklyn, went to Yeshiva there, was a Hasidic Jew with the curls, the whole thing. Then in Flushing, Bayside, Manhattan. Peter's from Brooklyn. Ace is from the Bronx. The band was put together at 10 East 23rd Street in a loft.

P.S.: The two of us used to drive to rehearsal in our cabs, leave the cabs downstairs and rehearse, and then go out and finish the day. . . . Most of those bands wanted to be the biggest band in New York. We wanted to be the biggest band in the world. Anything that was in our way we had to step over or trample.

Which, I guess, is where the boots came in.

P.S.: We were the black sheep of the black sheep. Because in the city, we never went to Max's Kansas City, we weren't invited to any of the cool parties. We were the band that the bands thought was weird.

Is that what it was, that they thought you were weird?

P.S.: Sure. But even though those bands couldn't make heads or tails of us, they were aware that we could kill them.

Physically?

P.S.: Musically. Creatively. Those bands wouldn't step onstage with us. They would observe us like you would observe a beast through a cage. . . . Even as an opening act with internationally known bands, we would be in the dressing room getting ready for the fight. We would be putting on the war paint, looking at each other, going, "Boy, they're really good. Let's go kill 'em."

Is that how you looked at it, war paint? Like sort of a martial, get-psyched ritual?

G.S.: Yeah, but without faking it. We don't do anything that doesn't come naturally to us. We don't pretend to be who we're not, and we don't go through fake rituals. Having said that, the actual act of putting on the makeup is a ritual.

P.S.: It's very therapeutic. We do it in a room together. We don't make up in separate rooms. We spend the time sitting with each other making up. It's very cathartic: getting ready for the fight. Some people have had this idea that the makeup is a way of hiding who we were. We've always looked at it as the opposite. We're exposing everything that's going on inside us. That's not a way to deceive people; it's a way to say to people, "This is who I am, and I'm proud of it."

G.S.: The truth is, everything is a manifestation of how you feel and who you are inside.

So deep inside, you're sort of a blood-spitting, fire-breathing . . . Godzilla?

G.S.: The energy of it—that's the manifestation of it. Costumes [by themselves] mean zip. You can dress in a devil's outfit all you want, and if whatever's going on inside of you isn't that, you're a joke. Or you can be dressed like a clown and be John Wayne Gacy. Dressing up like Gene Simmons is not an end in and of itself. If what's going on inside of you connects and is real, then it's real.

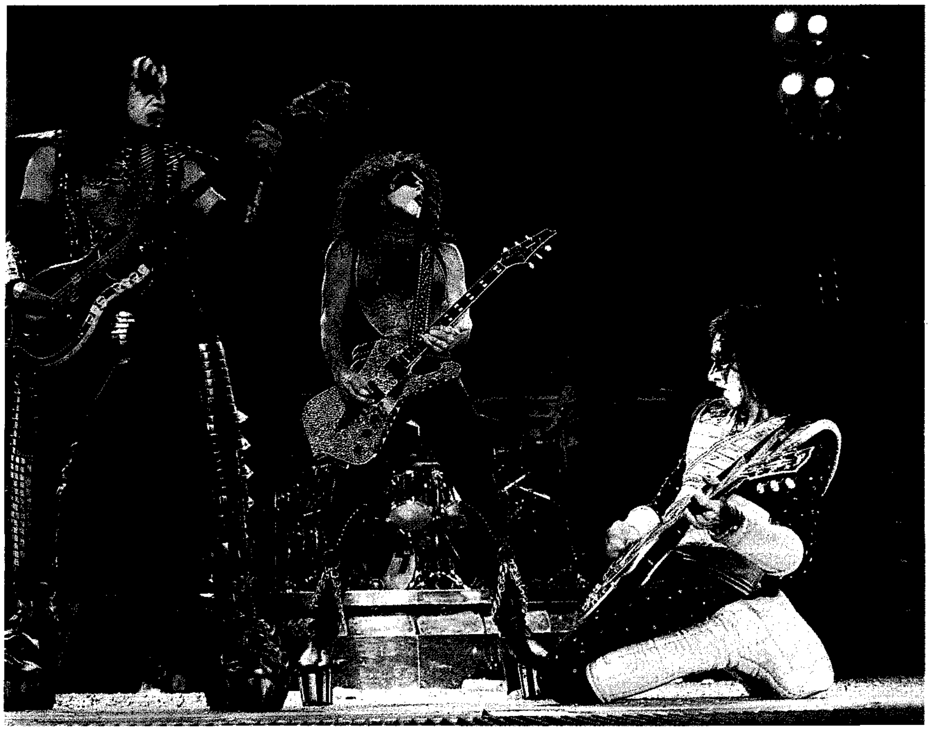
P.S.: Somebody said, "What was it like when you put on the makeup for the first time after twenty years?" I said, "I looked in the mirror and I went, 'Oh, my God. It's Paul Stanley.' "

Where had Paul Stanley been for the intervening twenty years?

P.S.: I never changed, but in many ways that makeup and the outfit is the epitome of who I am. It's the most comfortable outfit I've ever worn, and to put it on was in some ways to relax after twenty years.

What do you think of New York today?

G.S.: New York has always been an enigma to me. The city's got so much vibrance and power, but because everyone's so media-conscious and all the magazines and newspapers are there, real rock and roll never gets a chance to flourish. The New York music scene sucks now, sucked before, 'cause it's a fuckin' disco town.



THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN.

Can you flesh that out a little?

G.S.: The fashion models—that's poison. It's great to be in bed with them, but their musical taste . . . Bands don't get a chance to flex their muscles because fashion is so much a part of everyday life. Get rid of the Eurotrash. Get rid of that fashion nonsense. Get rid of guys with fake French last names who are fixing your hair and writing for *magazines*. . . . Get rid of that shit, get rid of food critics . . . and maybe music will have a chance to sprout some real roots. The poison that seeps into this city is fashion and bullshit and guys with airs that smoke cigarettes backwards and write for magazines. That's the enemy.

Oh, one thing I was going to ask is how Jewish identity factors into Kiss.

G.S.: I believe that there's no difference between a Jewish work ethic and an Italian work ethic and a black work ethic. The point is, we're so anti-drug, anti-booze, anti-everything, that we're willing to break up the band to maintain the integrity and that work ethic. If the show's supposed to start at nine o'clock, you can bet your dollar—and I'll take it—that we're gonna be on that stage.

P.S.: It's about maintaining a sense of pride in what you do. As a craftsman or an artist, have pride in what you create, because all that you leave behind is the product of your labor.

G.S.: Again, media's trying to pick up the sound bite. Kiss: The Jewish Work Ethic.

Well, I was thinking more about the artistic side of it, how cultural influences come out in interesting ways. Like I read how Leonard Nimoy drew on Talmudic symbolism for Spock's hand gestures.

G.S.: I understand. But really, ultimately you can overthink it. Like, if a girl does that to me, if we're in bed and she's really having the time of her life and then afterwards she says, "What does it mean?" the door swings open automatically. Do not stop. Go. Because we're not only thinking and feeling human beings, but there's also sensuality. And past a certain point, your senses in and of themselves are the be-all and end-all. I mean, the Greeks only went as far as "I think, therefore I am."

I think that was a little later.

G.S.: What I mean is, "What does it all mean?" Who cares! The reality is, after you walk away from a Kiss concert, the only words you need are *wow, wow,* and *wow.*

Some people—critics, let's say—would respond that there's room in rock and roll for something that actually reflects a real person's experience instead of distracting from it, that actually processes it in some way—

P.S.: That's nonsense. We're bombarded every day with the misery of the world. Whether you wanna go see Schwarzenegger or Stallone or come see Kiss, it's money well spent in the same way Tylenol will help you with a headache. The whole idea of people singing about their misery and getting paid for it—there's a contradiction right there. I mean, once you get paid for it, shut up. You have nothing to be miserable about anymore.

So I take it you're not a big Nirvana fan.

P.S.: The last act was great. When he blew his head off? The only thing is, he couldn't come back for an encore.

What's the future for Kiss?

P.S.: We don't know. For us, many times Kiss is like a wild beast. Sometimes you can coax it in one direction or another. A lot of times, you just hold on to its neck and just let it go where it will. You don't really know where it's going, but we're enjoying the ride and we're gonna hold on.

G.S.: [*Reads through some reviews in the local papers*] Look, it says, "It was worth waiting twenty years for my first Kiss." Unfortunately these reviews don't really matter. We're too fucking big. Our power comes from the people, not from some schmuck who's doing finger exercises at the typewriter. We do not recognize or pay any credence (or clearwater) to any critic who believes that his pecker's gonna get bigger or he's gonna get laid more just 'cause his name appears in a newspaper. You guys mean nothing to us.

Well, you certainly seem to talk a lot about us guys.

G.S.: Because it's such a pleasure. Because there's nobody else taking a whack at people who believe that they're beyond criticism. Critics, unfortunately, believe that because they're critics, they're beyond criticism. They're nothing.

What does Kiss stand for?

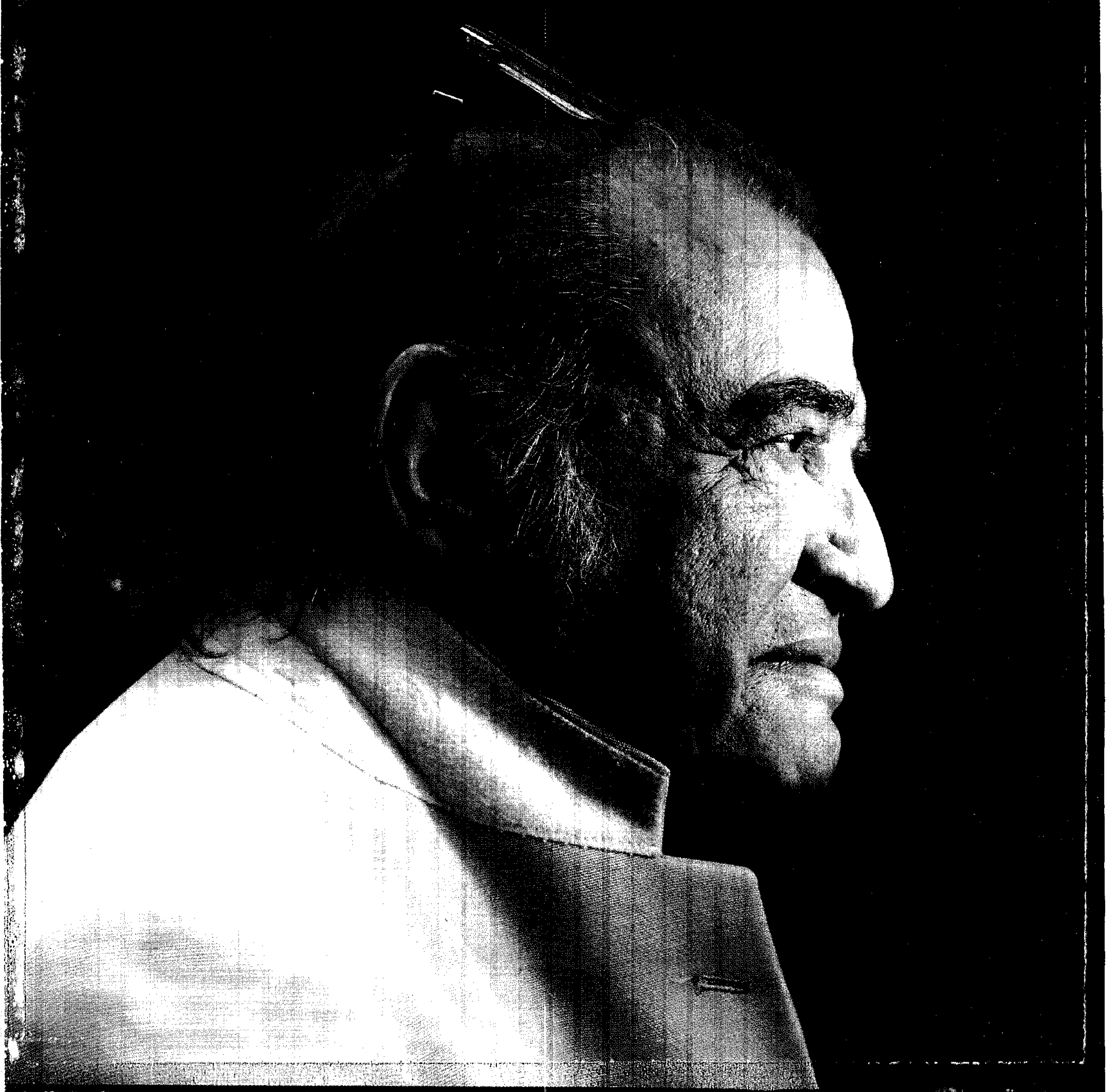
G.S.: Knights in Satan's Service. Yeah, I read that. Or Kids in Satan's Service.

P.S.: Actually, it's Kaddish Is So Swell. ■

Photograph by Robert Alford.

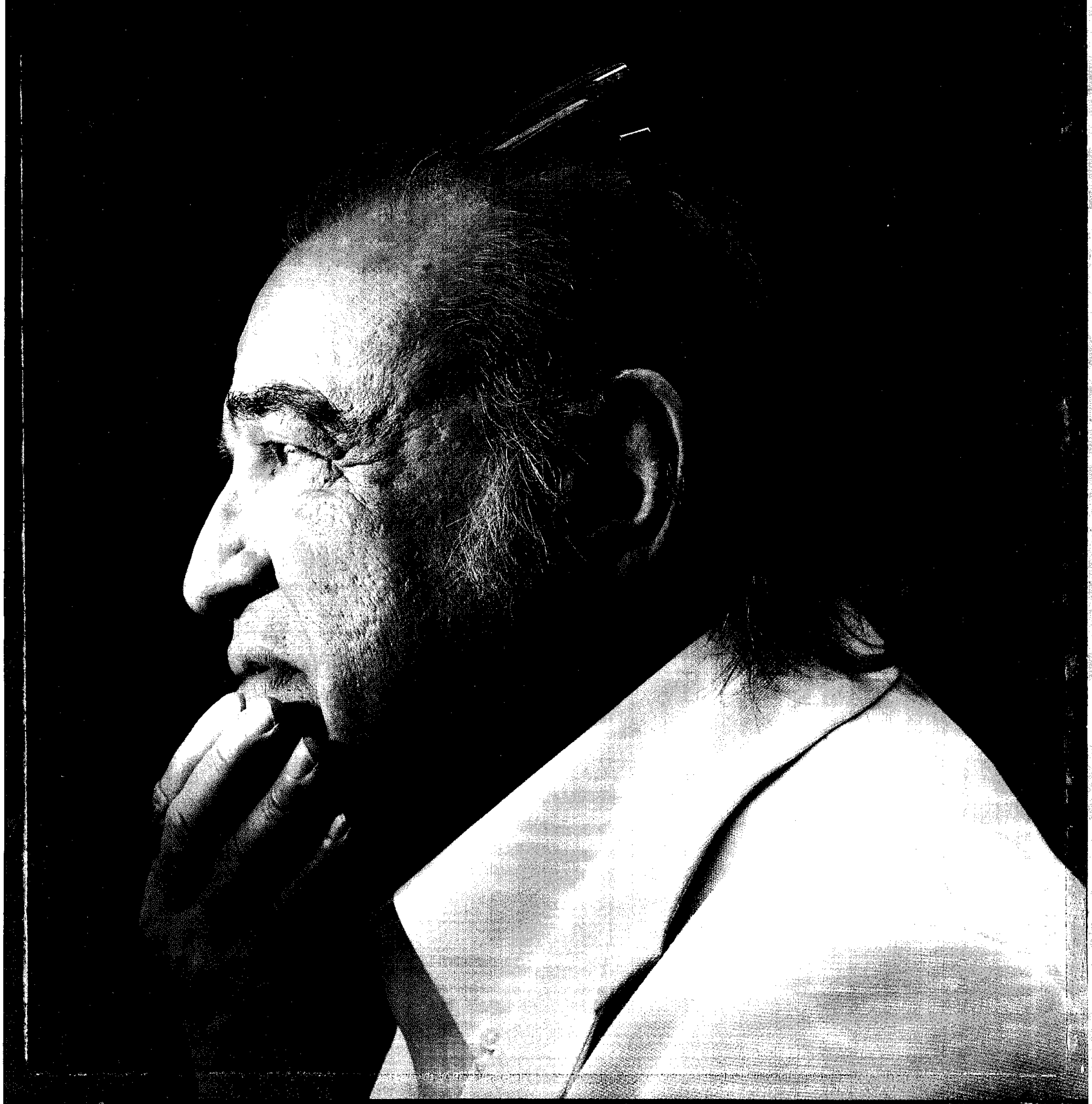
WHAT MARIO

In his first interview in years, the author of *The Godfather* discusses his acid insig



PUZO KNOWS

human nature, his life of crime, and his huge new Mafia novel. By Jeffrey Goldberg



PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN SHUNG

MARIO PUZO, 75 NOW, AN OLD Italian owl who is diabetic and slow-footed but wily and still captivated by stories of evil people, is telling me about his life of crime.

"Oh, what a wicked world it is that drives a man to sin," Puzo writes in his new Mafia epic, and so I ask him whether he has ever been so driven.

"Oh, sure," he says, leaning forward in a wicker chair in his study. He is wearing white sweatpants and a pink polo shirt, and chewing on a cheap black cigar. "I took bribes."

In the fifties, he worked as a clerk for the Army, which gave him the power to determine the fate of hundreds of draftees. "Everybody was trying to get into the reserves and avoid active service," he says. "One of the old savvy guys in the office, he wanted some slots to sell [to draftees]. He said he'll give me $200 for one of my slots. I turned him down. But I was making $75 a week. I go home, my wife says we need money for shoes for the kids—this sounds so corny. I haven't got the money. So I go back the next day. I say, 'Give me the money.' And that's how I became a bribe-taker. . . . Now, I was an honorable guy. I fancied myself an artist. I was never a government bribe-taker. This was beyond the pale for me. And now all of a sudden I'm doing it. So I says, How come a guy like me has sunk so low? Because I needed the money."

He didn't have time to make much: "My buddies got indicted and went to jail. I never got indicted. The reason is, I never asked for money. I never said, 'I'll sell you a slot.' I just took the money if they offered it." Puzo smiles at this ancient piece of cleverness.

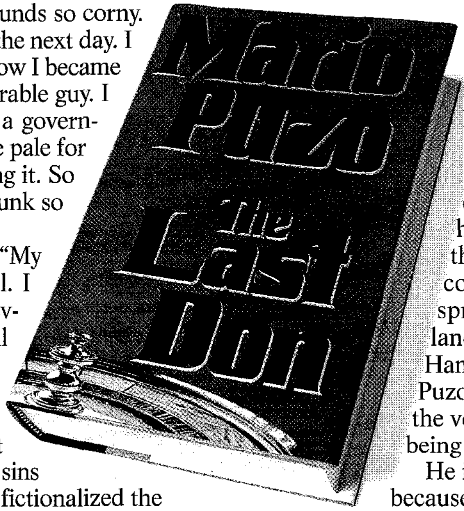
It's not a total surprise, then, that Puzo writes so convincingly about the sins men commit in pursuit of a living (he fictionalized the bribery story for his 1978 novel *Fools Die*); nor is it a coincidence that Puzo opened *The Godfather* with this quote from Balzac: "Behind every great fortune there is a crime."

AT LUNCH, A LITTLE WHILE LATER, PUZO is making me an offer I can't—well, you know.

"More mozzarella?"

There is such a thing as too much mozzarella, even if it's the milky, just-made kind served at Puzo's Long Island compound. Mozzarella induces lethargy, and I forget what I want to ask Puzo, which was, Can a man write a book so overwhelmingly successful that he comes to regret writing it, if only because people just want to talk about this particular book and not his other books, and because people in his presence involuntarily say such things as "Leave the gun, take the cannoli"?

But instead we talk about his heart problems, which are not insignificant, and the benefits of Prozac, also not insignificant, and, more important, how, despite the heart and because of the Prozac, Puzo has been able to write an entirely new Mafia saga that rivals *The Godfather* in scope and treachery and in laying bare all the animal urges—betrayal and revenge and respect—that Puzo grasps so well. The new book, due out this week, is called *The Last Don,* the Don this time being one Domenico Clericuzio. If he seems even more unrealistically canny and unbreakable than Don Corleone, well, Puzo never said he was writing sociology.



I tell him an FBI agent once told me that Puzo didn't know anything about the Mafia. "He's right," Puzo says, laughing. And it doesn't matter, of course. *The Last Don,* which is about Hollywood as much as it is about the Mafia—"The Mafia can learn a lot from Hollywood," Puzo says—is a return to the pure, mythic storytelling form that made *The Godfather* the best-selling novel ever.

But will Puzo still resonate? Is there an audience today for a refugee from the seventies, an old-style raconteur with an almost Rat Packish air about him (not too Rat Packish, of course, since Frank Sinatra is an enemy, from the time audiences understandably confused the crooner with *The Godfather's* mob-linked Johnny Fontane). Here is Puzo, still writing about a secret society that 25 years ago seemed exotic and deadly but today is, to be charitable, diminished in cultural significance and actual threat. Does Puzo still work?

Random House, which is hyping *The Last Don* as Puzo's "comeback" novel—and which is printing 350,000 copies in its first run—believes Puzo does, as does CBS, which is planning to turn the book into a mini-series, for which it paid $2.1 million, outbidding Francis Ford Coppola.

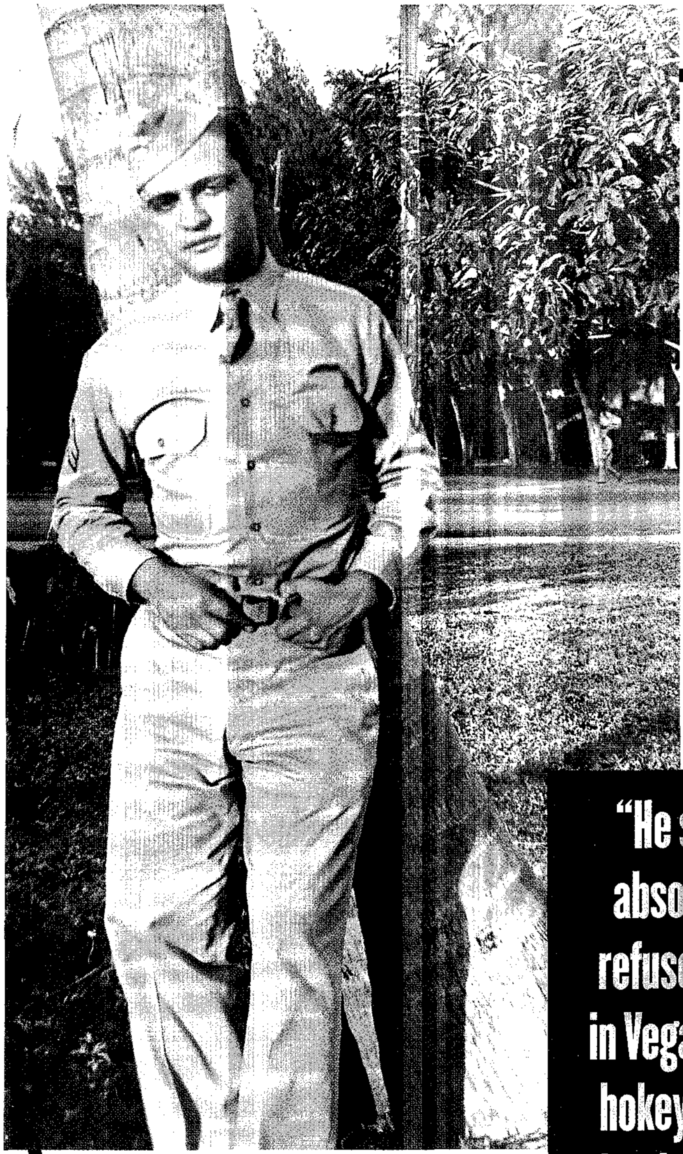
The advance notices have been enthusiastic, and Puzo seems pleased about the book's prospects, pleased enough at least to sit for an interview, his first in eighteen years (to be followed this week by many more). Over the course of four rambling hours in his sprawling house in Bay Shore, Long Island—haute Suffolk, but definitely not Hamptons—Puzo talks about all the things Puzo should talk about: sin and corruption, the venality of man, the price and pleasure of being a best-selling author.

He is relaxed and talkative, but that may be because in the room with us are his companion and protector, Carol Gino, to whom he refers, naturally, as his *consigliere,* and Jonathan Karp, his editor and would-be deputy *consigliere.* Two of his five grown children hover nearby, the loyal children doting on the don, as it were.

The Last Don is both figuratively and literally a comeback, since Puzo nearly died in Las Vegas five years ago. "I always spend New Year's Eve in Vegas because everybody's too busy gambling to make a fuss," he says. "So New Year's Eve she looks at my nails," he says, pointing to Gino. "She says, 'You don't sound too good'; she says, 'You don't look so good.' " Gino chimes in: "I leaned down on his chest, I could hear gurgling. I said, *I think we should go to L.A.*" Gino is a nurse by training.

She continues: "He says, 'We're going to Laughlin to gamble.' I said, 'Do you mind dying in Vegas?' And he said, 'I absolutely refuse to die in Vegas.' How hokey would that be, Mario Puzo dying in Vegas? Then I said, *We got to get out of here.*" Puzo underwent quadruple-bypass surgery in L.A. upon arrival, and found himself, like many other heart patients, seriously depressed.

"The heart operation really affected me to such a degree that Carol got me on Prozac so I could write again. I've been



G.I. MARIO: CORPORAL PUZO IN 1943.

"He said, 'I absolutely refuse to die in Vegas.' How hokey would that be, Mario Puzo dying in Vegas?"

on it ever since. It helped me cheer up. It helped me to write again," he says. *The Last Don* revisits the familiar turf of *The Godfather* and is driven, like *The Godfather,* by outrage at the hypocrisy of "legitimate" society, this being the core of Puzo's paradoxical ethics. "I happen to think that businesspeople are far more ruthless, far more criminal, than the Mafia. When you get a big company with big lawyers, what is that but having gunmen who can roll you right over?"

It has eluded many of his critics, particularly those in the Italian-American community, that Puzo is actually mocking the pretensions of American politicians and businessmen, whom he believes to be morally *inferior* to his novels' Sicilian killers.

"Italians have more family values than anybody," he says, not quite seriously. "The father takes care of the family, the mother takes care of the family. The children obey the parents. Nobody has family values more than the Italians, and that's why they're so good at being the Mafia. What is *The Godfather* but a heartwarming story about a family with great, solid family values? The fact that they kill people once in a while—I never show them killing good people, just bad people."

Nothing will be revealed here about the outcome of the new book, but suffice it to say that Don Clericuzio has particularly violent insight into the notion of family values. Suffice it to say, too, that Puzo has laced the book with more mean sex and stylized violence than you would think a 75-year-old with a heart condition would be capable of. "He is the gentlest person I know," explains his friend and dining partner Mel Brooks, "but he's got that Italian blood coursing through his veins that can come to a boil. I'm very careful when I'm eating with him not to say anything—there's weapons there. I don't want him lunging at me with a knife."

The Last Don follows the Don's nephew, Pippi De Lena, who has brought peace to the underworld by his artful destruction of the rival Santadio family, but at a price De Lena must eventually pay. De Lena is the family *bruglione,* or baron, in Las Vegas, and he and his son, Cross, are the secret power behind the Xanadu hotel. Cross, falling in love with a "bankable star," Athena Aquitaine, tries to become a Hollywood player, but before he succeeds he is compelled to commit a final act of violence in defense of his family.

Though *The Last Don* echoes *The Godfather* right from its opening scene—a christening this time, at the Don's compound in Quogue—it is in some ways more realistic than Puzo's first mob outing: The Clericuzios are grittier than the Corleones, for one thing. But *The Last Don* quickly trips into fantasy, if for no other reason than that the book is populated by men too soigné for service in the American mob circa 1996. Don Clericuzio passes his days in his royal compound manipulating affairs in Las Vegas and Hollywood; his real-life counterpart is known for wandering the streets of lower Manhattan in a bathrobe, allegedly manipulating the affairs of bookmakers in the West Village.

"The guys who I write about are modeled on the Sicilian guys, who were much more clever than the American guys," Puzo says. "I know *The Godfather* is a popular book amongst the Mafia guys, because it presents them the way they like to see themselves. They're Robin Hoods. It also makes them seem a lot smarter than they——"

"You say that one more time," Carol Gino interjects, "and you're going to be at the bottom of somebody's——"

"She's still afraid."

"Keep saying they're not smart, it can do you no good."

I note that the current group of as-yet-unjailed mob leaders have better things to worry about than Mario Puzo, especially since many readers—and some mobsters—apparently believe him to be a made man himself.

"I was really writing a fairy tale, and the amazing thing is, a lot of people think I'm in the Mafia. And I say to them, 'I'm a literary man. I've written reviews for the front page of the New York *Times.*' "

Puzo might be writing fairy tales about the Mafia, but he seems to have a fairly grounded understanding of the Sicilian outlaw mentality. This is what he writes about the Don: "Early on he had been told the famous maxim of American justice, that it was better that a hundred guilty men go free than one innocent man was punished. Struck almost dumb by the beauty of the concept, he became an ardent patriot. America was his country. He would never leave America."

The parts of *The Last Don* that describe Mafia life are enthusiastically written, but it is in Hollywood where Puzo, the veteran screenwriter, finds the heart of modern gangsterism; Puzo's quasi-fictional LoddStone Studios is run by a man, Eli Marrion, equal in cunning to the Don himself, and among Puzo's Hollywood characters is a writer who—trumping *The Player*—kills himself in order to get paid.

Here is movie executive Bobby Bantz, Marrion's No. 2, on the mugging of writers: "Bantz refused to give even the standard lip service to writers. It was true you needed a script to start, but Bantz believed that you lived and died by casting. Star power. Directors were important because they could steal you blind. . . . But writers? All they had to do was make that initial tracing on blank white paper. You hired another dozen to work it over."

Puzo's entire understanding of Hollywood, he suggests to me, can be reduced to the following equation: "When they say a picture costs $70 million, it really costs $20 million and they steal the $50 million." He has always been awed by Hollywood roughnecks.

"When Charlie Bludhorn [the onetime head of Gulf + Western, which owned Paramount] was alive, Michael Eisner worked for him, Barry Diller worked for him," Puzo recalls. "And Charlie wanted to write a treatment with me for *Godfather III*. He flew me down to the Dominican Republic—we played tennis with Oscar de la Renta—and me and Charlie wrote the treatment. He wasn't a bad helper. Now, I was a wise guy—I had a day job, I was a novelist. I was just screwing around in the movie business, so I didn't care. So there's Michael Eisner, there's Barry Diller, there's Jeffrey Katzenberg hanging around shuffling papers like a clerk—now he's the most powerful man in the world—but he was the No. 3 man. I looked at Diller and Eisner, and Charlie was in the room with me. He owned everything, and he had just written this treatment with me. Being a wise guy, I turned to Diller and Eisner and said, 'You guys are going to find it hard to turn down this treatment.' They just looked at me. I looked into their eyes. They were killer eyes. There wasn't one twitch. And I said, 'Shit, I'm dead.' I knew the picture was dead.' "

"I am terribly, terribly grateful that I have stopped writing small classics," Puzo says.

And it was—for another dozen years.

SO NOW HE'S TALKING ABOUT *GODFATHER IV,* if you can believe it. Though the auguries are not entirely promising—*Part III,* which Puzo wrote with Coppola, had, many people agree, a bit of a stale odor to it—Puzo is pitchman-positive. "What I got is a terrific script," he says. He's written a partial screenplay, so far without Coppola's help. "It simply goes back to the 1920s, and Sonny is the hero of the movie, rather than Michael."

The *twenties*? "Well, whatever it was. I can't keep track of that. One of the attractions of *The Godfather* was Jimmy Caan playing Sonny, and so my thought was to show Michael being Christian, and Sonny making his bones and becoming his father's right-hand man and showing the rise of the Godfather. To me it's a wonderful idea. *Part IV* would really be *Part I*. One day you could put the four together and make a great piece of work. It'd be a lot of money, too."

Puzo says, in fact, that Paramount seemed ready two years ago to make it: "A couple of years ago, I get a call from Sherry Lansing, the chairman of Paramount—I like her very much—she says, 'We're going to do *Godfather IV*. Call Francis, call so-and-so; are you on the team?' Certainly I'm on the team. An hour later, I get a call from Francis Coppola. 'We're going to do *Godfather IV;* talk to Sherry about your deal. Are you on the team?' I'm on the team. I hang up the phone. *Godfather IV.* The part we cut out of *III* will be *IV*. It's already written—another scam. I call up my lawyer, Bert Fields. I say, 'Bert, Sherry Lansing is going to be calling to make my deal.' That's the last I heard from them."

He starts laughing: "That's what they do in Hollywood." (A Paramount spokesman says only that the studio "has no plans at this time" to make another *Godfather*.)

In the meantime, though, he's plotting out his next book, a novel spanning the entire history of the Mafia. "The Mafia started in the 1300s, and I'll end it in the year 2000, and then I'll be dead and they'll probably have enough of me and the Mafia. It would be very interesting."

I ask him whether he cares at all to return to the more literary pursuits of his pre-*Godfather* days, to writing another "small classic," as the New York *Times* long ago called his novel of Italian immigrant life, *The Fortunate Pilgrim*. "I am terribly, terribly grateful that I have stopped writing small classics," he says. "I've known novelists, guys who have written small classics and never made a penny, and they write these beautiful books. It's a mug's game. If you're a member of the nobility, sure you can do that. If you're a guy who has a wife and children and you continue to write small classics, you're committing murder. You're murdering your family for the sake of your ego."

"He doesn't regret leaving that to write *The Godfather,*" says Joseph Heller, who with Brooks, Puzo, and several of their shtick-loving cronies makes up the long-running "Gourmet Club" of ethnic-food devotees. "If you ask any American writer, if we're being honest, we'd say we want to be literary *and* best-sellers, but I don't think that's possible in this country."

The Fortunate Pilgrim, which was published in 1964, five years before *The Godfather,* is a beautiful book filled with perfect sentences, a book that could have put Puzo on track to be the Italian Malamud or Henry Roth.

"I'd hate to be Henry Roth," he says. *"Call It Sleep* is to my mind a great novel. But I wouldn't want to have lived his life. It was a life of continuous defeat and rejection. And when he started writing again, he didn't sell. Life is like a contest—I know this is very crass—but you want to achieve some sort of winning. To me, to write small classics and starve to death is a defeat. You get a tremendous feeling of resentment. I got terrific reviews on *The Fortunate Pilgrim,* but I couldn't make any money. I was so outraged, I went around saying, 'Fuck everybody, I'm going to write a best-seller.' And everybody said you're full of shit, so I went out and wrote *The Godfather.* I wrote that in a rage of being not accepted."

But still, I ask, if there's one book of yours you want people to read, which would it be? "*The Fortunate Pilgrim,* I think."

His editor Karp prompts him, "If you had one book you thought would satisfy readers—"

"Oh, *The Godfather,*" he says. "And *The Last Don*. That's what I'm supposed to say." ■

WHAT MARIO PUZO *DOESN'T* KNOW

Our Mafia-insider roundtable gives *The Last Don* three broken thumbs down. By John Connolly

MARIO PUZO DOESN'T MAKE GRANDIOSE CLAIMS about the accuracy of his Mafia books and movies, but that hasn't prevented the *Godfather* cycle from being used as a de facto handbook for wiseguys and would-bes. But what about *The Last Don,* Puzo's new tale of mob venality? *New York* asked three Mafia savants to sit in judgment: Linda Schiro-Scarpa, who is working on a book with *New York* contributing editor John Connolly about her 32 years as the common-law wife of one of the most feared mafiosi in the country, Columbo-crime-family capo Gregory Scarpa; criminal-defense attorney Louis Diamond, who over the past twenty years has successfully defended a number of Mafia clients; and a person we'll call only O.C. "A man of respect," he comes from a true New York Mafia dynasty and understandably prefers the shadows to the limelight. Connolly and the three reviewers discussed *The Last Don* over Barolo and pasta pomodoro at a small restaurant somewhere in Brooklyn.

John Connolly: *What did you think of the book?*

O.C.: I enjoyed it, but I actually thought it was more fantasy than reality. I'd like to meet a guy like Don Clericuzio—a guy that had connections in Italy, Las Vegas, East Hampton, here, there, that knew everybody in the world. I'd like to marry his daughter.

Linda Schiro-Scarpa: The man clearly got a little overextended.

Louis Diamond: It's like a poor rewrite of *The Godfather.* There's no details in this book. One thing that you enjoyed about *The Godfather,* and how you could put the book down and savor each chapter, was that every time you had a character, you learned something about that person, his thought process, his philosophy, his limitations, and where he came from. Puzo had a beautiful knowledge of ethnic backgrounds. None of that is in this book.

Did the book accurately portray the Mafia as it is today?

O.C.: It really doesn't. It showed the deceit and the treachery, but it made everything seem like life was just really happy. Everybody in the book was happily engaged. Nobody got hurt, nobody got whacked. I never knew of anything in real life where somebody says, "Oh, if you get arrested, don't worry. They'll get you the high-priced lawyer, they'll get you out on bail, they'll bribe the witness, they'll bribe the juror." Yeah, they've got an allegation against John Gotti that he got to the jurors. Tell me how many other places and times that's ever happened?

FORMER MOB WIFE SCHIRO-SCARPA (LEFT) AND FORMER MOB LAWYER DIAMOND DISH PUZO'S LATEST.

Diamond: So we've lived now through 30 years of people who think it's fine that their Sonny is buried at the age of 24, or doing 25 years in prison at the age of 26 because he's a stand-up guy or knock-around guy, because he followed the rules of *The Godfather,* right? And I've buried three generations of people I've represented, and I've got people I've represented in jail with no hope of ever getting out who actually believe that line of crap, and raise their children that way. It's bad enough that we ruined two generations of people already with his last book. At least what he was quoting there was founded in fact.

Schiro-Scarpa: The actual old-timers, the goodfellas, are gone. Now you have these wannabes. Aside from selling drugs, they're on them themselves. And where do they go? They go nowhere. They end up either dead in the street or in jail.

How about the dialogue?

Diamond: In *The Godfather,* there were direct quotes from what was really going on. Now I think he believes that he can make up expressions that will become real, like life imitating art, because some asshole, probably, when this book comes out, is going to start using that expression. In the book, you never heard one guy in Hollywood call [the Don's nephew] a "guinea" behind his back. Now, you *know* the first thing they do when they leave the room is the guys in the room say, "That guinea bastard," and when the Italian guy leaves, he says, "These two Jew fucks."

What else did Puzo get wrong?

Diamond: If you sit there and you listen to the characters in the book, they're all respectful. It never worked that way. When you sat at meetings, everybody was calling each other a motherfucker, and they yelled at each other. They told the boss, "What are you, crazy?" There was never this dignified thing. They're making it seem something that it's not. You cannot glorify these people, because the very, very best of them that I've ever known was nothing but scum. Like I say, you can't waste two more generations of people who want to emulate these characters. The only thing he did say was the American-born are weak, and they don't have the *omertà,* which is true. But they're weak as well because they're marginal idiots. They don't finish school. Their main ambition by the time they hit 13 is, if they've read *The Godfather* as mandatory reading in the house, they will never finish school, and hang out in the social club fetching coffee and trying to get involved in stickups. Second of all, there's nobody around long enough for them to emulate, because they're all doing time—because they're all idiots anyway. ■

Photographs by Steffen Thalemann.

BEST BETS

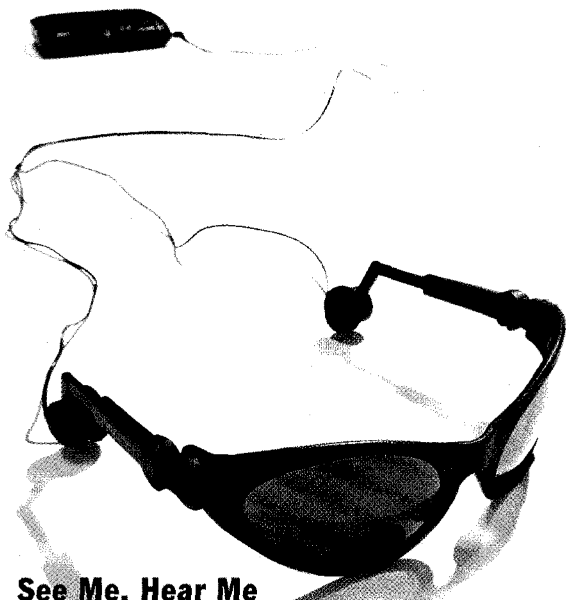
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Beyond the Pale

A Barcelona chair covered in acid-green leather? Or a writing desk topped in electric blue? Spinneybeck has exploded the color boundaries of upholstery leathers with its new Machine Age collection. A far cry from orthodox tones, these Italian hides come in eight determinedly preternatural shades ($11.50 a square foot; sold by the hide only, around 50 square feet each).

KNOLL/*105 Wooster Street*
343-4000



See Me, Hear Me

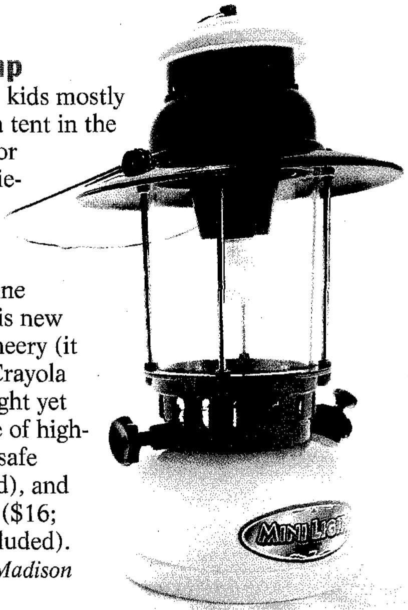
Forget the heat—it's slipping headphones and sliding sunglasses that make summertime jogging such a drag. To alleviate the problem, Neil Terk (founder of Terk Technologies) has created MusicMan SportGlasses. Built into the temples of these sunglasses are "earbud" stereo headphones that attach to any personal stereo. The frames are adjustable; the blue mirrored lenses are UVA/UVB-blocking polycarbonate; and the glasses come with a set of conventional earpieces, so they can be converted into standard sunglasses ($80).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/989-4300*

Aide-de-Camp

Camping out for kids mostly means pitching a tent in the backyard. And for roughing it kiddie-style, Japanese designer Kyoji Tanaka's Mini Light provides fine illumination. This new lantern is also cheery (it comes in three Crayola colors), lightweight yet sturdy (it's made of high-impact plastic), safe (battery operated), and modestly priced ($16; batteries not included).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*



Her New Kentucky Home

Four years ago, Kathy Shorr opened Kentucky in her Duane Street loft: Virtually everything here is for sale, even her bed and her kitchen table. Now Shorr (with partner Maryann DeLeo) has launched *another* shop, called Kentucky 7, in a cubbyhole on 7th Street east of Third Avenue, to show off some of her smaller wares. Among the artfully arranged mix are vintage bottles and bowls in unlikely shades, iron-pipe lamps with vivid tissue-paper shades, primitive painted benches, and turn-of-the-century cupboards. There's iron-and-wood furniture, too—one of Shorr's newer passions—along with antique prints, oil paintings, and early photographs (from $20 for a vintage bottle to $250 for an end table to $650 for a two-piece step-back cupboard).

KENTUCKY 7/*45 East 7th Street/533-0622*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Foot Notes

Do the Madison Time with sales at Pratesi and Peter Elliot—and then cool your heels with a foot rub down at Angel Feet.

ANGEL FEET, A TINY REFLEXOLOGY (*foot massage* to the plainspoken) salon with swallow-you-whole chairs and endearing staff, is now offering the following specials: half-hour reflexology session, was $35, now $30; full-hour session, was $60, now $50. *Angel Feet, 77 Perry St. (924-3576); through 8/15.*

Sheet Simplicity

THERE ARE REALLY ONLY THREE WORDS necessary for this one: *Pratesi* and *big sale* (the biggest in ten years). More than half the linen shop's stock (including neutrals—a welcome anomaly) is 50 percent off. For those who savor the details: "Goia," "Abbraccio," and "Ecologico" prints, king set, regularly $1,160, now $580; bath linens and quilts as well. *Pratesi, 829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (288-2315); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/10.*

Grade-A Retro

THE VILLAGE SHOP WILBUR IS A CACHE OF wares retro and chic. Owner Jennifer Anderson has spent recent weeks combing estate sales for vintage clothing and linens, half of which is now half off. All Lilly Pulitzers, were $65, now $30; Pucci dresses, were $450, now $250; Schiaparelli cufflinks, were $150, now $65; handbags, were $150–$300, now $75–$200. European linens and lace are 20 percent off. *Wilbur, 16 Christopher St. (366-0404); M.C., V., checks (with credit card as backup) accepted; Mon.–Sun. noon–8 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Water, Water, Everywhere

SNAPPLE AT 71 CENTS A BOTTLE? BEVEX DElivers cases of beverages like Gatorade, Perrier, Poland Spring, and Snapple to your home. For example: a case of one-liter bottles of Poland Spring is $9.50, which comes out to 79 cents a bottle. Tell that to the local deli. Now order two cases of any select brand of water and receive half a case free. *BevEx (541-7171). Call for information.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Get a foothold: Heavenly reflexology for your weary digits at Angel Feet on the ever-so-placid Perry Street.

Des-Ina Resale

EACH OF THE FOLKS DOWN AT INA HAS A well-seasoned eye (they're *very* picky) when it comes to selecting clothes for this schlockless designer-resale shop. Now on sale, for women: Chanel suit, retail $3,500, now $1,200; Chanel alligator bag, retail $4,000, now $1,500; Gucci dress, retail $450, now $200. For men: Gucci jacket, retail $1,200, now $225. *Ina, 101 Thompson St. (941-4757); A.E., M.C., V.; noon–7 p.m.; through 8/15.*

The *Other* Fashion Cafe

PERCHED ABOVE FIFTH AVENUE IS COUTURE Cafe, a showroom for up-and-coming designers. Accessories now priced wholesale and below include women's hats, apparel, bags, jewelry, and other one-of-a-kind items: straw hats, retail $90, here $35; felt hats, retail $150, here $60; sterling-silver necklace, retail $60, here $20. *Couture Cafe, 431 Fifth Ave., fifth floor, near 39th St. (213-4353); checks accepted; Tues.–Wed. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; 7/23–7/24.*

A Nuptial Agreement

THE UPSTAIRS BRIDAL BOUtique at Michael's consignment shop's one-day sale comprises selected wedding gowns for $199; hats and headpieces are $25. The dresses, in sizes 2–12, by designers such as Jim Hjelm, were originally $500 to $2,000. *Michael's, 1041 Madison Ave., near 79th St. (737-7273); checks; Thurs., 7/25, noon–8 p.m.*

Suitable Men

WHAT YOU'LL FIND AT PETER Elliot is traditional-looking men's wear (think pinstripes, bow ties, suspenders, but generally with redeeming quirks) along with a selection for women. Prices are now appropriately tailored down: for men, Hickey-Freeman suits, were $950–$1,300, now $495; for women, cashmere twin sets, were $400–$600, now $200. *Peter Elliot, 1070 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (570-2300); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/3.*

Ready to Ware

HOUSE OF WARES IS A NEIGHBORHOOD store for an extravagantly atypical neighborhood. Selected items, such as J. A. Henckels knives and Le Creuset cookware, are now on sale at varied discounts. Most notable is the Cappuccino Crazy, which froths and steams milk for cappuccino or hot cocoa—and not only does it do the job better than most of those pricey espresso machines; it's now $31.99. *House of Wares, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (249-4300); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Note: Some readers have asked about Leonore Fleischer, who wrote "Sales and Bargains" from 1976 until this May, Ms. Fleischer, who has published several dozen books, has decided to devote herself to book-writing full-time. We wish her all success. ■

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Waiting for the ax to fall: Phyllis Pancella (Lizzie Borden) at Glimmerglass.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

House of Whacks

While not the most obvious choice to open a summer season, 'Lizzie Borden' scores a palpable hit at the Glimmerglass Opera; Mostly Mozart gamely soldiers on.

NEW YORKERS WHO HAVE BEEN TROOPING UPstate each July and August to **Glimmerglass,** now a prestigious summer opera festival in a class with Santa Fe and St. Louis, have an extra reason to make the trip: to see sneak previews of what's headed south. The ties that bind New York City to operatic events in Cooperstown were tightly drawn last winter when Glimmerglass's artistic director, Paul Kellogg, was appointed to the same position at the City Opera, and production-sharing has already begun. This fall's planned City Opera premiere of Britten's *Gloriana* has been scrapped by the new regime for the same composer's *The Turn of the Screw,* a 1992 Glimmerglass production, while Britten's *Paul Bunyan* from last summer's festival and this month's opener, Jack Beeson's *Lizzie Borden,* are also likely to turn up at the State Theater soon. And there's more on the way. Last winter, the Brooklyn Academy of Music sold out the house with Glimmerglass's much-admired presentation of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea,* and apparently BAM can't wait to import more Baroque fare from upstate.

The obvious economic advantages of this happy lend-lease operation would be enough to make it irresistible. Beyond that, each production arrives in New York carefully prepared and rehearsed under the sort of leisurely festival conditions that neither the City Opera nor BAM could possibly afford. Best of all, reports from visitors to Cooperstown over the past few summers have been uniformly good. All this was more than sufficient to lure me back for the first time since 1978, when Glimmerglass was just getting started as a modest operation for a small local audience and functioning out of an auditorium at the Cooperstown High School. All that has changed. Today Glimmerglass has its own custom-designed 912-seat opera house, a handful of weekend performances has grown to more than 40, and attendance rises annually.

Lizzie Borden is an immensely effective theater piece by a composer who knows precisely what is needed to make an opera go. Few of today's much-hyped dabblers in the form command a fraction of Beeson's technique: an understanding of what the human voice can do best, a flair for creating character and atmosphere with an economy of means, the ability to manipulate musical forms in ways that always serve the drama, and a keen ear for capturing the natural rhythmic flow of English. These may be old-fashioned virtues, but until someone thinks of another way to write viable operas, they remain valid. So does Beeson's conservative but tough-edged musical idiom, more likely to be admired in today's less polarized climate than when the work was first done by the City Opera in 1965. I'll admit to an interest here, since I was in Jack Beeson's composition class at Columbia University when he was at work on *Lizzie.* It was hardly his fault that he couldn't teach me how to write the Great American Opera, but I learned a lot from him

Photograph by George Mott.

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and his own music about organizational clarity, dramatic presentation, and commitment to a subject, disciplines as important to a writer as to a composer.

Based on a scenario by Richard Plant, *Lizzie Borden* is also blessed with a crafty libretto by Kenward Elmslie, a poet-playwright who knows exactly what an operatic text requires, when to press the action forward, and when to step back and let the music do its job. Although Lizzie was acquitted of the infamous 1892 double ax slaughter of her father and stepmother, Andrew and Abigail Borden, in Fall River, Massachusetts, the opera expresses no doubts about her guilt or why she did it. The opera is subtitled "A Family Portrait in Three Acts," and the parallels to the relatives who haunt Sophocles' cursed house of Atreus are unmistakable (for that matter, the similarities to another celebrated double carving, trial, and acquittal a century later in Los Angeles are just as striking). Subjected to intolerable parental oppression, two sisters suffer until they can bear no more. The younger, Margret, escapes into marriage, and Lizzie is driven over the edge into madness and murder—an act that ironically transforms her into the loveless image of her father. Beeson finds music everywhere in this cruel slice of life: in Abigail's bewitching Victorian parlor ballad, in a happy harvest-home ensemble that turns sour, in the mysterious fog as it rolls in from Mount Hope Bay, in Lizzie's chilling mad scene. Every note plays a part in propelling an absorbing psychodrama to its gruesome climax.

The Glimmerglass production is a compelling one, making this New England *verismo* tragedy very real. There was even a round of applause when Lizzie grabbed the ax and ascended the stairs to dispatch her exasperating stepmother—in part a tribute to Sheri Greenawald's finely etched, deliciously witty portrait of the spoiled, petulant Abigail. Phyllis Pancella, on the other hand, seems almost too wholesome as Lizzie, although the smoky quality of her voice is a lovely thing in itself and she has strong support from Kelly Anderson (Andrew), Margaret Lloyd (Margret), Erin Caves (Jason), and Victor Barrett (the Reverend Harrington). Rhoda Levine's unobtrusive direction consistently clarifies relationships and heightens tensions within John Conklin's austere clapboard living-room set, and Stewart Robertson's sure pacing of the score is right on target. *Lizzie Borden* runs through August 19, with performances planned to celebrate Lizzie's 136th birthday on July 19 and the 104th anniversary of the Fall River murders on August 4. I'm also happy to report that the lively recording with the original 1965 City Opera cast has just been reissued on Composers Recordings, Inc. (CRI 694).

Also currently on view at Glimmerglass is Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* in a new production that, for a change, backdates rather than updates the action, from mid-nineteenth-century Rome to Molière's France of the 1660s. I'm not sure that much is gained; these sharply observed characters may be distantly related to Molière, but their behavior, as the music so clearly tells us, reflects the broader sentiments of romantic comedy, and without a hint of bawdy vulgarity. No matter—Leon Major's cleverly directed production avoids that trap too. The performance is full of charming touches that animate the opera's gentle blend of wry humor and tenderness as Don Pasquale learns that a rash marriage in old age merely asks for trouble.

Kevin Glavin brings an endearing Falstaffian resilience to Pasquale, a man who always seems to recover his dignity and hearty appetite for life no matter how many times he makes a fool of himself. The friends who conspire to outwit him may not exactly be models of bel canto virtuosity—after all, Donizetti tailored his music to exploit the vocal talents of three of the same singers who had created Bellini's *I Puritani* eight years earlier in 1835. But Laura Claycomb (Norina), Richard Clement (Ernesto), and Stephen Powell (Malatesta) have agreeable, flexible young voices and plenty of stage savvy, conductor Joseph Rescigno gives them every accommodation, and the performance trips lightly from dancing overture to happy finale.

AFTER MANY YEARS OF STRUGGLING TO BE something a bit more, **Mostly Mozart** has apparently resigned itself to benign predictability, functioning in Avery Fisher Hall as comfortable bookends for Lincoln Center's ambitious new multidisciplinary Festival '96, now under way. Two weeks of nonthreatening classics, mostly by Mozart and played by mostly familiar bankable names, introduced the main event, and two more weeks of the same will follow the big bash beginning on August 12.

The real crowd-pleaser of opening night's televised concert wasn't even listed on the program—the Handel-Halvorsen *Passacaglia*, an old Heifetz potboiler played as an encore by Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman in its violin-viola version. The two famous fiddlers preceded that sweetmeat with a rather schizoid rendition of Mozart's sublime *Sinfonia concertante*, with Perlman nonchalantly tossing off glossy, mechanized phrases and Zukerman reshaping them with the sweetest, most caring musical concern. After that unsettling anomaly, Gerard Schwarz's sturdy, well-regulated statement of the *Jupiter* Symphony, if not the last word in classical elegance, at least cleared the air. To judge from this non-occasion, Mostly Mozart, while not actually dead, is certainly resting in peace. ■

Above: At Jade Plaza, chef Kwai Hing Tang.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **PETER KAMINSKY**

Ginger Peachy

Dim sum and tasty fungus in Sunset Park; pyrotechnic pepper at a Jamaican luncheonette near Wall Street.

FUNNY THING HOW IN THE PAST TEN years, a whole new Chinatown has sprung up between the calzones of Bensonhurst and the knoedlach of Borough Park. These recent arrivals—mostly Cantonese—have built their businesses in the once decayed, now reborn shells of Industry City down on the harborfront. And up the hill, in Sunset Park, they have established new homes, shops, and restaurants—among them, the theater-size **Jade Plaza** (6022 Eighth Avenue, near 61st Street, Brooklyn; 718-492-6888), whose 400-seat dining room is dominated by a display of fins from a two-ton whale shark.

Starting at 8 A.M. every day, there are nearly a hundred varieties of dim sum from which to choose. The old standbys are uniformly fresh: crisp when they should be crisp, hot when they should be hot. Among the many tableside preparations, I loved the rooty and substantial turnip cakes (also the sautéed taro cakes with spiced and salty duck sausage). A little more unusual were the blintzlike bean-curd crêpes, stuffed with mushrooms, carrots, and scallions. A triangular pastry filled with sweet barbecued pork and dusted with sesame seeds was actually flaky and meaty, unlike the indigestion-inducing Koosh balls that I have had in Chinatown. Scallops broiled in their shells were topped with a brûléed mayonnaise crust. And though I am not usually a tripe guy, Jade Plaza's was delicious, ennobled by the clear flavors of a broth with fresh ginger, scallions, and slivers of red and green pepper. Another first was a crêpe wrapped around a banana coated with sweetened condensed milk and sprinkled with ground toasted coconut; I defy the most finicky 5-year-old to spurn its custardy sweetness.

If you enjoy new and unusual food, persist in making your desires known. As in many Chinese restaurants, the real exotica is found only on the Chinese-language menu. There is an inevitable bit of hit-or-miss in all this, but so what? The hits are worth it. Just remember that there's a lot of fish and shellfish in Cantonese food, and the entrées, in contrast with the strongly flavored dim sum, are more subtle and light but no less intriguing. Bamboo fungus with Chinese okra, dried scallops, and cellophane noodles in chicken broth was, in its construction, like a piece of chamber music: just a few flavors, each well defined and the whole a well-orchestrated statement. And don't be put off by the word *fungus.* Pretend it's a piece of chewy pasta and you'll be fine. This dish, according to Chinese herbalists, is supposed to help lower cholesterol, which may or may not be true, but it certainly does nothing to elevate it.

No sooner had we finished our fungus than the waiters presented us with a brace of lobsters, their gray-green shells framing a mound of diced raw meat from the tails and claws. It arrived dressed with ginger and lemon to be swirled, sushi-style, in a mix of soy sauce and wasabi. Equally theatrical was a platter of salt-baked giant prawns. They were finished with a mound of slivered onions cooked on a sizzling cast-iron pan and doused with a thickened garlic sauce.

But I can't leave Jade Plaza without noting the high-style uniforms of the wait staff: double-breasted houndstooth bolero jackets with brass buttons, a design that smartly sets off their two-tone bow ties of black silk and gold lamé.

Jade Plaza is open from 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M. daily; dim sum every day till 4 P.M. Entrées average $8 to $15; dim sum, $1.90 to $6.96. Beer and cocktails. Reservations accepted. A.E., M.C., V.

"UPTOWN IS FOR MOMMIES, WALL STREET IS FOR DADDIES," my lunch companion observed, speaking of those Cheever days when Dad took the subway to Wall Street, where he bought and sold things and never, never dipped into his principal. Mom stayed home on Fifth Avenue, where the high point of her day was lunch, a meal taken with other moms at some tea salon. Meanwhile, Dad's lunch choices were pretty dismal: some forgettable club food, or similarly inexpert fare at the steam table of a shot-and-beer place. Haute

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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cuisine, or, failing that, palatable food, was nowhere to be found. Downtown was for work, not pleasure.

Though one would think the choices might have expanded in our more sybaritic times, I find financial-district dining to be pretty one-note and the spaces unmemorable. Which is why I am such a partisan of **Cacique** (106 Greenwich Street, near Rector Street; 791-0510), a bustling Jamaican luncheonette squeezed into a space as long as a railroad car and slim as a cigarette. From her similarly crowded kitchen, chef Pauline Da Costa dispenses homemade stews and fricassées redolent of garlic, thyme, and the pyrotechnic Scotch-bonnet pepper.

Fine dining it ain't: Paper plates, paper napkins, and plastic cutlery are the rule. But the food is good, and the ambience is happily un–Wall Streety: Reggae thumps nonstop from the speakers. On my first visit, I heard the suggestive "Him Got the Barb Wire in His Underpants." Large portraits of Bob Marley brighten Cacique's dark walls. (Whatever happened to the omnipresent Marcus Garvey images that one saw in every West Indian establishment in Marley's day? New saints for new times, I suppose.)

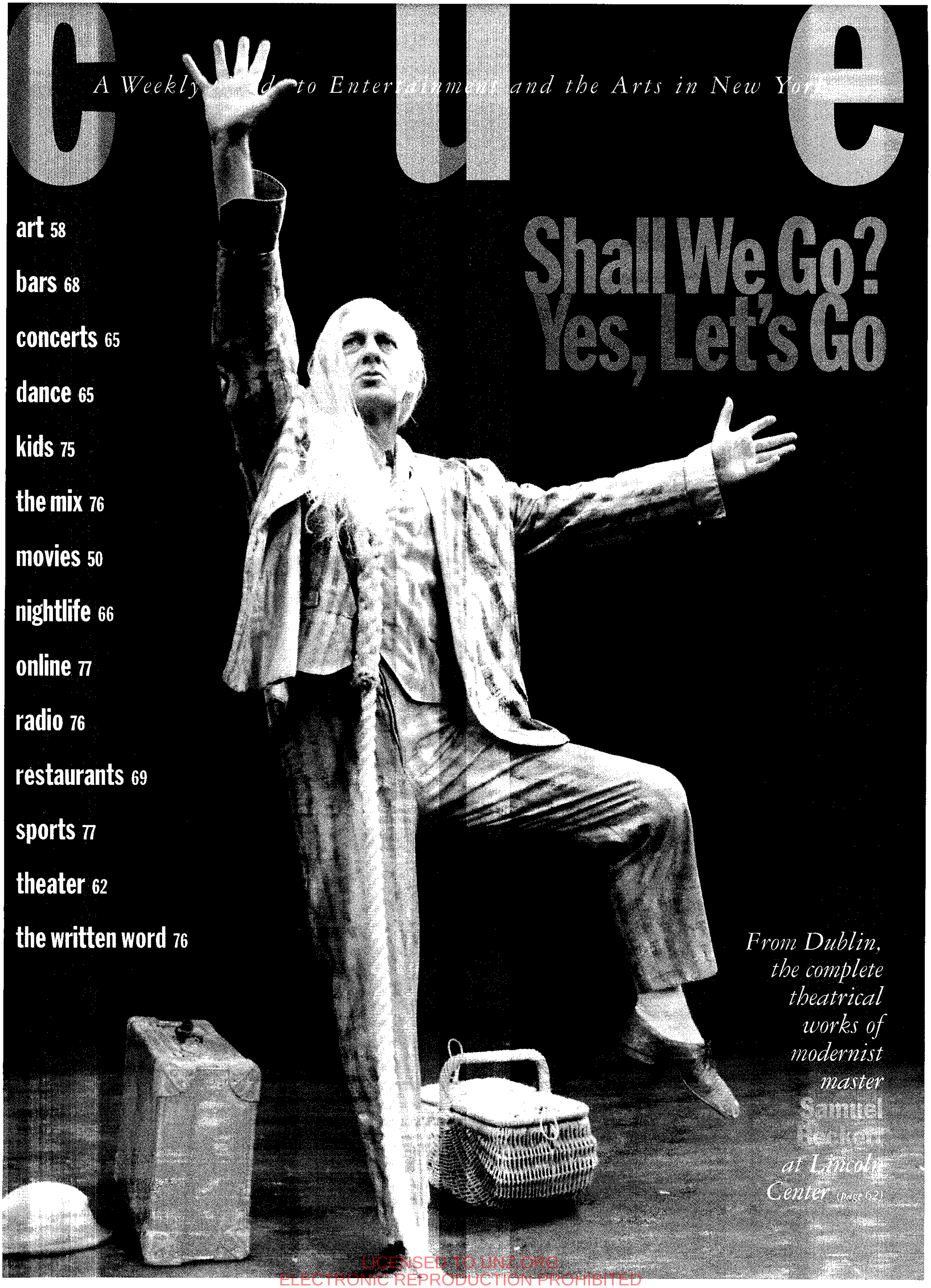
One of Da Costa's specialties is jerked chicken, for which she prepares her own sauce of oregano, garlic, Scotch bonnet, sage, and soy. A mound of red beans and rice and an equally heaping serving of stir-fried bok choy, carrots, onions, and scallions add up to a prodigious meal. Jerked pork and goat are equally bountiful and yummy. I don't know what went into the oxtail, but it was fragrantly garlicky with the velvety viscousness that characterizes both oxtail and osso buco. The capacity of your stomach will be taxed by a goat roti nearly large enough to encase a whole goat. Its thick, potato-enriched gravy is just the thing to enhance the gamy meat. Da Costa offers a selection of fish including cod, mackerel, and porgy, but I stay faithful to her stews of meat and fowl. I strongly recommend going along with the crowd and ordering sweet-and-spicy ginger beer to wash it all down or a thirst-slaking grapefruit soda that's as perfectly bitter as good marmalade.

If you want to make friends, wear a Panama hat: I did and found myself the object of friendly comments from patrons and staff. "They actually make it from Colombian straw," the delivery man, a Colombian, noted proudly. "It will last forever," he promised on behalf of the hatters of his homeland.

Cacique is open Monday to Wednesday, 10:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M., and Thursday and Friday till 8 P.M. Entrées average $6.95; cash only. ■

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Shall We Go? Yes, Let's Go

From Dublin, the complete theatrical works of modernist master **Samuel Beckett** *at Lincoln Center* (page 62)

movies

Bizarre Head Trips . . . *A Time to Kill*

New Films

Adventures of Pinocchio—A live-action adaptation of the fairy tale with Jonathan Taylor Thomas as the marionnette and Martin Landau as Gepetto. Directed by Steve Barron. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G). *Area theaters.*

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Cinema 3.*

Bye Bye—A young North African emigrates to France with his teenaged brother, and both struggle with issues of class, race, and identity in what has become their family's new homeland. Directed by Karim Dridi (*Pigalle*). (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Cable Guy—As directed by actor and comic Ben Stiller, this is obviously an attempt to bring Jim Carrey out of the realm of goose-brained comedy and as such, it is a disaster. Steven (Matthew Broderick), a mild-mannered architect thrown out by his girlfriend, is setting up house in a new apartment, and the screen has turned to snow. The cable guy arrives, and, sensing that Steven is at a low ebb, he insinuates himself into the architect's life, demanding friendship. Once we see what Carrey is up to, he's not very funny. Not just poor Steven but his girlfriend (Leslie Mann) and his family, sit there passively, and we realize that Carrey has had the same effect on Stiller and the cast that the cable guy has had on the characters, intimidating them, sucking up all the oxygen, and leaving them half-dead. Doesn't anyone have the courage to tell the star when to quit? (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

Celestial Clockwork—An aspiring opera singer moves to Paris, where she encounters a woman who continually tries to thwart her success. Directed by Fina Torres. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's funny but smug little 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. *Cold Comfort Farm* presents, without irony, a triumph of tidiness: its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Regency.*

★**Courage Under Fire**—Denzel Washington gives an intense, imploding performance as Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Serling, a Gulf War tank commander who gives an order at Al Bathra that accidentally destroys an American tank and kills the men inside—men from Serling's own company. But Serling is also a hero, and the Pentagon buries the friendly-fire incident. The colonel is given a lousy desk job and becomes obsessed with the case of a Medevac-helicopter pilot, Captain Karen Walden (a convincing Meg Ryan), who died on the ground while trying to rescue some stranded soldiers. He becomes obsessed, we gradually realize, because he can't accept the lies that have been told about his own acts in the war. What is the truth about Karen Walden? Screenwriter Patrick Sheane Duncan and director Edward Zwick obviously took a good look at the familiar Kurosawa masterpiece *Rashomon*, in which the audience sees the same story—a rape and a possible murder in a forest—from the point of view of four different participants. Colonel Serling travels the country tracking down Walden's crew, and from the point of view from one man and then another, we see the helicopter go down. Did Walden maintain her authority? Or did she panic? Zwick stages the events again and again, with overlapping details—but significant and fascinating details. (Denby; 7/22/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema.*

Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a man on the right side of the law—he guarantees the safety of the people in the witness-protection program—yet whether Arnold is "good" or "bad," whether he's the Terminator or the Eraser, he kills people by the dozen. That's his job: He produces corpses and explosions. The movie is not as unpleasant, redundant, and ugly-looking as *The Rock*; some of it is entertaining in a preposterous, over-the-top style. Yet there isn't much to say about it. In these summer thrillers, explosions and punches, like rum in fruit punch, produce a mild high. In order to keep the high going, audiences and moviemakers have made a silent agreement about violence: It shall be as meaningless as possible. One comes away from *Eraser* sorely wondering if Hollywood has not caught itself in an endgame with no possible conclusion but declining interest, declining response, declining love. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village Theatre*

Happenings
Altered States

***"Does Travis Bickle have a mental disorder?"* may sound like a rhetorical question, but the shrinks at the New York Academy of Medicine think not. After a special "projection of *Taxi Driver*" this Thursday evening, Dr. Steven Hyler—associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia and staff member of the New York State Psychiatric Institute—will set off what is sure to be a fittingly demented debate on that very topic. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)**

"Cue" cover photograph by Tom Lawlor.

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VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.

★**Fargo**—Joel and Ethan Coen's devastating comedy-thriller is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) who is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. (Denby; 3/18/96) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; 62nd and Broadway.*

Fled—Two escaped convicts (Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin), on the run from both the feds and the Cuban Mafia, attempt to stay alive by retrieving stolen money and a valuable computer disk. Directed by Kevin Hooks. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza .*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's comedy not only flirts with disaster; it waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with it, yet somehow flourishes. Mel (Ben Stiller), is an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea, and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with six people together in a scene, blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Data
Mind Games

Though most celebrity Scientologists (Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman, Anne Archer, Priscilla and Lisa Marie Presley) are famously tight-lipped about their religion, John Travolta has lately been quite willing to discuss it—he's copped to performing several "assists," or healings, and made a point of invoking dead leader L. Ron Hubbard at this year's Golden Globes. This new open-door policy coincides nicely with the release of *Phenomenon,* in which he plays a simple man who literally becomes a genius overnight. Steven Hassan, an ex-Moonie who is also one of the country's leading experts on cults and mind control, believes that Travolta is receiving instruction from higher-ups within the organization and points to parallels between Scientology and the movie's seemingly innocuous tap-into-your-dormant-potential theme. "Somebody artistically sculpted this to be a positive thing for Scientologists," he says. "It's not a *perfect* fit—it's more subtle than that. " (WARNING: MAJOR PLOT TWIST DISCLOSED.)

PECULIARITY IN MOVIE	PECULIARITY OF SCIENTOLOGY
Travolta's first revelation regards the removal of a rabbit that's been chomping through his garden—i.e., open the gate and let it out	In keeping with belief that each of us creates our own problems
Travolta begins reading at least two books a day	L. Ron Hubbard invented "techniques" to instruct followers to read faster
Travolta develops ability to move inanimate objects with his mind	Scientologists believe that they can tap into their telekinetic powers once they attain a certain level
The FBI detains Travolta and subjects him to a series of tests, which he passes; they consider keeping him in custody as a high-level national-security threat	Scientologists believe the common man is smarter than the educated elite; also in line with anti-Fed stance (the FBI raided their offices in 1977 and jailed eleven higher-ups, including Hubbard's wife)
Diagnosed with a massive brain tumor, which explains his sudden genius, Travolta expresses relief that it was a physiological, not paranormal, experience—his intelligence was *within him* all along.	Belief that we all possess Godlike powers and untapped, unlimited potential (which we can access through its techniques and very costly courses)
Travolta dies; though sad, his friends take solace in the massive wealth of data he left behind in his notebooks and belief that he's moved to a higher level	Hubbard died; Scientologists take comfort in the writings he left behind and believe he is currently doing research on another plane
Town holds birthday party for the late Travolta	Scientologists annually hold birthday parties for the late Hubbard

Photograph by Zade Rosenthal/Touchstone Pictures.

The Frighteners—Michael J. Fox plays a con man who actually works with ghosts he's been hired to exterminate in this black comedy. Directed by Peter Jackson (*Heavenly Creatures*). (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Girlfriends—An anthology of short films from around the world by and/or about lesbians. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Harriet the Spy—An adaptation of Louise Fitzhugh's beloved children's novel about an insatiably curious young girl who spies on everyone. Starring Michelle Trachtenberg and Rosie O'Donnell. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulce, Demi Moore and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

★**I Shot Andy Warhol**—Valerie Solanas, who wanted to make a revolution, or at least to write, became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she'd written, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest. Written and directed by Mary Harron, the movie is a pungent but surprisingly buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. After her initial success, Valerie bombs at the Factory because she's crazy in the wrong way for Warhol. The movie addresses Solanas's disintegration without "psychology" or analytic depth; Harron stages the events in Factory pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad. Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve, and she gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth isn't what's needed—Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. (Denby; 5/6/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Screening Room.*

Independence Day—A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of character as they go about their little daily tasks. And then shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and director Roland Emmerich gives us The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale), seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible. (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

Joe's Apartment—What was once a highly inventive MTV promo about a single guy in New York City and his roach-infested apartment has been stretched into a feature-length film. Directed by John Payson. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

Johnny Shortwave—A futuristic *film noir* about a police-controlled America and the guerilla who broadcasts his message of dissent and revolution over a shortwave radio. Directed by Michael Bockner. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

Kingpin—Woody Harrelson stars as a former bowling champ with a prosthetic hand and an Amish protégé in this comedy from brothers Peter and Bobby Farrelly, who were also responsible for *Dumb and Dumber.* With Bill Murray and Randy Quaid. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13). *Area theaters.*

★**Lone Star**—John Sayles's latest begins with a skeleton discovered among the Texas cacti and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives. Characters who seem at first to have nothing to do with one another are brought closer and closer until they are all held in a tight web. So, tight, in fact, that the movie becomes more of an extraordinarily well-crafted stunt than a dramatic construction that surprises us. Sayles, the veteran of many independent productions, will never be a natural. His screenwriting can be prosily overexplicit one minute, fancy the next, and his movies are visually undistinguished. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by a sense of America as a peculiar destiny—uprootedness as a common fate. The movie never talks down to us, and we repay its trust by staying absorbed in it. (Denby; 7/22/96) (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Manny & Lo—Two young sisters run away from their separate foster homes and, along the way, kidnap a kindly store clerk (Mary Kay Place) who is not what she appears to be. Written and directed by Lisa Krueger. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Axel (Til Schweiger) has just been dumped by his girlfriend, so he goes to stay at the apartment of a gay acquaintance, and the usual sexual zaniness ensues. Directed by Sonke Wortmann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Mission: Impossible—As directed by Brian De Palma, this is a no-sweat movie. There is no stupid or unnecessary violence, but there is also nothing that engages your emotions. Jon Voight, as the head of the international espionage team, summons the troops, and the movie slips into its nominal plot. Ah, yes, this business of a minor diplomat at the American Embassy who is selling a computer disk with the names of American agents. Of course. Without a word of explanation about who the diplomat is or to whom he's selling secrets or why any of this matters, we get an elaborate plan to entrap the diplomat at the embassy. The spies wear glasses equipped with tiny hidden cameras; as they move around with their specs, we watch multiple images on a computer screen. Ingenious, but so what? Relationships between the characters are barely sketched in; new people enter, and we don't know who they are, or why they matter, but everyone talks very allusively, in knowing techno-gibberish, and the poor actors are left trying to make something intense out of virtually nothing. (Denby; 6/3/96) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Astor Plaza; Tower East.*

Multiplicity—Michael Keaton stars in this comedy about a beleagured man who clones himself in order to meet the demands of daily life. Directed by Harold Ramis. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**A Perfect Candidate**—The producer-director team of R. J. Cutler and David Van Taylor gives us this heartbreaking documentary about the Chuck Robb–Oliver North senatorial campaign of 1994. The movie is a parable of cynicism and belief, and its soul is devoted not so much to the candidates as to two nearly biblical characters—Washington *Post* reporter Don Baker, a defeated idealist en-

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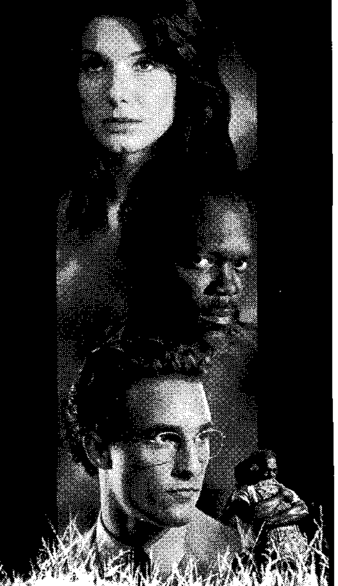

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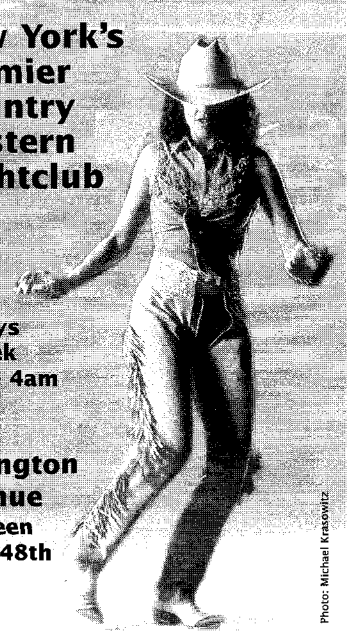

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gaged in a hopeless quest for a man of honor, and North's dirty-trickster strategist Mark Goodin, a kind of tormented Mephistopheles who knows that what he's doing is sleazy, yet is drawn by the nature of politics to ever-lower calculations. Goodin's self-disgust is the most powerful sight in American movies so far this year. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Phenomenon—On his thirty-seventh birthday, a pleasant mediocrity called George Malley (John Travolta) wanders drunkenly into the street and is sent sprawling by a small circle of light. When he wakes up, he feels an insatiable curiosity and desire—to read any book he can get hold of, to poke into things and figure them out, to experiment with planting and soil, to crack a complicated military code. Travolta's George is chagrined by how easily he outclasses his friends, but he can't help doing it—and Travolta gives him a little smile of pleasure (not vanity) when he struts his stuff. The decision to keep George an informal country fellow makes sense; we know we're watching a tall tale and we're willing to be charmed. But then the movie changes its tone and starts to fall apart—it's a sanctification of simplicity, after all. When George saves a little immigrant boy, and people gather around him as though he were Jesus walking on water, you know there's trouble. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Pompatus of Love—A comedy about three days in the lives of four long-time friends as they grapple with their troubled love lives. With Jon Cryer (who also co-wrote), Adrian Pasdar, Tim Guinee, Kristin Scott Thomas, and Michael McKean. Directed by Richard Schenkman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR). *Area theaters.*

★Purple Noon—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types takes some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles at San Francisco. The FBI matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some handsome bodies in it. At an artist's villa in the hills near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother or two—gather in various states of semi-nudity and conversational indiscretion and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy, but the movie is pleasing and occasionally sexy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Stonewall—A drama set in and around the 1969 Stonewall riots and subsequent gay-rights movement. With Frederick Weller, Guillermo Diaz, and Matthew Faber. Directed by the late Nigel Finch. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Striptease—When Demi Moore loses her child in a custody battle, she takes a job as a topless dancer at the Eager Beaver club in Fort Lauderdale, but she hates stripping, just *hates* it—she does it only so she can get enough money to get her daughter back. As men drool and come on to her, she goes to work with black fire in her eyes and disgust in her heart, and she's fascinating in a machinelike, vigorously hostile way—thrusting, jerking, and turning herself upside down for the slobs. The movie audience, of course, is put in the same position as the droolers. We want her to take off her clothes (how could we not? The whole movie sets us up for it), but we're asked to identify with her anger. Moore herself is a huffy exhibitionist—the worst kind. The movie is based on a funny book by Carl Hiaasen and could only be played for comedy, but Andrew Bergman, the director, has a star on his hands with the wit of a John Deere combine. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Supercop—Jackie Chan stars as a humorously determined police officer. Worth it for Chan's daring stunt work alone. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★The Nutty Professor—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy and one of the great turnarounds in the history of movies. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is a huge fatty, with a chin that starts under his mouth and ends near the middle of his chest. When Sherman falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he can't bear being fat any longer; he swallows the DNA liquid he has been using in experiments and becomes, as in the old Lewis movie, Buddy Love, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. In brief, he becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. When Sherman is feeling cranky, he retreats to his family—his hearty big mama and her cranky husband, his voluble grandmother, and his crude brother. They attack one another, yet they are recognizably a family, and the joke deepens when you realize Murphy is playing all of them. They are the aspects of a single personality—the comic who can do anything. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Nova; Plaza Twin.*

A Time to Kill—Sandra Bullock, Samuel L. Jackson, and Matthew McConaughey star in this adaptation of the John Grisham novel about a young lawyer at the center of a racially charged trial in the deep South. Directed by Joel Schumacher. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Pavilion/Windsor and area theaters.*

Trainspotting—Director Danny Boyle's film adaptation of Irvine Welsh's novel about a bunch of smart-ass Scottish heroin addicts. With Ewan McGregor. Written by John Hodge. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★Twister—Jo (Helen Hunt) and Bill (Bill Paxton), dauntless scientists of Tornado Alley, drive a truck right into the path of an oncoming tornado, smashing through a field of cornstalks or down a narrow ditch—right at the whirling beast while cows, tractors, and tree limbs fly through the air like dragonflies. The movie is preposterous (the psychological explanation for Jo's fixation—that she watched her father get blown away by a tornado as a child—is particularly movieish and unconvincing), but it is also irresistible. Directed by kinetic whiz Jan De Bont (*Speed*), it is the essence of all the flying-daredevil, test-pilot movies ever made. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

The Visitors—A French knight cursed by a witch must travel back in time to reverse his mistakes. Directed by Jean-Marie Poiré. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one announces her engagement. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Revival Swingers

A newly restored print of 1955's *Picnic*, with William Holden—who shaved his chest for the part of a drifter who captivates town doll Kim Novak—will have an exclusive one-week run at Film Forum beginning July 26. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Lone Star; Maybe . . . Maybe Not; Stealing Beauty; Trainspotting; Walking and Talking; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *In the Realm of the Senses; Girlfriends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Heavy.* Opening 7/24: *Johnny Shortwave.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Bye Bye; Celestial Clockwork; Cold Comfort Farm; The Visitors.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Independence Day; Kazaam ; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Eraser; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Multiplicity.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Harriet the Spy; Courage Under Fire.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Harriet the Spy; Kazaam; Multiplicity; The Nutty Professor; The Rock; Trainspotting.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Fargo; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Cable Guy.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Independence Day.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Fled; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Frighteners.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Jane Eyre.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Angels & Insects; A Perfect Candidate.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Mission: Impossible.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Courage Under Fire.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Maybe . . . Maybe Not; Celestial Clockwork.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; The Visitors; Trainspotting.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Courage Under Fire; Fled; Multiplicity; Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Independence Day.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Kazaam.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Postman; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Phenomenon.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *James and the Giant Peach; The Arrival; The Birdcage.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Nutty Professor; The Frighteners.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Eraser.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Kazaam; The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Dragonheart;*

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61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Independence Day; The Frighteners.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; The Rock.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Stealing Beauty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Fled; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Multiplicity; Striptease; Twister.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Harriet the Spy; Eraser.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mission: Impossible.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Harriet the Spy.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Fargo.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Courage Under Fire; Fled; Phenomenon; The Frighteners.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Aparajito; Flirting With Disaster; Lone Star; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; Walking and Talking.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock; Trainspotting; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Courage Under Fire; The Frighteners.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fled; Independence Day; Kazaam; The Frighteners.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Independence Day; Kazaam; The Nutty Professor.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Eraser; Independence Day.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Cold Comfort Farm.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Fled; Independence Day; Kazaam; Phenomenon.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Courage Under Fire; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

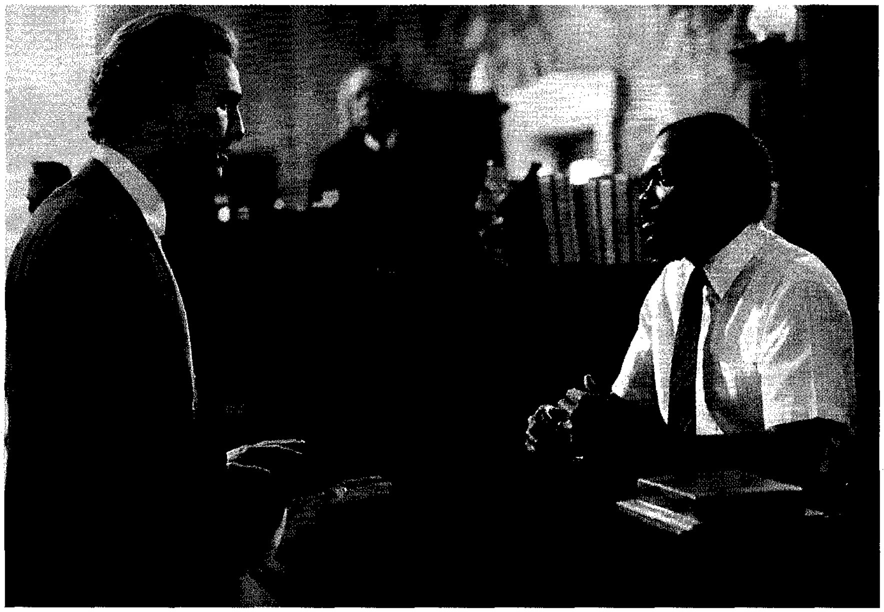
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Independence Day; Courage Under Fire.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Kazaam.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Opening
Judgment Day

Young Matthew McConaughey—heretofore unknown, insanely hyped, and most likely talented—is an affably determined lawyer of the Gregory Peck, *Mockingbird,* school in *A Time to Kill.* The courtroom potboiler, which also stars Samuel L. Jackson (right, with McConaughey), opens Wednesday.



Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Fled; Independence Day; Kazaam; The Nutty Professor.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Independence Day; Kazaam; The Nutty Professor.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; The Frighteners.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Multiplicity.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Eraser; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Phenomenon.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *A Time To Kill; Fled; Independence Day; Stealing Beauty.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Courage Under Fire; Fled; Independence Day; Kazaam; The Nutty Professor.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Striptease; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Eraser; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Multiplicity; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Eraser; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; The Rock.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Independence Day; Lone Star; Stealing Beauty; Striptease.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Kazaam*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Multiplicity; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Courage Under Fire; Multiplicity.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Courage Under Fire; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; Multiplicity; The Frighteners.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Independence Day; Kazaam; The Frighteners.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Eraser; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Nutty Professor.*

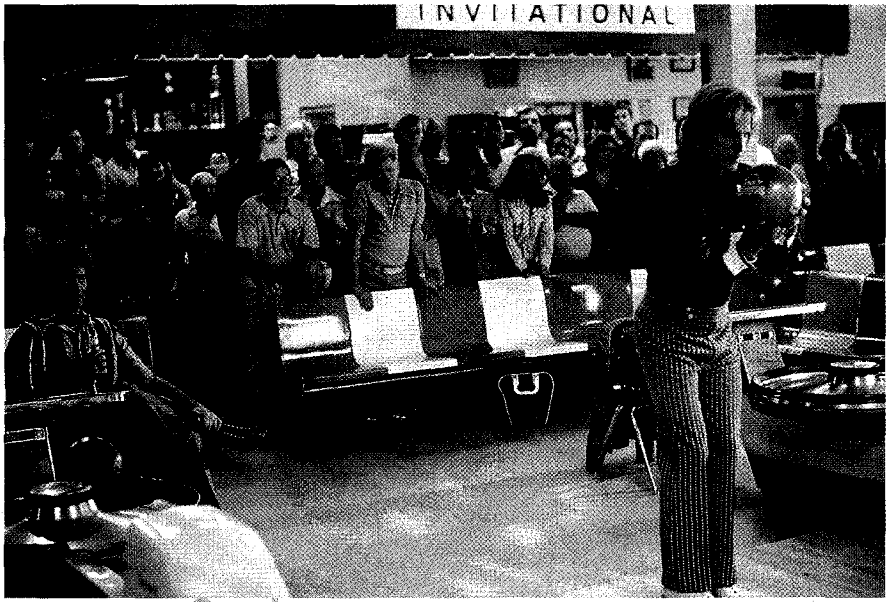
North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Welcome to the Dollhouse; Stealing Beauty.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Independence Day; Fled.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Fled; Kazaam; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Independence Day; The Frighteners.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Courage Under Fire; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Multiplicity.*



Opening

Bowling for Dollars

Woody Harrelson (above) plays a former bowling champ with a prosthetic hand and a humorously criminal mind, and Randy Quaid his Amish protégé, in 'Kingpin.' The movie—which giddily promises to insult nearly every special-interest group around—opens July 26.

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Phenomenon.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Frighteners; The Rock.* Opening 7/24: *A Time To Kill.* Opening 7/26: *Kingpin.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Multiplicity; Phenomenon.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Mervyn Leroy in the 1930s." 7/27: *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang* (1932) and *Five Star Final Final* (1931). 7/28: *The Heart of New York* (1932) and *Anthony Adverse* (1936). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—7/25: *Family Nest* and *Prefab People.* 7/26: *Triumph of the Will, Damnation* and "Films of Saul Levine." 7/26 and 7/28: *The Outsider.* 7/27: *Satantango, Pieces of Silver,* and *The First 100 Years.* 7/27 and 7/28: *Olympia.* 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/22: *Funny Face* (1957). 7/29: *On the Waterfront* (1954). Raindates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Village 12th St.—"Sick & Twisted Festival of Animation." 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—7/28: *Some Like It Hot* (1959). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 7/25: "Out of the Seventies: Hollywood's New Wave, 1969-1975." 7/22: *Two-Lane Blacktop* (1971) and *Cockfighter (Born to Kill)* (1974). 7/23 and 7/24: *The Last Picture Show* (director's cut; 1971) and *The Sugarland Express* (1974). 7/25: *The Last Movie* (1971) and *The American Dreamer* (1971). 7/26-8/1: *Picnic* (1955). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film in Void—"Feature Film Wednesdays." 7/24: *Faster Pussycat . . . Kill, Kill!* Drinking and smoking permitted. 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Le Livre, Le Film: French Screen Adaptations." 7/22 and 7/23: *Thérése Desqueyroux* (1963) and *La Béte Humaine* (1938). 7/24 and 7/25: *Le Trou* (1959) and *Goupi-Mains-Rouge* (1943). 7/26-8/4: "The Fifth newYorkVideo Festival." 7/26 and 7/27: *Family Life: Biting the hand That Fed Us.* 7/26 and 7/28: *Medea* (1988). 7/27: *Overlode* and *Worlds Within Worlds: Four Superb Subcultures.* 7/27 and 7/28: *Attitude Adjustment.* 7/28: *Styled Lives.* Also, 7/25: "Independents Night!" *The Love Lesson* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/25-7/28: "The Asian American International Film Festival." Call for detailed program info. "Dance on Film." 7/25: *Nureyev and Petipa* (1996). 7/26: *A Russian Ballerina's rediscovered Notebooks* (1996). Also, 7/23: *Jules and Jim* (1961). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—"Film al Fresco," outdoor screenings with live music and menu keyed to the film. 7/28: *Unforgiven* (1992). 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 admission; no minimum on food or drink.

Lighthouse Cinema—7/22: "Dada Dada Dada." 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.; 979-7571); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Selections From the Martin Scorsese Collection." 7/22: *Shane* (1953). 7/22 and 7/26: *Johnny Guitar* (1954). 7/23: *Duel in the Sun* (1946). 7/23 and 7/27: *The Indian Fighter* (1955). 7/25: *Tension at Table Rock* (1956) and *The Searchers* (1956). 7/25 and 7/27: *Tennessee's Partner* (1955). 7/26 and 7/28: *One-Eyed Jacks* (1961) and *A Fistful of Dollars* (1964). 7/27: *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964). 7/28: *Desert Fury* (1947). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

New York Academy of Medicine—7/25: A screening of *Taxi Driver* followed by a group debate, led by Dr. Steven Hyler, on the question "Does Travis Bickle Have a Mental Disorder?" 2 E. 103rd St. (876-8200); free.

Michael Tomasky

continued from page 31

lyn has the potential to bring lots of jobs like that to New York."

Assuming, of course, that if we build it, they will come. Some skeptics have raised the question, What if we invest all this money and shipping operators don't come here? Certainly, the operators already located in Elizabeth and Newark have a lot invested in staying there. But other operators exist, or they could decide to expand (it's worth noting that no one is talking about closing the Jersey ports. Smaller ships, drawing 35 feet or less, will still be in use, so Jersey can handle those while the larger ships come to Brooklyn).

The logic of this concern is flawed, though, because markets can be created. There was no market for the Erie Canal when it was built, but thank God its builders didn't think this way, or Philadelphia might have been the greatest city of the twentieth century.

Besides, other cities are doing exactly the sort of planning and preparation New York should be doing. The Canadian National Railway has just completed a $200 million tunnel giving Halifax direct access to Chicago for the first time. In the United States, Long Beach and Los Angeles have made vast and intelligent investments in their adjacent ports, investments that have paid off—Los Angeles overtook New York as No. 1 in the U.S. eight years ago, and Long Beach overtook L.A. last year. In the next fifteen years, says Yvonne Avila, spokeswoman for Long Beach, her port expects its amount of cargo to double.

NEW YORKERS OFTEN REMARK ABOUT HOW easy it is, given how cluttered and landlocked Manhattan can feel sometimes, to forget that we live on the ocean. In Baltimore, for example, the major office buildings and tourist sites are practically right next to the shipping operations—you cannot avoid them, or forget. Here, we've tucked it away, so New Yorkers never have to think about the dirty logistics of commerce, about how products get to their stores and markets. It's mysterious, ambiguous; one thinks of it, if at all, only when forced to drive that brief, malodorous stretch of the Jersey turnpike.

Historically, of course, this is an anomaly. Fifty years ago, John McHugh's magnificent view would have displayed a basin pulsing with activity. The things that have come through that harbor are too numerous to count. So, too, are the number of attached houses and station wagons and college tuitions paid for by the wages earned there. Those things, as much the great museums, the grand skyscrapers, and the powerful investment houses, made New York what it is. Maybe it's time we started thinking about the port again. ■

art

Philip Pearlstein...Baseball Show

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Antonio Frasconi—Recent prints and illustrated books; through 7/31. Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Larry Poons—New abstract paintings that continue the artist's interest in surface texture; through 8/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Hunt Slonem—An exhibition of the artist's recent paintings of his birds, celebrating the publication of his book, *Hunt's Place*; 7/24–30. Stubbs Books, 153 E. 70th St. (772-3120).

57th Street Area

Laurent de Brunhoff—Recent abstract watercolors by the author and illustrator of the *Babar* books; through 8/2. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Paul Cadmus/George Platt Lynes—Drawings of the male nude from a series the artist began in 1965/A selection of photographs, including nudes, portraits, and fashion work. Through 8/2. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Philip Pearlstein—Portraits executed between 1946 and 1996, including those of the artists Scott Burton, Alex Katz, and Raphael Soyer; through 7/31. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Shigeko Kubota—Kinetic sculptures, a video "rock garden," and overhead projections; through 8/2. Fung, 140 Sullivan St. (505-3369).

Edward Ruscha—A survey of the artist's books and book works; through 8/31. Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Peter Waite—Paintings of various kinds of institutions, among them casinos, prisons, corporate boardrooms, and educational facilities; through 7/26. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Simon Leung—A project titled "Call to Glory . . . or Afternoon Tea With Marcel Duchamp" that proposes the Duchampian legacy as a discourse of ethics and consists of individual works in silkscreen, photography, text, sculpture, and video; through 7/26. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366), Wed.–Sun. 11-6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Works from the collection of the Federal Reserve Board celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its Fine Arts Program and a selection of trompe l'oeil paintings of currency; through 9/7.

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). A summer selection of works by Lennart Anderson, Quentin Bell, Lucian Freud, Albert York, and others; through 8/30.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Going Places: Images of Travel and Transport," with works by more than 45 American and European artists dating from the nineteenth century to the present; through 8/16.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-7338). Works by Carol Diehl, Charles Garabedian, Grace Knowlton, John Lees, Joan Snyder, Robert Rahway Zakanitch, others; through 8/16.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre*, among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

57th Street Area

Adams—50 W. 57th St. (489-5064). "Going Places," with works by Robert Arneson, Luis Cruz Azaceta, Jim Barsness, Jose Bedia, Joan Brown, Peter Saul, James Valerio, others; through 8/16.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Ceramic tulip vases by Ralph Bacerra, Kim Dickey, Anne Hirondelle, Philip Maberry, Matt Nolen, Adrian Saxe, Jan van der Waart, others; through 8/9.

Del Re—41 E. 57th St. (688-1843). Works by Adami, Arman, Indiana, Pousette-Dart, Stella, others; through 8/31.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). Recent paintings by gallery artists, among them Leigh Behnke, Alice Dalton Brown, Jane Freilicher, Candace Jans, Polly Kraft, Billy Sullivan, and Jane Wilson; through 8/23.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and still life by Anderson, Briggs, Berg, Fields, Kelly, Linehan, Monafo, J. Patterson, W. Patterson, Zigmond, others; through 9/3.

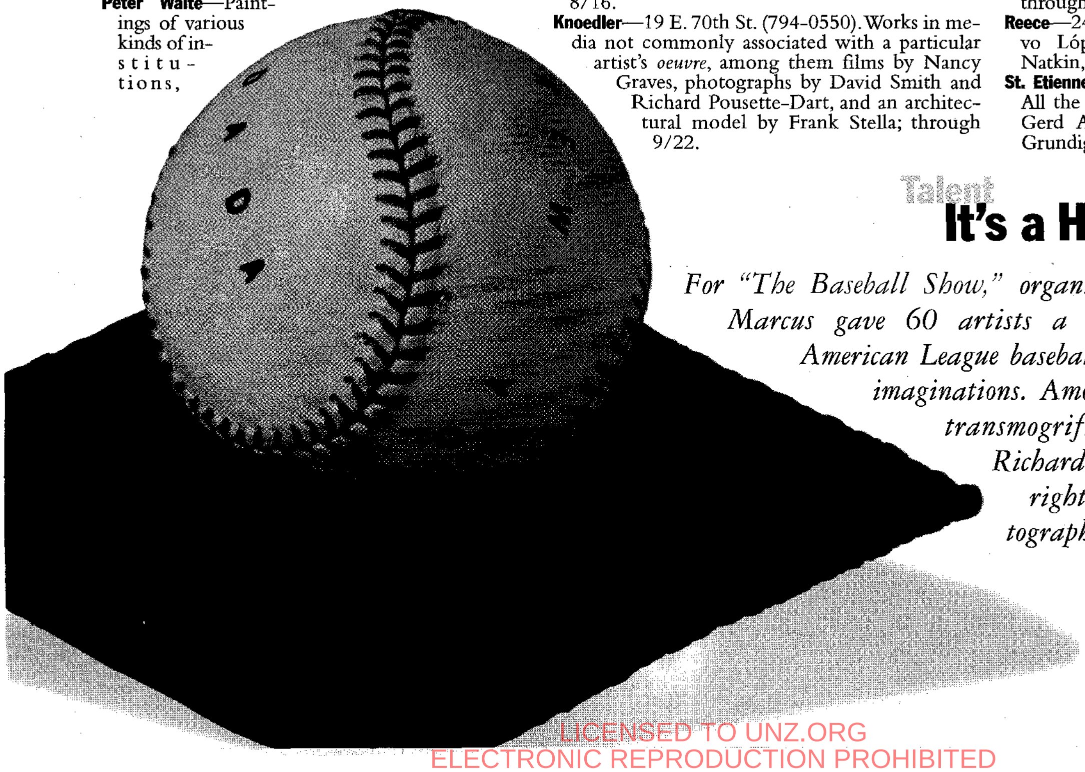
Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). "Recaptured Nature," with works by Giovanni Anselmo, Joseph Bartscherer, Lothar Baumgarten, Dan Graham, Richard Long, Gabriel Orozco, Ed Ruscha, others; through 8/30.

MB Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). "Sacred Matters: Works on Paper," with works by Bruno Andrade, Alan Gussow, Billy Lee, Emily Mason, and other gallery artists; through 9/21.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Barbara Hepworth, Donald Judd, Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Murray, and Joel Shapiro; through 9/7.

Reece—24 W. 57th St. (333-5830). Works by Gustavo López Armentio, Tsugio Hattori, Robert Natkin, Fred Otnes, and Sica; through 9/9.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "Breaking All the Rules: Art in Transition," with works by Gerd Arntz, Max Beckmann, Sue Coe, Lea Grundig, John Heartfield, Hector Hyppolite, John



Talent

It's a Hit

For "The Baseball Show," organizers Craig Smyth and Curt Marcus gave 60 artists a standard Rawlings Official American League baseball and asked them to use their imaginations. Among other things, the horsehide transmogrified into a print (left, by Richard Pettibone), a painting (lower right, by Bill Komoski), and a photograph (upper right, by Barbara Ess). At Curt Marcus Gallery, 578 Broadway; through August 9.

Kane, Gustav Klimt, Justin McCarthy, Emil Nolde, others; through 9/6.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "Affinities: Contemporary and Historic Art," with works by Milton Avery, Ilya Bolotowsky, Norris Embry, Laurie Fendrich, Hannah Fink, Luke Gray, John Obuck, Rolph Scarlett, Patrick Strzelec, Steve Wheeler, and others; through 8/16.

View—250 E. 51st St. (317-9757). "Sculptor's Drawings," woth works by Agnes Denes, Richard Nonas, Clement Meadmore, Yoko Ono, Dennis Oppenheim, Mary Ann Unger, others; through 9/4.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). Images of dance in drawings, photography, and other media, by Laure Albin-Guillot, Brassai, Baron Adolph de Mayer, Arnold Genthe, Barbara Morgan, and Abraham Walkowitz; through 8/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by Will Berry, Holly Hughes, Wendy Miller, and Bob Penrose; through 8/9.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). A selection of Boliw shrine figures of the Bamana people of Mali; through 10/5.

Bonakdar—130 Prince St. (925-8035). Works by Uta Barth, Markus Baenziger, Mat Collishaw, Olafur Eliasson, Charles Long, Robin Lowe, Peggy Preheim, and Julie Roberts; through 9/7 (gallery is closed 8/3–9/2).

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). Works by self-taught artists and by Haitian and Jamaican artists; through 8/16.

Donahue—560 Broadway (226-1111). Works by Laurie Fendrich, Vanessa Haney, Ruth Pastine, Li Lin Lee, Nachume Miller, Lenore Tawney, and Robin Utterback; through 7/31.

Fotouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). "By the Sea," with works by Milton Avery, Bruce Cratsley, Duncan Hannah, Tobi Kahn, Malcolm Morley, Fairfield Porter, David True, Helen Miranda Wilson, others; through 7/27.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Summer Pleasures, Summer Treasures," with works by Rafael Ferrer, Viola Frey, Frank Owen, Joseph Raffael, and others; through 9/13.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works on paper by twenty artists that depict the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the Flatiron Building; through 8/31.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Sculpture by Donald Baechler, Konstantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; through 9/21.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). Editions and multiples by Marina Abramovic, Ann Hamilton, Pieter Laurens Mol, Cathy de Monchaux, Julião Sarmento, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/6.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). "Splash," with paintings, photographs, and sculpture by Peter Begley, Christina Bothwell, Christopher Giglio, Mac James, John Risley, Jacqueline Schatz, others; through 8/16.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (944-0012). Works by Shirley Jaffe, Valerie Jaudon, Robin Hill, Harriet Korman, Carmengloria Morales, Joan Mitchell, Mia Westerlund Roosen, Denyse Thomasos, and Cindy Workman; through 8/4.

Luhring Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). "Exposure," with photo-based works by Janine Antoni, Sophie Calle, Larry Clark, Gregory Crewdson, Paul McCarthy, Steve Wolfe, and others; through 8/2.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Each of the 60 artists in this show—among them Larry Clark, Jane Dickson, David Humphrey, Suzanne McClelland, Alexis Rockman, and Kenny Scharf—was provided with a standard Rawlings Official American baseball and asked to transform it into an artwork; through 8/9.

PaceWildenstein—142 Greene St. (421-3292). Paintings and sculpture by George Condo, Jim Dine, Lucas Samaras, Julian Schnabel, and Kiki Smith; through 7/31.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Fourteen Days—A Salon," with works by 32 emerging and established American and European artists, among them Katherine Bradford, Jeanette Christensen, Sally Elesby, Tom Martinelli, Stephen Westfall, and Kit White; through 7/27.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). "Space, Mind, Place," with works by Michael Ashkin, Francis Cape, Craig Kalpakjian, Susan Goldman, Rachel Harrison, Calvin Seibert, and Andrea Zittel; through 8/7.

Senior—375 W. Broadway (941-0960). Works by Hermine Ford, Georgia Marsh, and Elyn Zimmerman; through 8/2.

Shafrazi—119 Wooster St. (274-9300). Paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat, Donald Baechler, Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, David Salle, Kenny Scharf, and Julian Schnabel; through 8/2.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Recent works by Eric Drooker, Paul Garrin, and David Rokeby; through 8/2.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with works by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Fulton St., Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Creative Time's "Art in the Anchorage 96," with works by Doug Aitken & U-Ziq, Rebecca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, Penelope Umbrico, others; through 8/25.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Everything is Real," with works by Matthew Antezzo, Robin Lowe, Kellie O'Bosky, Richard Phillips, Douglas Wada, Royce Weatherly, and Brenda Zlamany; through 8/9.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). Works by Thomas Baldwin, Julie Becker, Rachel Harrison, Josephine Meckseper, and Luke Murphy; through 8/2.

Morris Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). Wall drawings and other wall-dependent works by Robert Adams, Quisqueya Henriquez, Steve Keister, Joyce Pensato, Cindy Poorbaugh, Mark Sheinkman, Meg Webster, and Kathleen White; through 8/23.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.–Sun. 12–6, $2 suggested donation. "Siah Armanjani: The Staten Island Ferry Pedestrian Bridge and Other Works"; through 9/22. . . . "Norman Pate: Retrospective Exhibition"; through 9/22. . . . "Studio Artists Exhibition: In the Spirit of Norman Pate"; through 9/22.

Photography

Anthony—589 Broadway (925-2300). "Nude York," with images of nudes by 31 New York-based photographers; through 8/17.

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8143). "Games People Play," with vintage and contemporary photographs from the New York City Parks Photography Archive; through 9/13.

Anthony Barboza—Black-and-white photographs of jazz musicians taken over the past twenty years; though 8/16. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Third annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Steven Brock—Black-and-white portraits of the people of Pomabamba, a remote Andean village in North-Central Peru; through 8/16. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Imogen Cunningham—Vintage and early photographs of plants and flowers; through 8/2. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Dorothea Lange, Carleton Watkins, others; "Selections From *Life*," with works by Loomis Dean, Elliott Erwitt, John Loengard, Mark Shaw, others; through 7/26.

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Photographs of dancers by Lois Greenfield, Gjon Mili, and Barbara Morgan; through 8/2.

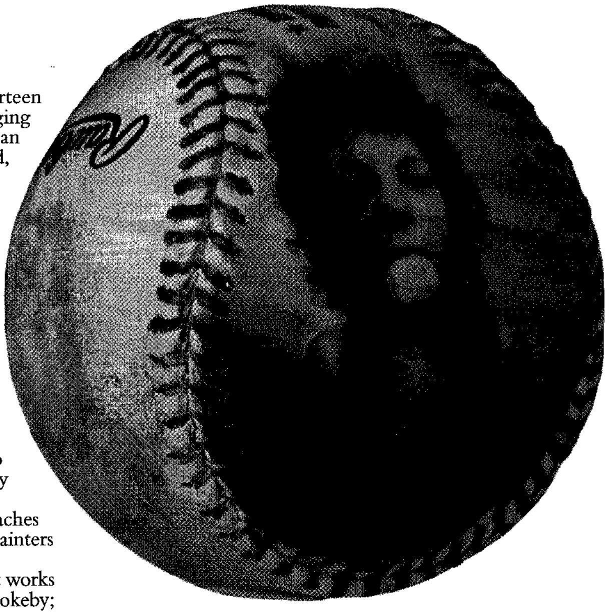
I.C.E.—521 W. 23rd St (727-3612). "La Dolce Vita," paparazzi shots of Federico Fellini, Marcello Mastroianni, Sophia Loren, and others prominent in fifties Italian cinema; through 8/1.

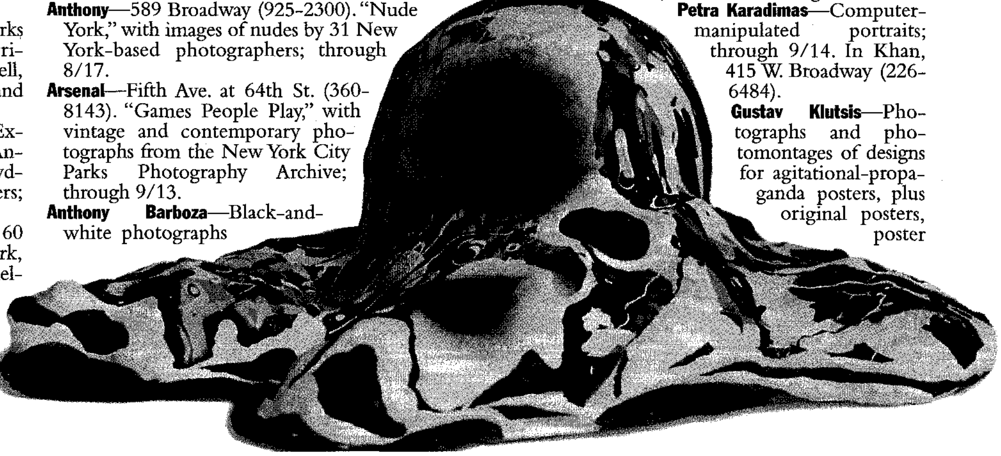
ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection: 100 Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Petra Karadimas—Computer-manipulated portraits; through 9/14. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Gustav Klutsis—Photographs and photomontages of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster





Photographs courtesy of Curt Marcus Gallery.

sketches, and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). An exhibition of photogravures dating from 1903 to the present, ranging from examples from *Camera Work*, the illustrated periodical published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz, to contemporary projects by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy DeCarava; through 8/16.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). “The Cool & the Crazy: Images of Punk,” with works by Dan Asher, Roberta Bayley, Victor Bockris, Jimmy De Sana, Allen Ginsberg, Bob Gruen, James Hamilton, Anton Perich, Kate Simon, and others; through 9/7 (gallery closed in August).

Jonas Mekas—Large-scale color film stills of Elvis Presley, Jackie Kennedy, Lou Reed, Andy Warhol, and other personalities by this filmmaker who has been one of the driving forces behind New York’s underground- and experimental-film culture since the fifties; through 8/16. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Pedro Meyer—Computer-enhanced photographs whose imagery comments on the similarities and differences between Mexico and the United States; through 8/17. Aperture’s Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and other photographers chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the past two centuries; through 8/15.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). “Summertime,” an exhibition of stock photography from Graphistock; through 9/8.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). “Out Takes,” with obscure images by Sally Apfelbaum, Lorna Bieber, Sally Gall, Bill Jacobson, Geanna Merola, John Schlesinger, Jan Staller, Tseng Kwong Chi, and Penelope Umbrico; through 8/16.

Wessel O’Connor—60 Thomas St. (406-0040). An exhibition commemorating the life and poetry of Walt Whitman, with works by Mark Beard, John Dugdale, Robert Flynt, Bill Jacobson, Russell Maynor, Steve Morrison, and Frank Yamrus; through 8/9.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). “Two,” with photographs of couples by Bill Brandt, Robert Doisneau, Janine Niepce, and Edward Weston; more couples in Gallery Two, showing works by Evelyn Hofer; through 9/10.

Bing Wright/Jenny Saville and Glen Luchford—Monochromatic photographs on the theme of nature/Photographs taken by Luchford of Saville’s nude body pressed against a sheet of glass above him. Through 8/30. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Museums

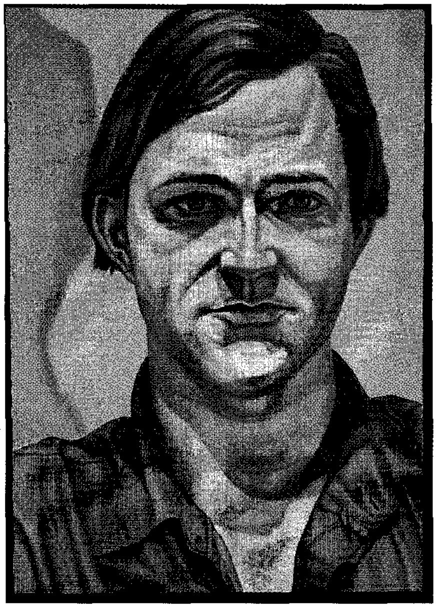
American Craft Museum—“Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft.” Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—“Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The New York Times”; through 9/29. . . . “Amber: Window to the Past.” A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . “Witness: Endangered Species of North America.” Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—“Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars’ Rocks”; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—“Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition”; through 9/28. . . . “Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works”; through 9/28. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—“Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America.” Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 8/11. . . . “Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum.” The museum’s own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . “Alison Saar: The Woods Within.” A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.



On View **Though best known for his compositions of anonymous nudes in domestic interiors, Philip Pearlstein has been painting portraits—of his friends, family, and fellow artists—all along, and the likenesses are often remarkable (above, Robert Storr, painter and MoMA curator). At Robert Miller Gallery, 41 East 57th Street; through July 31.**

El Museo del Barrio—“Re-visions of El Barrio.” A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . “Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto” ; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—“Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup.” The first retrospective of the Swiss artist’s work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . “Africa: The Art of a Continent.” The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/29. . . . “In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present”; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—“Mediascape.” Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—“Marc Chagall 1907–1917.” An overview of the artist’s early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—“Winslow Homer.” The first comprehensive retrospective of the American painter’s work in more than twenty years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . “American Printmaking 1880–1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries”; through 9/22. . . . “Toulouse Lautrec.” Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum’s collection; through 9/15. . . . “Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection”; through 9/1. . . . “The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored.” An exhibition that complements the museum’s recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l’oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . “Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York”; through 7/28. . . . “Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity”; through 8/18. . . . “Art of the Deccani Sultans”; through 8/25. . . . “Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art”; through 10/6. . . . “American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection”; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—“Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History.” An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—“An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art”; through 9/8. . . . “The Art of the Contemporary Doll”; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—“Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation.” The first comprehensive survey of the artist’s portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . “Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*”; through10/8. . . . “From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson”; through 9/3. . . . “Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar’s E-Type”; through 8/20. . . . “Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980–95”; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to “Picasso and Portraiture” is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum’s lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults) ; $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—“Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries.” Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum’s collection; through 1/12/97. . . . “Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York”; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—“171st Annual Exhibition”; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

Photograph courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Crossroads Alaska: Native Cultures of Alaska and Siberia"; through 8/8. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily; free.

New York Public Library—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996"; through 10/19. . . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters"; through 7/31. . . . "The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"July 9, 1776: New York's Independence Day"; through 9/15. . . . "In Search of Light: Tiffany Lamps at the New-York Historical Society"; through 9/15. . . . "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. . . . "Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*"; through 9/15. . . . "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1. . . . "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Heroic Painting." Works by Bo Bartlett, Vincent Desiderio, Walton Ford, Lawrence Gipe, Julie Heffernan, Komar and Melamid, and Mark Tansey; through 9/8 . . . . "Visions of Ireland: Jack B. Yeats." Paintings by Ireland's most noted modern painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871–1957); through 9/8. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Ceremony of Spirit: Nature and Memory in Contemporary Latino Art"; through 9/30. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence"; through 9/30. . . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Shigeko Kubota." An installation of the artist's video sculptures; through 8/25. . . . "NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . "Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West"; through 9/22. . . . "Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Ik-Joong Kang: 8,490 Days of Memory." An installation that uses chocolate as a metaphor to revisit the past from the perspective of the present, specifically referring to the artist's memories of the candy bars given to him by GIs when he was in grammar school in Korea; through 9/27. 120 Park Ave. (570-1807); Mon.–Fri. 11–6; free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/24 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture & Decorations." On view from 7/22.

cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
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Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show?
Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

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Irving Berlin...Beckett...Eugene O'Neill

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Beckett Festival—This marathon presentation of all nineteen of Samuel Beckett's stage works by Ireland's Gate Theatre runs through 8/11 as part of Lincoln Center Festival 96. All performances at John Jay Theatre, 899 Seventh Ave., are $45; those at Clark Studio Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., Floor 7, are $30. Call 721-6500 for tickets and scheduling information and 998-8705 for information on the series of related symposia sponsored by New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture and Ireland House.

The Cocoanuts—$45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.–Sat. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning performances 7/27. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Hughie—$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Beginning performances 7/25 for a 8/22 opening. Through 8/31. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee, the writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent, ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Sally Struthers as Miss Lynch. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of Oscar Wilde's 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy.

Onstage
Sam the Man

Ireland's Gate Theatre brings the Beckett Festival, a marathon presentation of all nineteen stage works by the seminal figure of contemporary drama, to Lincoln Center for two weeks beginning Monday.

Photograph by Tom Lawlor.

Revival

Monkey Doodle Doo, Etc.

In their early days, the Marx Brothers were in the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for *The Cocoanuts*, a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom, is moving it uptown this week to the American Place Theatre, 111 West 46th Street (239-6200).

$37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Seven Guitars—The latest installment in August Wilson's exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) Ms. Buckley will be with the show until 8/26, when London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) takes over. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Thousand Clowns—Judd Hirsch stars in this revival of Herb Gardner's 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 8/11. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A musical revue about what seems an amusingly quaint subject these days, heterosexual bonding. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Opening 8/1. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature*, but you get the idea.) $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Opening 7/28 at 7. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (307-4100).*

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Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

Now Playing

Aliens in America—You think *your* parents didn't understand you? Check out Los Angeles writer and performer Sandra Tsing Loh's chronicle of growing up in Southern California in the context of a family background composed of equal parts of Chinese and German cultural influences. Chopsticks with that sauerbraten, anyone? $32.50–$37.50. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the last 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 7/28. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Da—Hugh Leonard's 1978 play about a returning expatriate coming to terms with the ghost of his dead father. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway,* has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Regular prices are $35–$40; through 7/30, all seats have been reduced to $19.96. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grace and Glorie—The story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Heavenly Days—The Greek myth of Amphitryon has been retold so many times that André Gide gave up on the renaming process and simply appended a number in the high thirties to *his* version. John Glines's updated restyling of this classic text looks at it from a modern gay perspective—not so far from the original as you might at first think, actually. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sun. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. south of Christopher (924-1198).*

Jasper in Gramercy Park—An elderly couple find themselves mysteriously sustained through the trials of "various and multiple lifetimes" by the presence of a large bossy dog (and hey, we're here to tell you it *does* happen) in Mary Mitchell's new play. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (598-2385).*

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Rex Chandler; directed by Mr. Larsen. $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

A Midsummer Night's Dream/King Lear—Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Dream* begins performances 7/25 and plays through 8/8; *Lear* begins performances 8/22 and plays through 9/15. *Washington Square Park (330-8086).*

Beyond Therapy—$12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St., at Charles (330-7607).*

Charlie!—$12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

The Constitutional Convention, The Sequel—$10. 7/26, 7/27 at 8. *House of Candles, 99 Stanton St. (539-3979).*

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy retelling of the Gospel of Saint Matthew. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

In My Father's House—$10–$17. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 4. Through 7/28. *Billie Holiday Theatre, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-0918-9).*

Kidnapped—$12. 7/25–7/28, 8/1–8/4 at 8. *42nd Street Workshop, 432 W. 42nd St., Floor 3 (695-4173).*

MCC Theater Performance Lab—Three programs of assorted comedy, performance art, and short plays. Free; suggested donation $8. Program A: 7/22, 7/23 at 7. Program B: 7/25, 7/26 at 7. Program, C, 7/29, 7/30 at 7. *MCC Theater, 10 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Much Ado About Nothing—Free. Sat. at 6. Through 8/10. *Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. and 42nd St. (860-4981).*

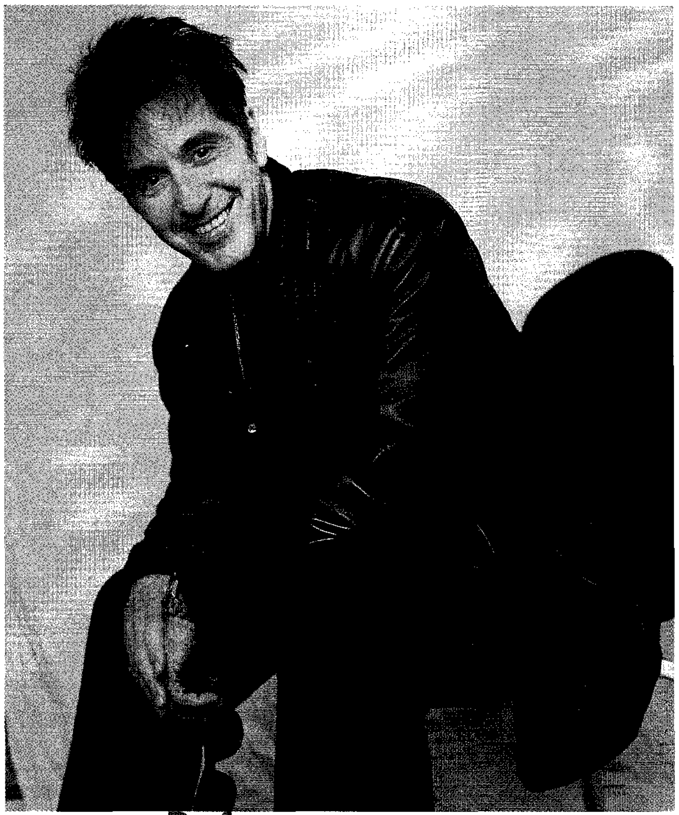
Once Upon a Time in the Bronx—$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Fool's Space, 311 W. 43rd St., eighth floor (260-0483).*

Orestes: I Murdered My Mother—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Beginning performances 7/25; through 8/18. *One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (279-4200).*

Piece of Cake—$10, plus two-drink minimum. Thurs. at 10, Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. *Rose's Turn, 55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Premium Bob—$10. Thurs. at 8. Through 8/15. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (431-9220).*

Summerfest '96—A program of new scripts and revivals; call for scheduling details. $10; $8 for groups of ten or more. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/21. *42nd Street Collective, 432 W. 42nd St. (967-1481).*



Performance

Pipe Dreams

Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. 'Hughie,' O'Neill's moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—begins performances Thursday at Circle in the Square, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue (239-6200).

Photograph by Wyatt Counts/Outline.

in concert

Allen Toussaint...Merce Cunningham

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 23

Juilliard In Concert—Performance by soprano Malaika Sims, baritone Alvin Crawford, and keyboardist Derek Wieland. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden Lane, at 12:30; free.*

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre—Vietnamese puppets and folk music. Part of Festival 96. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, at 6:30 and 9; free.*

Celebration II—Cabaret star Steve Ross presents works by Al Jolson, Jimmy Durante, and Cole Porter. *Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (416-5354), at 6:30; free.*

Kirov Orchestra and Chorus—Performs an all-Prokofiev program with mezzo-soprano Olga Borodina; Valery Gergiev, music director. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$85.*

New York Philharmonic—Chanticleer and the NYPO perform works by Fauré, Gabrieli, and Cole Porter, followed by fireworks; Richard Westerfield, conductor. *Prospect Park Band Shell, Brooklyn (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Wednesday, July 24

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre—See 7/23.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/23, at Van Cortlandt Park, The Bronx.

Thursday, July 25

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre—See 7/23.

Piccolo Theatro Dell'Opera—Singer Joan Steinberg and friends present an evening of cabaret and pop opera tunes. *Prospect Park Band Shell, Brooklyn (718-855-7882), at 7; free.*

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Bach, and Martinu performed by Hexagon. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Kirov Orchestra and Chorus—Performs Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette;* Valery Gergiev, music director. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$85.*

Hyperstring Trilogy—Three works for hyperinstruments by *Brain Opera* composer Tod Machover, performed by the EOS Ensemble. Part of Festival 96. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Friday, July 26

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre—See 7/23.

Allen Toussaint, Pianist—New Orleans funk and R&B with the legendary composer, plus saxophonist Amadee Castenell and singer Wallace Johnson. *Prospect Park Band Shell, Brooklyn (718-855-7882), at 7; free.*

Bargemusic—Hexagon performs works by Ibert, Carter, and Barber. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Kirov Orchestra and Chorus—Performs an all-Stravinsky program, featuring *The Firebird* and *The Nightingale;* Valery Gergiev, music director. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$85.*

Reigakusha—Japan's foremost gagaku ensemble performs imperial music and dance, including Takemitsu's *In an Autumn Garden.* Part of Festival 96. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Merce Cunningham and Music—Musical tribute to the longtime choreographer, including electronic music by Takehisa Kosugi and David Tudor. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Summergarden—Music by Poulenc, Debussy, and Virgil Thomson in "An Evening of Parisian Song." *Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491); garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, July 27

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre—See 7/23.

Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs an all-Beethoven program; John Eliot Gardiner, conductor. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs with Tan Dun and New Generation East; David Shifrin, artistic director. Part of Festival 96. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Summergarden—See 7/26.

Sunday, July 28

Bargemusic—See 7/25, at 4.

Music from Aston Magna—"The Art of the Countertenor," with Jeffrey Gall, features works by Buxtehude and Handel. *Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. and Broadway (800-875-7156), at 5; $17.50.*

Merce Cunningham and Music—Musical tribute to the longtime choreographer, including electronic music by John Cage and Morton Feldman, performed by the EOS Ensemble. *Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (721-6500), at 5; $35.*

Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with mezzo-soprano Anne Sofie von Otter; John Eliot Gardiner, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Reigakusha—Japan's foremost gagku ensemble performs imperial music and dance, including Takemitsu's *Distance.* Part of Festival 96. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Happening
Classical Carnival

Lincoln Center Festival 96, a three-week music, dance, theater, and opera bacchanal, starts July 22. Scramble now for tickets to Reigakusha, a Japanese gagaku ensemble, or Lyon Opera Ballet's new *Coppélia* (above), or the Kirov Orchestra's Berlioz performances. And drop by Juilliard's lobby hourly from one to seven for a viewing of Tod Machover's digital *Brain Opera,* the audience-participatory cyber-composition featured in our July 22 issue.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Dance

Lyons Opera Ballet—Presents Maguy Marin's new interpretation of Léo Delibes's *Coppélia.* Part of Festival 96. 7/22 at 7, 7/23 and 7/24 at 8, 7/24 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $12–$100.*

Philadanco—Featuring premieres by Donald Byrd and Milton Myers. 7/22–7/27 at 8, 7/27 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $27.*

SummerStage—Pearl Dancers and Musicians and the Robert Henry Johnson Dance Company. 7/12 at 8:30. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. nr. Fifth Ave. (360-CPSS); free.*

Anima Dance Theatre—Three evenings of *Rites of Passage,* a work by Laurence Rawlins. 7/22–7/24 at 8. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202); $12.*

Photograph by Gerard Amsellem.

nightlife

Brave Combo...New York Rock Revivalists...

Concerts

Lincoln Center Festival 96—Through 8/11, the midtown cultural establishment in New York hosts a three-week-long celebration including more than 200 music, dance, theater, and cyber-arts events. Related performances are hereafter denoted with an asterisk (*).

Black Crowes—7/23 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (307-7171). $25.*

Boston/Cheap Trick—A rather ingenious pairing in Jones Beach's bring-back-the-seventies campaign, presenting two true classics of air-guitar. 7/25 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

Brain Opera*—Tod Machover's interactive, computer-enhanced cyber-operatic spectacle, the most futuristic event in the new Lincoln Center Festival 96. 7/23–7/28 every hour, on the hour from 1–7 P.M. *Morse Recital Hall of the Julliard Theatre at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). Free.*

Butthole Surfers—Long a psychedelic shock troop of the post-punk era, Texas's beloved pranksters have gone Hollywood in recent years, led by the increasingly suave antics of the shaggy-haired frontman Gibby Haynes, whose side project includes freak-befriender Johnny Depp. The direction bears fruit on their new *Electric Larryland*, whose beatbox-ish single "Pepper" bears a more than passing resemblance to Beck's "Loser" and whose video features a star turn by Erik Estrada. 7/26 at 7:15 P.M. *Roseland, 254 W. 54th St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

Jim Carroll/Richard Hell—Two of the more literary figures ever to grace Max's Kansas City, *Basketball Diaries* author turned punk vocalist Carroll and punk vocalist turned author Hell team up for an evening of readings from their recent work and maybe a few golden oldies. 7/25 at 8:30 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—A summerlong series of concerts showcasing talent from around the globe. Dancing is encouraged. 7/24: Jay Unger and Molly Mason with Swingology! 7/25: Genghis Blues: Tuvan throat singer Kongar-ol Ondar teams up with Delta blues guitarist Paul "Earthquake" Pena. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Free.*

Celine Dion—Dion, who made the leap from French to English four years and several million albums ago, brings her brand of Whitney Houston–meets–Vanessa-Williams pop into town for two dates. Bring the kids. 7/26 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.* 7/29 at 8 P.M. *The Arena at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171).*

Tremaine Hawkins/Institutional Radio Choir of Brooklyn*—Part of the Gospel and Soul Celebration of the Lincoln Center Festival. 7/22 at 7 P.M. *Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Avenue between 59th and 60th Sts. (721-6500). $32.*

Isaac Hayes/Booker T. and the M.G.'s—7/29 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theater, 2120 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $25–$50.*

Jin Hi Kim and No World Improvisations—7/24 at 6 P.M. *YWCA, 53rd St. and Lexington Avenue. (735-9781). $8.*

Hootie and the Blowfish—The one and only. With John Hiatt. 7/30–7/31 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden. Sold out.*

The Isleys featuring Ron Isley—7/27 at 8 P.M. *Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171). $45.*

"Jazz in July"—7/23: Pianist Dick Hyman fronts the Billy Charlap Quintet; Ted Rosenthal Quintet. 7/25: The festival with everyone's favorite Academy Award–winning clarinetist, Woody Allen. Through 7/25 at 8 P.M. *92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

Jazzmobile—Having cranked out classic jazz with a rotating group of Harlem-based musicians since 1964, Jazzmobile rolls into Central Park as part of the ongoing Harlem Meer Concert Series. 7/27 at 2 P.M. *Dana Discovery Center, Central Park at 110th St. Free.*

Gipsy Kings—After being Latinized by the infectious crossover hit "Bamboleo," the public imagination is only beginning to grasp the fact that the Gipsy Kings are, in fact, French. They are nonetheless perhaps the only Flamenco outfit to achieve pop superstardom, and will rest comfortably on world-music charts well into the next century, providing that the producers of films starring Antonio Banderas remain interested. 7/23–7/24 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $36–$46.*

Kiss—(See page 32). 7/25–7/28 at 8 P.M. *Arena at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. Sold out.*

Mana—7/27 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $31–$41.*

Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes—The Philly R&B outfit that gave us "If You Don't Know Me by Know" brings us back to the sixties on 7/23 at 7 P.M. Expect some deft choreographing and four-part harmony. *Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

Natalie Merchant—Three years after an amicable split with 10,000 Maniacs, the literary lion of alternative-lite is back in support of her 1995 solo debut, *Tiger Lily*. With her crystalline voice, beautifully sparse melodies, and usually impeccably taste in backup musicians, she is sure not to let down the throngs who come to see her twirl. 7/24 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

Midsummer Night Swing—A monthlong event offering instructional ballroom dancing under the stars in the Lincoln Center courtyard. 7/24: Brave Combo; Los Macondos. 7/25: West Coast Swing with Roomful of Blues. 7/26: French Canadian dancing with La Bottine Souriante. 7/27: Irish dancing with Cherish the Ladies, and the Kips Bay Ceili Band. Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). $8.*

Sam Moore and the Uptown Horns—Part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival at the Prospect Park Bandshell. 7/27 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

Pearl Ubungen Dancers and Musicians—With the Robert Henry Johnson Dance Company. 7/26 at 8:30 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

The Persuasions—7/29 at 7 P.M. *Von King Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

Piccolo Teatro Dell'Opera—A pop opera. Part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival. 7/25 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. Free.*

R. Kelly/L. L. Cool J/Xscape—An evening of Jeep beats and histrionic summer love songs. 7/25–7/26 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $36–$51.*

Performance

Natalie, Naturally

Fresh from co-headlining the hippiepalooza H.O.R.D.E. tour, animalist and tree-hugger Natalie Merchant sings her first outdoor New York–area concerts—at Jones Beach, July 24, and Garden State Arts Center, July 25.

Photograph by Dana Lixenberg.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Squeeze—7/30 at 8 P.M. *Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (307-7171). $30.*

James Taylor—7/27–7/28 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

Koko Taylor/Son Seals/Carey Bell—The blues queen grinds it out in the hot summer sun on 7/27 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Timbalada—With Kali. 7/28 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Allen Toussaint—The New Orleans funk piano wizard plays with Amadee Castlenell and Wallace Johnson as part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival at the Prospect Park Bandshell. 7/26 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Free.*

Dwight Yoakam—7/23 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 254 W. 54th St. (307-7171). $30.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/23: Tom Scott. 7/26: Required Listening: A No-Risk Evening of Discovery, hosted by Rita Houston. 7/29: Jane Siberry. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/26: Chavez; Vibrolux; Bardo Pond. 7/27: Speedball Baby. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. 7/26–7/27: Guitar Shorty. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 7/26: Jazzhole. 7/27: Blonde Redhead. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/22–7/23: Maceo Parker. 7/24: Samples. 7/26: D Generation. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/23: Hayden. 7/26: Gary Lucas. 7/28: Paul Plimley Trio with Mark Dresser and Gregg Bendian. 7/29: David Murray Big Band. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church (219-3055).*

Maxwell's—Imperial Teen, a new indie-rock sensation from the Bay Area, makes its New York debut here on 7/23. The band includes members of Faith No More, Sister Double Happiness, and other local rock outfits, and its new record is a tender, chilling, and joyous collection of pop songs that forgo stadium grandeur for personal truths. They play 7/23. 7/25–7/26: Psychobilly terror Hasil Adkins. 7/28: Samaim. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Lotion, a pleasant enough indie-rock band that has somehow famously gained the fandom of reclusive literary cult figure Thomas Pynchon. Perhaps the next Pynchon sighting will occur on Houston when Lotion plays 7/24. 7/25: Imperial Teen. 7/27: Tuscadero. 7/29: Scud Mountain Boys; Dan Zanes. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 7/29: Antihootenany with Lach. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 7/23: Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. Every Saturday is "African Night in New York." Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. 7/23: Skin Deep record release party with hardcore rappers and R&B comers, including Keith Murray, Mona Lisa, Little Kim, and Total. 7/24: Cheap Trick. 7/27: Con Funk Shun. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, this week the site of shows relocated from Tramps. 7/23: Brave Combo; Humphries. Shows at 8:30 p.m. *151 Bank Street. (544-1666).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and charges accordingly. 7/23–7/28: Count Basie Orchestra directed by Grover Mitchell. 7/29: Brazilian trumpeter Claudio Roditi. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 7/22–7/27: Dave Kioski, Ed Howard, and Leon Parker. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved Monday night his office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 7/23–7/28: Michel Camilo Trio. 7/30–8/4: John Pizzarelli Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Through 7/23–7/28: Robin Eubanks and Mental Images. 7/30–8/4: Reggie Workman, Marty Erlich, Julian Priester, Anthony Davis, Pheeroan Ak Laff. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's The Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 8/4, it's the Catskills in Central Park festival, celebrating comics from the fifties and sixties. Through 7/23–7/28: Freddy Roman. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

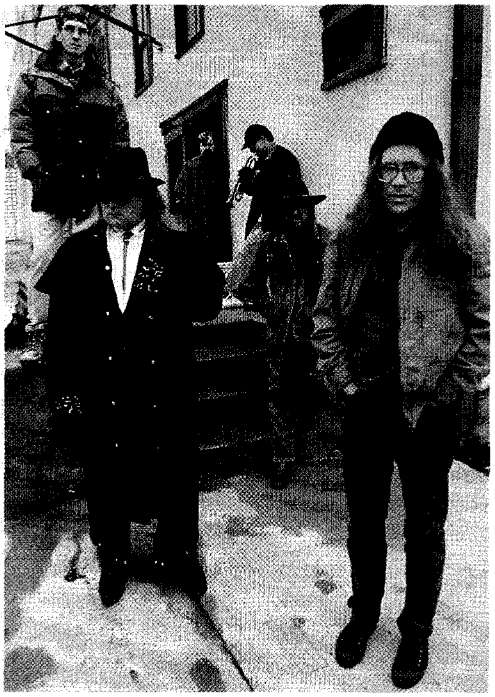
Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Through 7/22–7/28: Branford Marsalis Trio. 7/30–8/4: Lou Donaldson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 7/23: Carla White Quartet. 7/24–7/27: Joe Locke Quin-

Talent

Friends of Tim

Of all the musical realms that the intrepid musicians of Brave Combo have surveyed—from polka to waltz to schottische to huapango—on their latest record, *Girl*, they've truly entered the otherwordly. Rather than visiting Balinese gamelan or Japanese gagaku, *Girl* explores a place inhabited solely by one New York-bred, 65-year-old Lebanese-American by the name of Herbert Khaury—a.k.a. Tiny Tim. Those who remember nothing more of Tim than a kitschy mega-novelty act are missing what the men of Brave Combo have found to be a living repository of singing styles from pop's golden age, a one-man Tin Pan Alley. "I know it sounds kind of dull," says Combo guitarist/keyboardist Carl Finch, 44, "but I really think he's one of the greatest pop stars ever. There's this magic of him losing touch with reality to sing a song. He becomes this amazing interpreter of the music." On the sweet and hauntingly weird *Girl*, said music runs to classics from the Gay Nineties to the thirties, including "That Old Feeling," "Stardust," and the 1898 chestnut "Sly Cigarette." More typical of Brave Combo (which performs *sans* Tim at the Westbeth Theatre, July 23, and Midsummer Night Swing, July 24), *Girl* also includes such compelling disorientation as a cha-cha "Hey Jude" and a grave reading of the Beatles' title track, which Tim closes with an impromptu spoken lament. Turns out, Tim is something of a monologist as well. "He has no one writing his rules," says Finch. "In the middle of mixing [the record], he started to tell me about eating a box of Rice-a-Roni dry." Chris Norris



Photograph by Jane Finch.

tet. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégé and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece Orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 7/22–7/27: Pianist Harold Mabern and bassist Jamil Nasser. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 7/23: Ward and Wheeler Variety Show; New York Comedy Nights. 7/24 and 7/26–7/28: Carlos Mencia. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as a NYC apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/22–7/28: Ben Creed; Billy Jaye; John Rizzo; Rick Scott; Brian McFadden; Nancy Redman. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300-square-feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 7/26–7/27: Rich Francese; Mark Marin; Ben Creed; Marci Coyote Rose. 8/2–8/3: Larry Amorose; Mario Cantone; Todd Barry. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 p.m.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/25–7/27: Larry Amoros; André Fernandez; Brian McFadden; Dan Wilson. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—With each return engagement—this is his third—the smooth young romantic crooner Phillip Officer seems more at home in this distinguished and intimate venue. His current offering is a show titled "Going My Way," a tribute to simpatico noodler Bing Crosby. Through 7/27. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Through 9/7, dancing on Saturday evenings from 8:30 to 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $25 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 8/3, pop/folk star Richie Havens returns for his second summertime engagement here. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the Rainbow Room's "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band in alternating sets. Tues.–Sat. from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. $20 music charge; an à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.–Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, Yolanda Turner of *The King and I* sings the songs of Jerome Kern. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).*

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the sunset view. The line starts Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

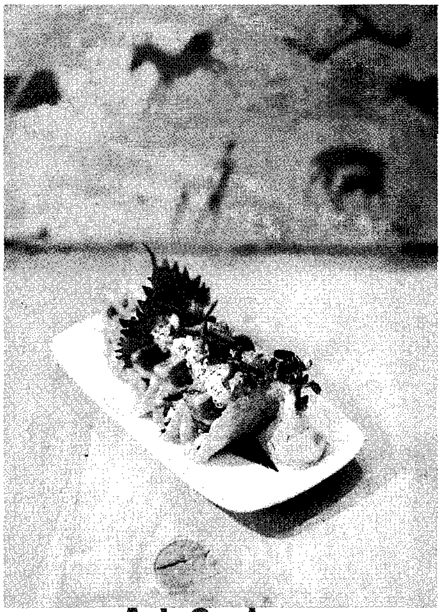
Performance

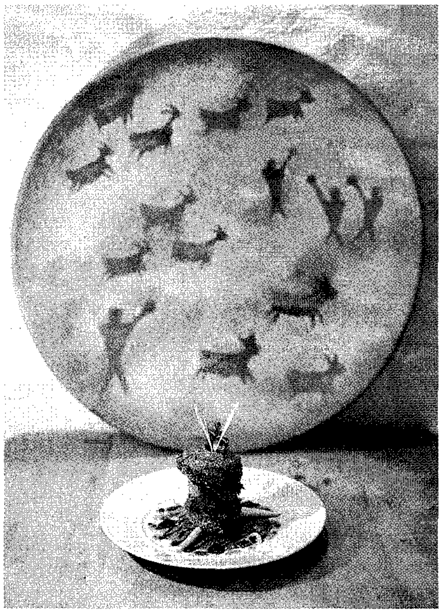
Their G-G-Generation

Crown princes of St. Marks Place, D-Generation (Irving Plaza, July 26) sneers, pouts, and mousses its way to the lead of New York's very own hard-rock renaissance.

Photograph by Marti Wilkerson.

Diced Greens...Beverage Barn...Hot Lobster





Ask Gael

Wild, Wild West

Where do you go in spite of the horrors?

A series of inspired fantasists have paraded through the kitchen at Arizona 206. Miles Angelo currently rules the tiny roost—a driven poet, cooking as if he had inhabited Frida Kahlo's inner eye. No southwestern grandma would recognize cured-salmon-and-potato quesadilla or tuna tacos with wasabi to-biko or the carrot-ginger butter of his chiles rellenos. No matter. I suffer the torturous din for his pumpkin-crusted wild bass or the chili-rubbed lamb chops. And molten Aztec chocolate-truffle cake with lime-cilantro sorbet is a final solace. (206 East 60th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, *$15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and* under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country and a fabulous selection of vegetarian dishes make this a downtown destination. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus at a table in the outdoor café. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hang-out for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. *533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites.

Shopping

Bulk Beer

Steep rents and cramped spaces have, mostly, kept discount beverage stores out of Manhattan. Now, New York Beverage saves us the borough beer run, with 5,000 square feet of domestic and imported microbrews (kegs available), plus designer water, soft drinks, and Yoo Hoo by the case. Best of all, it delivers. (428 East 91st Street.)

Cave Creek
Chili BEER
Hart Brewing Inc.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 36 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this ulta-casual crab hall is justly famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. *Chelsea Piers; Pier 61 (835-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Fifties-theme diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

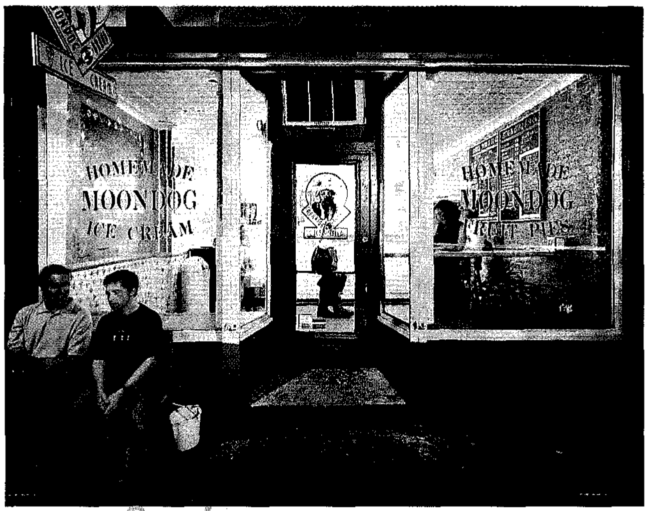
Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in



Opening

Moondog Days

Opened by refugees from Peter's, the much-loved, counter-culturally kid-friendly ice-cream parlor at the foot of Brooklyn Heights, Moondog (378 Bleecker Street) rotates more than a hundred flavors, from basic vanilla to an inspired chocolate Guinness stout. To come: a second branch, with a garden, at their factory in Williamsburg.

winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner, or tea, and the contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Colony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crusted pizzas. *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Twins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely of identical twins, this is the only restaurant in town where you're meant to see double. The menu features American food with a doubles theme, from twin lobsters every Tuesday night to double chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden and space for private parties. Children are welcome. *1712 Second Ave., at 89th St. (987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) ($).*

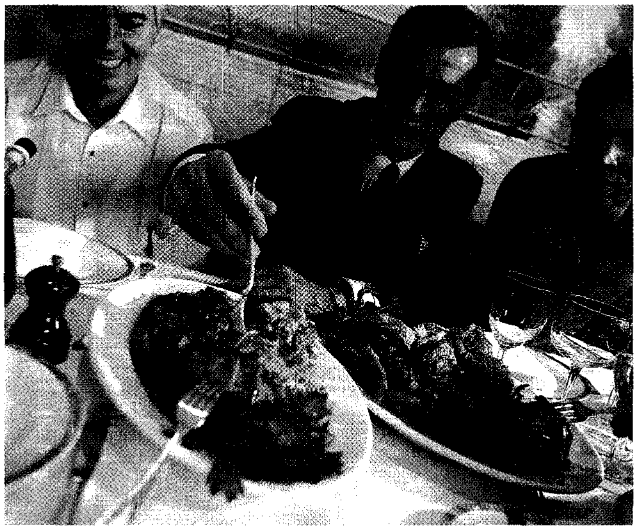
Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Object of Desire
Red-Hot

That old favorite lobster fra diavolo is becoming a menu staple once again. Nino's offers one of the best renditions—robust Italian red sauce spiced with jalapeños, the perfect foil for lobster's pure sweetness. The restaurant uses only three-and-a-half-pounders, and serves it over fresh linguine. (1354 First Avenue, near 72nd Street.)



Photograph by Robert Wright.

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Comeback

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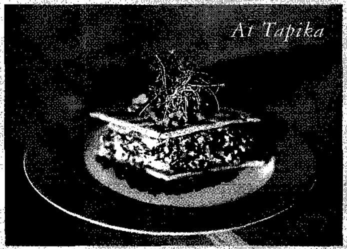

At Tapika

Can it be that in this age of cross-culinary mania and fusion confusion, chefs are plumbing the native repertory for American originals? It would seem so, judging from the reemergence of chopped salad, that fifties-ish homogenized toss of diced greens. Today's versions share little more with their bland prototype than texture. The Lobster Club's Anne Rosenzweig says hers gets "great crunches" from foreign objects like jicama. Ease of eating is a major draw. "You don't need a knife; you don't need to think," says Rosenzweig. "If you're having a business meeting, you don't need to look down." ROBIN RAISFELD

RESTAURANT	WHAT'S IN THE DICE
MONKEY BAR; 60 East 54th Street	Patrician, heaping serving of asparagus, beets, haricots verts, and a choice of chicken or tuna
TAPIKA; 950 Eighth Avenue, at 56th Street	Chopped vegetables with a tangy queso blanco dressing and toasted garlic flatbread
THE LOBSTER CLUB; 24 East 80th Street	Ethereally dressed blend of jicama, zucchini, cucumber, carrots, avocado, mesclun, and tomato with tangerine and cucumber juices
VERBENA; 54 Irving Place	Taleggio cheese on open-faced toast with watercress, roasted peppers, and chopped endive
13 BARROW ST.; 13 Barrow Street	Middle Easterny mélange of radicchio, Boston lettuce, arugula, roasted peppers, mint, and feta with shallot-balsamic vinaigrette
THE BEER BAR AT CAFÉ CENTRO; 200 Park Avenue	"Chop-Chop" salad of mixed greens, pineapples, wonton noodles, and napa cabbage
MAD.61 CHELSEA CAFE; 10 East 61st Street	Romaine, sweet baby corn, Italian ham, Swiss cheese, and grilled chicken breast with mayonnaise

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

kids

Treasure Hunt...*Brain Opera*

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Feathered Cap—More than 30 tribes of Native Americans descend upon New York for the **Thunderbird American Indian Mid-Summer Pow-Wow**—a two-day competition of tribal dancing, chanting, and drumming. A historian narrates the genesis of each ceremonial dance and costume. 7/27 and 7/28. Grounds open at noon; dancing on Sat. from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M., and on Sun. from 1 to 4. Queens County Farm Museum, 73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park (718-347-3276). Free with admission, $3 for children 12 and under, $6 for adults. ◉

Rabbit Redux—Singer/illusionist J. P. Jarrett, direct from Las Vegas, levitates, performs Houdini-like escapes, and, yes, produces a bunny. The **Altered Reality Magic Show,** now showing every weekend at Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (Friday at 7, Saturday at 2 and 7, Sunday at 2). Call 838-8528 for tickets; $15 for adults, $10 for children under 12.

Gold Mine—Search for hidden treasures in the Ramble of Central Park after a lesson in navigation tricks at the Observatory's map table. Kids over 6 are invited to **I Spy Central Park** this Saturday (7/27) from 1 to 3. Call 772-0210 for further details. ●◉

Virtual Vocals—Conduct, compose, and create with Tod Machover's "hyperinstruments": a virtual baton, a melody easel, and a sensor chair, to name a few. Your interactions with these high-tech devices will be incorporated into a 45-minute musical experience titled ***Brain Opera,*** a long-awaited, highlight of the Lincoln Center Festival 96. 7/23 through 8/3, performances are in the lobby of Juilliard's Morse Theater every hour on the hour, from 1 to 7 P.M. Passes are distributed from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. at the Walter Reade Theater on each performance day. ●

Deep Sleep—Sign up early for a family sleepover at the **New York Aquarium,** where flashlight tours shed light on whether sharks ever sleep and what beluga whales do at bedtime, and offer opportunities to feed coral-reef fish. Meals, snacks, T-shirts for fish printing, and other materials are provided with the fee. Just bring your pajamas and toothbrush. Boardwalk at W. 8th St. (718-265-3400). Through 8/23 from 6 P.M. to 9 the next morning; $82.50 for one adult and child, $35 for each additional person.

The Color of Justice—**Theatreworks** premieres a new play about the landmark civil-rights case *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* in which a girl named Linda from Topeka, Kansas, helped change the lives of schoolchildren all over America. Recommended for children 10 and older; children under 6 will not be admitted. Free tickets are available at the box office the day of the performance. Through 7/31, Mon. through Fri. at 11 and 2 and Sat. at 11 A.M. No performances on Sundays. **The New Victory Theater,** 209 W. 42nd St. (642-6754). ●◉

Dark Continent—At the **Bronx Zoo**'s weeklong *"African Encounter,"* wildlife keepers will talk with visitors about their day-to-day encounters with lions, giraffes, okapi, zebras, and cheetahs. Kids can get their faces painted and join in hectic drumming and dancing. 185th St. and Southern Blvd. (718-220-5197). Through 7/28 from 11:30 to 4:30.

Roots of Rap—**The Penny Bridge Players** and the **Interborough Repertory Theater** have joined forces to bring you the rap version of seminal poetic works by Langston Hughes, Maya Angelou, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and other African-American writers. 7/22 through 7/26 at 10:30 and 1. Church of St. Luke & St. Matthew, 520 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn (206-6875). Tickets are $6 for children and $8 for adults. ◉

No Strings—Dragons, sprites, villagers, and heroes come to life, manipulated by puppeteers who are hidden behind screens, beneath a red-and-gold pagoda. The **Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre** from Hanoi gives eleven performances, accompanied by musicians playing traditional folk instruments, as part of Lincoln Center Festival 96. Through 7/27 at 6:30 and 9. Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, 63rd St. and Columbus Ave. (875-5108). ●◉

Kids on Stage—Children star in two performances at **TADA!,** a theatre ensemble whose productions are consistently polished and lively. *Maggie and the Pirate* is a musical involving a mischievous new kid in the neighborhood. *Skates,* a dance piece, features several humanoid dogs and cats. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at noon and 2, Saturdays at 1 and 3, Sundays (8/18 only) at 1 and 3. Through 8/18. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); $6 for children, $12 for adults.

Backbone—**The American Museum of Natural History** has recently added a renovated and reorganized Hall of Vertebrate Origins and Orientation Center. Kids can punch up information on interactive computer terminals, videos, and electronic newspapers in the Orientation Center. The six halls, with the largest and most varied group of vertebrate fossils found anywhere in the world, tell the story of vertebrate evolution. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800); $7, $5 for students and seniors, $4 for children 12 and under.

Real, Live Boy—The Pinocchio Festival welcomes you to Geppetto's workshop, where you too can make marionettes. Learn about animatronics from the makers of the Muppets, help produce the TV quiz show *The Big Lie,* and talk to a Liberty Science Center entomologist about why Jiminy Cricket makes so much noise. 7/24 through 7/28. **The Children's Museum of Manhattan,** 212 W. 83rd St. Call 721-1223 for the schedule of daily workshops. Admission is $5, free to children under 2 . ◉

Cue

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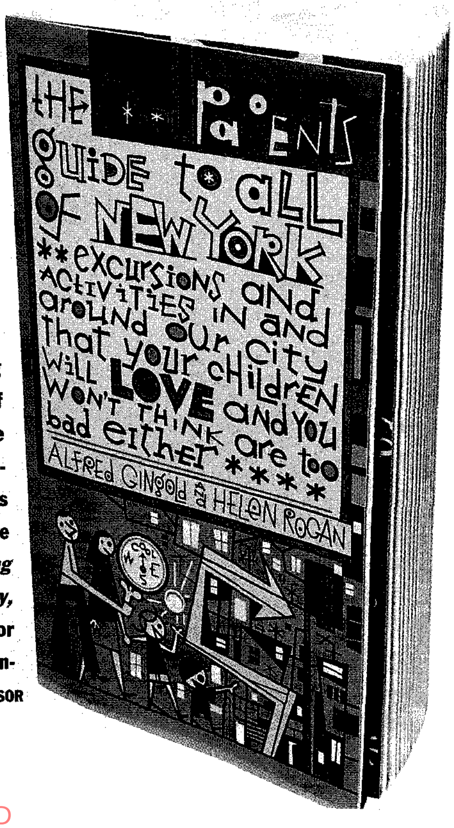
In Print

Going by the Book

Just as our fresh-out-of-school enthusiasm for family outings has subsided and the serious heat has set in, *The Cool Parents Guide to All of New York* (City & Company, $12.95) appears in bookstores, and our zeal is renewed. Amidst useful information on surefire excursions to the Statue of Liberty and the Bronx Zoo, authors Alfred Gingold and Helen Rogan offer tantalizing details on stuff you can't find in other guidebooks: *"adorable contraband" turtles that can be purchased* (illegally) in Chinatown, a reindeer farm in New Jersey, and caves near the northern tip of Manhattan that were once inhabited by Indians. The authors seductively weave a knowing familiarity with parents' weaknesses into the text as well. We learn, for instance, that beer and wine can be ordered at the Liberty Science Center's Laser Lights Café, and that a trip to the Intrepid Sea*Air*Space Museum can be topped off with a strong cup of coffee at the nearby Cupcake Cafe. But for some of us parents, even these clever enticements may not be enough to provoke outings with sticky children in 90-degree weather. And it's precisely for us that the authors have thoughtfully included an annotated list of ten all-time great rentable New York movies. The videos, such as *King Kong, Searching for Bobby Fischer,* and *West Side Story,* have just enough intellectual content here and there for parents to rationalize the occasional (comfortably air-conditioned) indoor, armchair family outing. BARBARA ENSOR


THE PARENTS
GUIDE to ALL OF NEW YORK
excursions and activities in and around our city that your children will LOVE and you won't think are too bad either *
ALFRED GINGOLD & HELEN ROGAN

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

the mix

Garden Conservancy...The Art of Truman Capote

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—7/23: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 25 in C, K. 503, and Gould's *Spirituals for Orchestra.* 7/24: Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Opus 83. 7/25: Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 5 in D, Opus 107, *Reformation,* and Stravinsky's *The Firebird.* 7/26: Vivaldi's *L'Estro armonico,* Opus 3: No. 4, Four Violin Concerto in e, and Prokofiev's Symphony No. 5 in B flat, Opus 100. 7/29: Dvorák's *Scherzo Capriccioso,* Opus 66, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2 in c, Opus 17, *Little Russian.* 7/30: Rossini's *Semiramide:* Overture, and Raff's Symphony No. 2 in C, Opus 140. 7/31: Herbden's String Concerto in E flat, Opus 2, No. 4, and Dvorák's Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Opus 10. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Breakfast at Random House—7/28 at 8 P.M.: "Truman Capote." With James Atlas, Helen Gurley Brown, C. Z. Guest, Charlie Matthau, Kay Meehan, and Andre Leon Talley. Harold Evans is the host and moderator. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—7/27 at 1: Janácek's *Osud.* With Peter Straka, Livia Aghova, Marta Benackova, and Stefan Margita. Gerd Albrecht conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/23: A. E. Hotchner talks about his new novel, *Louisiana Purchase.* 7/24: Dr. Alan Cooper discusses *Philip Roth and the Jews.* 7/25: Novelist Jennifer Belle discusses *Going Down.* 7/29: Constance Chen, who wrote *The Sex Side of Life;* Mary Ware Dennett's pioneering battle for birth control and sex education; John Richardson and his Hollywood novel *The Viper's Club;* 7/30: Ted Sorensen talks about *Why I Am a Democrat;* Roger Parloff, author of *Triple Jeopardy,* a look at law at its best and worst. 7/31: David Kaplan, who wrote *The Cult at the End of the World,* discusses the story of the Aum Doomsday cult; Karen Ma, author of *The Modern Madame Butterfly,* talks about fantasies and reality in Japanese cross-cultural relationships. Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

Casper Citron—7/27 at 10 P.M.: Sir Edmond Hillary, the first man to scale the summit of Mt. Everest, speaks about his many adventures in this special encore presentation recorded some years ago; Dr. Kenneth Kamler, who was on the recent expedition that took eight lives, tells about his participation in the May 11 disaster; Roy Snyder, a social and cultural historian, discusses *Metropolitan Lives;* Brendan Gill, famed *New Yorker* writer, takes a look at 75 people whose achievements came later in life, in *Late Bloomers.* WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Readings at KGB—7/24: David Sedaris and Dale Peck (both reading from works-in-progress). 7/31: Beth Nugent reading from *Live Girls;* Rebecca Stowe reading from *The Shadow of Desire.* Kraine Gallery Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free. All readings are at 7 P.M.

Summerstage—7/25: Jim Carroll and Richard Hell. 8/1: Mutabaruka, Oku Onura, Lillian Allen. A one-night dub-poetry festival. They are joined by reggae's cultural-roots band AK7. Enter at 72nd Street and Fifth Avenue to Rumsey Playfield. Summerstage information hotline: 360-CPSS. Free.

Tours

Immigrant New York—7/24 at 1: A multiethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa to see the contributions made by immigrants of yesterday and today. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

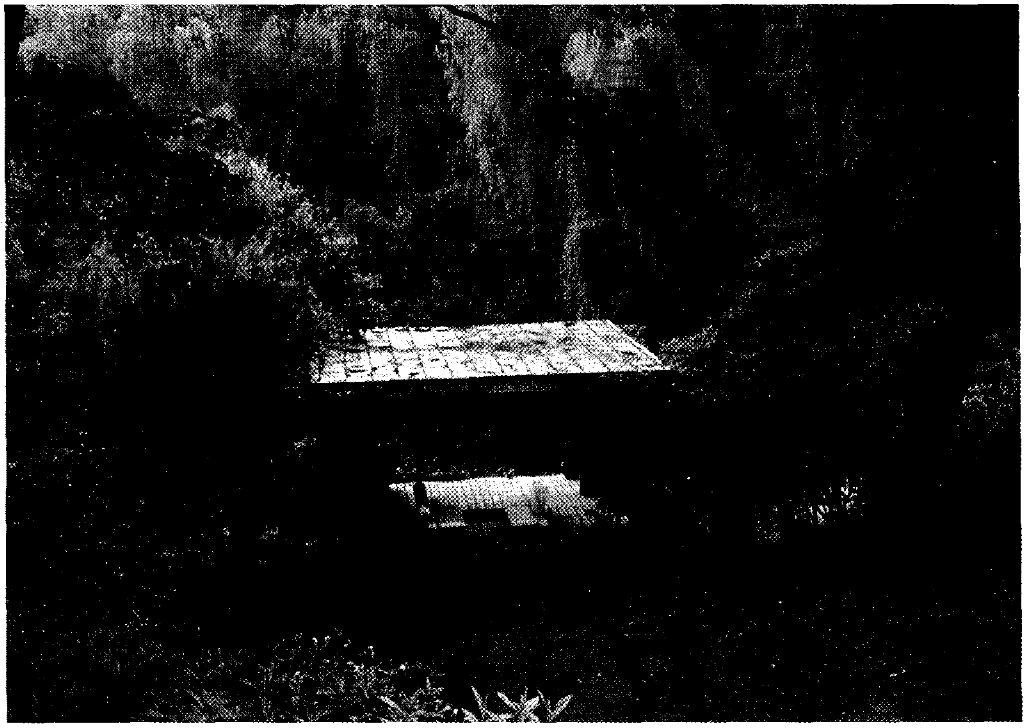
"I'll Never Go There Anymore": The Bowery—7/27 at 1: A walking tour along the most infamous street in New York City history. Discover such wonders as: Big Tim Sullivan's headquarters, P. T. Barnum's Circus, McGlurk's Suicide Hall, theaters, saloons, criminals, and the Handkerchief Girls. Meet at the sculpture of the black cube at Astor Place. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

The Flamboyant and the Bohemian—8/3 at 1: Washington Square and How It Became Famous. Past luminaries including Stanford White, Margaret Sanger, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Such current personalities as Bella Abzug and Ed Koch. Sites such as the old hanging tree, the Triangle Fire, and the great coffee houses of the Beat Generation. Meet under the Washington Arch, Fifth Avenue below 8th St. Call Joyce Gold at 242-5762 for more information; $12.

Central Park—7/27 at 1: A walking tour through New York's collective backyard to explore what is the largest work in the city. Designed by Olmsted and Vaux as a place for spiritual uplift, today

Happening
Green Acres

The fashionable (and welcome) enthusiasm for public access to private space is even more becoming when it's not corporations but citizens who are opening their doors. Well, their *gates,* anyway: The Garden Conservancy's wonderful "Open Days" program is once again underway, allowing you to visit private gardens in Dutchess, Westchester, and Suffolk counties as well as in the entire state of Connecticut—the remaining big summer dates are July 28, August 11, and September 14 and 15. Call 914-265-2029 for a directory.



it is used for much more. Stops include sites of Seneca Village, the rocking-chair riot, Strawberry Fields, and Robert Moses's smallest but greatest defeat. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—7/28 at 1: A walking tour featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Learn about this "land of the immigrants" while munching on everything from bialys to dim sum to fresh mozzarella. Meet at southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Streets, in front of the Olympic Restaurant. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for meeting site; $12, $10 students and seniors.

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money. But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work as well. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. The tour is $12; call 642-9166 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

Exhibitions

The New American Ghetto—Through 9/20: America's urban communities, in their decline and their renovation, are the subject of a photographic and video installation on display at the Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Galleries. The 140 color photographs form a chronicle of photographer and sociologist Camilo Jose Vergara's twenty-year journey around America documenting its ghettoes. Gallery hours are 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Municipal's Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

The 1996 Atlanta Olympics—NBC's family-oriented programming proved such a ratings success at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics that the network is repeating the strategy. Expect loads of the "big six" sports in prime time, regardless of the actual time the events took place: swimming, gymnastics, diving, track and field, volleyball, and basketball. Better make that men's basketball. Despite a yearlong, 100,000-mile-plus barnstorming tour and bagging the cover of the *Times Magazine*'s Olympics special issue, the majority of the women's Dream Team games will be seen during the late-night segments. In fact, only the Gold Medal women's basketball game will be seen in prime time—on 8/4, a day after the men's final and just before the closing ceremonies. If you're into archery, badminton, fencing, team handball, field hockey, judo, the modern pentathlon, shooting, table tennis, or softball, you're out of luck: NBC has no plans to devote any of its 170-plus hours of coverage to those events. Through 8/4 on NBC. Mon., 7/22, 10 A.M.–1 P.M., 7:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:41–2:11 A.M. Tues., 7/23, 10 A.M.–1 P.M., 7:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:41–2:11 A.M. Wed., 7/24, 10 A.M.–1 P.M., 7:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:41–2:11 A.M. Thurs., 7/25, 10 A.M.–1 P.M., 7:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:41–2:11 A.M. Fri., 7/26, 10 A.M.–1 P.M., 7:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:41–2:11 A.M. Sat., 7/27, noon–5:30 P.M., 6:30 P.M.–midnight, 12:30–2 A.M. Sun., 7/28, 7–10 A.M., noon–6 P.M., 7 P.M.–midnight, 12:30–2 A.M.

Yankees—The Yanks host that other surprisingly dominant AL division leader, the Texas Rangers, 7/22–7/24. Mon. and Tues. at 7:35, Wed. at 1:05. Vs. Kansas City, 7/25–7/28. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:35 (Ch. 11), Sat. at 4:05, Sun. at 1:35 (Ch. 11). All other games on MSG. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

Mets—Did someone say *wild card*? At Colorado, 7/23–7/24 (SC). Tues. at 2:05 and 9:05, Wed. at 9:05. At Cincinnati, 7/26–7/28. Fri. at 7:35, Sat. at 1:05, Sun. at 2:15. All other games on Ch. 9. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

MetroStars—A home-and-home vs. the San Jose Clash 7/24 and 7/28. At San Jose Wed. at 10:30 (MSG). At Giants Stadium Sun. at 3 (Univision). Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

The Entertainer's Basketball Classic—Holcombe Rucker Park, 155th St. at Eighth Ave. Mon.–Thurs. at 6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. at noon. Call 246-6299 for more info. Through 8/13.

The Pro Am Basketball Tournament—At the Corona Louis Armstrong Center, 108th and Northern Blvd., Queens, and at Riverbank State Park, 145th St. and Riverside Dr. Mon. and Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 through 8/5.

The West 4th Street Basketball Tournament—W. 4th St. and Sixth Ave. Mon.–Fri. at 6, Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 8/13.

The Nike Pro-Am—Hunter College, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. Through 8/18. Tues. and Thurs. at 6:30 and 8:30. Call 505-9494 for more info.

New York Road Runners Club—Chase Corporate Central Park Challenge (3.5M). Wed., 7/24, at 7 P.M. The New 92.3 K-Rock Reservoir 5K Run. East Dr. at 97th St. (adjacent to the reservoir). Sat., 7/27, 9 A.M. For more info, call NYRRC at 860-4455 (e-mail membership@nyrrc.org).

Inner-City Games Competition—The inner-city-youth-oriented "mini-Olympics," created in L.A. in the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict, and subsequently adopted by Ah-nuld when Conan the Republican was George Bush's fitness kaiser, concludes this Tues., 7/23. Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Call 788-8389 for more info.

USTA Tennis Caravan—A joint project between the United States Tennis Association and the City Parks Foundation's Youth Tennis program. Teaching pros from the USTA, with equipment, will travel to more than 30 city parks and schools throughout the five boroughs to conduct clinics for youths ages 6–18. Mon., 7/22, 9:30 A.M. at Fort Greene, 1:30 P.M. at Jackie Robinson Playground. Tues., 7/23, 9:30 A.M. at Cunningham Park, 1:30 P.M. at Forest Park. Wed., 7/24, 9:30 A.M. at Astoria Park, 1:30 P.M. at McKinley Park. Thurs., 7/25, 9:30 A.M. at Inwood Hill, 1:30 P.M. at Pelham Bay Park. Call the National Tennis Center (718-760-6200) for future dates and more info.

Online

"If You Don't Have a Loved One. . ."—And even if you do, stop by and chat with paradigmatic public-access-television personality Robin Byrd (endearing host of *The Robin Byrd Show*) in the *New York* Magazine Forum. On CompuServe, *go* NYTALK: 7/23 at 9 P.M.

Manhattan Sex Crimes D.A.—Linda Fairstein has prosecuted some of the toughest crimes in New York City: rape, sexual assault, and domestic violence. Cases she prosecuted or supervised include the trial of Robert Chambers and the Central Park–jogger rape case. Her novel *Final Jeopardy* is the story of a determined heroine who goes behind the scenes into the "terrifying" world of a Manhattan sex-crimes D.A. On Prodigy: 7/22 at 10 P.M.

Andie McDowell—Charming model-cum-actress chats about the new Harold Ramis movie she stars in with Michael Keaton, *Multiplicity*. Talk to her on America Online: 7/23 at 9 P.M.

Douglas Rushkoff—Author of *Media Virus* and many articles about the cyberworld hosts "TYPE: A Words Conference" on SonicNet: 7/24 at 7 P.M. Go to SonicNet's Web Central for an in-depth FAQ[*http://www.sonicnet.com/sonicore/chat*]

Martin Landau—From 1999 to 1399, the Oscar-winning actor talks about his new film *The Adventures of Pinocchio*, which opens July 26. On America Online: 7/24 at 9 P.M.

Learning HTML—Todd Stauffer discusses the new book *HTML by Example*, in the CompuServe Conference Center: 7/24 at 9 P.M.

Slayer—Metal band Slayer's new album *Undisputed Attitude* is out now. Chat with them about it on Prodigy in the SonicNet area: 7/25 at 7:30 P.M.

What Your Hand Says About You—Handwriting analyst Ellen Jones profiles the writing of one lucky America Online member live: 7/25 at 10 P.M.

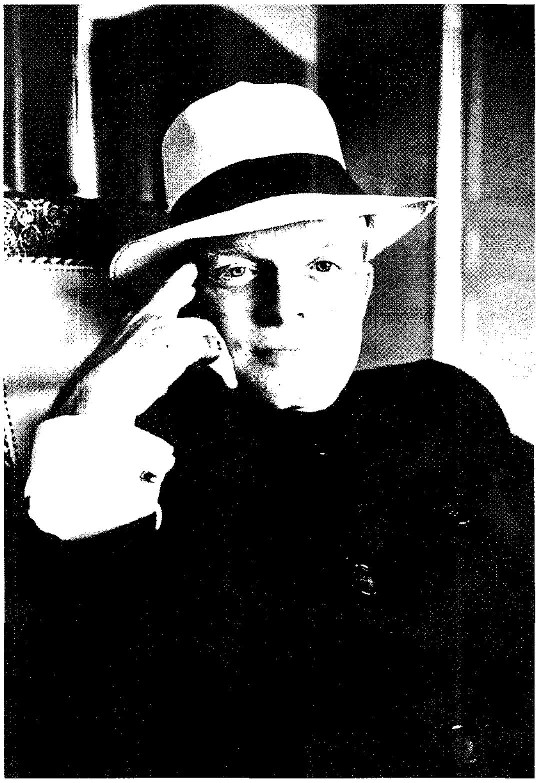
Evander Holyfield—The former heavyweight-boxing champ will chat about the current state of boxing, his career, and a possible upcoming confrontation with Mike Tyson. In his eleven years as a professional boxer, "The Real Deal" has been involved in *The Fight of the Year* four times. On Prodigy: 7/25 at 10 P.M.

Olympic-Size Kitchen—Chef Louie Ferretti, the man responsible for feeding the Olympic Village in Atlanta during the Centennial Games, talks about the kitchen and all the food. On America Online: 7/25 at 10 P.M.

The New Bond—Raymond Benson is the author chosen to carry on the James Bond books. What would Fleming think? Chat with him and get a sense of his style on Microsoft Network, *go* FILM: 7/26 at 9 P.M.

Olympic Gold Medalist Evelyn Ashford—Discuss this year's crop of Olympic athletes and get some of her advice for promising young athletes. On CompuServe: 7/26 at 9 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net



Radio **Panels, colloquiums, symposiums are ideal for radio broadcast: The listener invests no money and can come and go without offending anyone. Random House's long-running literary-breakfast series at mad.61 has topics and participants that hold a room; it's also $35 a ticket. But recent panels (such as the one on Truman Capote, above) are now aired Sundays on WNYC. (See listings.)**

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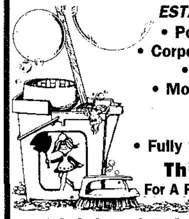

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Eclectic Brunette—A very attractive ex-ballerina (30s, 5'6", slender), who now works in the medical field, is seeking a multifaceted man (35-50). He should be sincere, attractive and successful, with a kind heart and good self-esteem. My interests include the performing arts, travel to both cities and places of natural beauty, working out at the gym, and spending time with friends and family. 9304 ✉ ☎

Accomplished Surgeon—Diverse, attractive nice guy, 5'10", fun, 41, Jewish. Seeks warm lady under 37, for passion, family. Phone/photo necessary. 9379 ✉

Arnold's Austrian Aphrodite—Fit, fashionable female seeks fun, 40s, financially secure male for fabulous times, fine dining and friendship. I am 37, 5'8", successful Manhattanite. "You'll be back." Photo/note/phone to: 9372 ✉

Let's Tee It Up!—Romantic, loving, kind, attractive, successful, fit (5'11", 185 lbs, nonsmoking), funny, active 55. Besides golf, I also like the arts, dancing, cooking, movies, reading and travel. Seeking a woman (dark hair preferred), 45-55, who is also loving, sensuous, attractive, fit, professionally successful, and who is not stressed by water hazards. Goal: long-term partnership for life, love and commitment. Your club or mine? Send note. Photo too, please. 9378 ✉ ☎

Ambitious, Athletic, Young-Looking—Christian white male, 6'1", 185, age 42. Enjoys fine restaurants, baseball games, getaways to Montauk, comedy. Well-educated MBA, business owner. Seeks age 20-something or 30-something, emotionally secure, shapely female with some mutual interests. LI or Queens, please. Send photo/note; will swap if requested. 9339 ✉

Brilliant, Loving, Handsome—Wealthy Jewish investor, 40s, Ivy degrees, tall, funny, confident, cuddly, caring, thriving, articulate, East Side, seeks happy, capable, gentle, warm, educated, beautiful, tactile, supportive, charming, optimistic upper-class woman, 30s, to start family. 9320 ✉

Japanese, Beautiful Lady—27, 5'7", well-educated, with class, elegance and a warm heart. Loves the arts, travel and city life. Seeks really successful, romantic, honest gentleman for serious relationship. MD, lawyer or Wall Street type preferred. A recent photo/note/phone, please. 9280 ✉

Beautiful New-Age Princess—Seeks Prince for fairy-tale romance. I'm 44, long dark hair, blue eyes, 5'8", shapely size 12, successful, spiritual, emotionally aware, animal lover. Let's make today the beginning of our tomorrows together. Nonsmoker/animal lover preferred. Detailed letter/photo/phone. 9321 ✉

Dreams And A Black Lace Dress—Sensuous, creative, very attractive blond, slender yet curvaceous, early 40s, president of consulting company, with entrepreneurial spirit, who believes "there are those that see what is and ask why and those that dream what never was and say why not." My interests are varied and range from cerebral to culinary, aesthetic to athletic. I prefer dialogue to cyberchat, Main Street to malls, write poetry, paint, enjoy city nightlife as well as country wildlife. My counterpart should be accomplished in his field, 45-60, approach life with humor, passion and insight - not afraid of romance/commitment. 9368 ✉ ☎

Twice In A Lifetime—I miss romance and affection...and seek it one more time. I'm a professional Jewish gentleman, 48, 5'6", fit and trim. I've been told I have fine character, emotional integrity and compassion. My favorites include boating, dinner by candlelight, music and conversation. I seek a pretty, petite female partner, 33-45, NS (nonsmoker), NP (non-princess), NWOQ (non-workout queen), mom okay. Must have a positive outlook, a kind and gentle heart, to share and care. Note/photo optional/phone. 9362 ✉

Absolutely Stunning Jewish Lady—24, seeks Jewish MD/DVM, 26-33, for everlasting love. Note/photo. 9310 ✉

Witty, Handsome, Caring—Successful attorney, seeks bright, stylish, very attractive, urban, nonsmoking woman, 49 plus, to share a first-class future. Letter and recent photo. 9365 ✉

Sugar And Spice—That's what this pretty, slim, sophisticated Italian-American, 40s professional, is made of. Seeks post-grad-educated, possibly European-born Christian man, 42-52, made of generosity, gentle ways, great sense of humor and interest in really living life and loving one woman. Photo/letter. 9315 ✉

Ruggedly Handsome, 35—Athletic, passionate, down-to-earth, a true gentleman - enjoys tennis, candlelight dinners, dancing, and quiet weekends in the country. Seeks beautiful, physically fit woman, 20-33. Photo. 9331 ✉ ☎

Hot Fun In The Summertime—Sexy blond CPA/entrepreneur, 5'7", Jewish, slim, athletic, seeks Jewish gentleman, JD/investment banker/businessman, age 42-55, with a great sense of humor, to share my beach blanket and suntan lotion and enjoy romantic candlelight dinners, Godiva chocolates and cappuccino. Divorced/widowed preferred. Kids okay. Note/phone/photo. 9303 ✉

I Want You—To want me. Attractive black woman, 5'9", 130, athletic to slim figure, in search of a single white male - must be at least 6' tall. Interests include theater, arts, travel, fine dining, movies. Seeking long-term relationship. 9355 ✉ ☎

Great Guy Seeks Soul Mate!—Bright, warm, fun(ny), athletic, handsome, very successful, energetic, 32, 5'8" - seeks attractive, fun, active, smart, together, down-to-earth, easygoing, affectionate, marriage-minded Jewish female, 22-30, under 120 lbs. Prefer photo. 9352 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Professional—30s, divorced, Woody Allen-ish - likes philosophy, rock and jazz, animals, snorkeling. Seeks brainy, earthy, petite woman. Photo. 9382 ✉

I'm So Ready I Can Taste It—Are you? Fran Drescher (The Nanny) look-alike, 36, Jewish, atypical attorney, fabulous, fit, funny. You: tall, handsome, fit, with style, very successful, Jewish, 34-42, witty, kind, interesting and interested. Note/phone/photo a must. Thanks. 9288 ✉

Very Pretty Professional—30, sensuous, adventurous, warm, seeks very handsome/successful professional male - insightful, fit, 30-36. Note/photo. 9305 ✉

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Wanted: First-Class Wasp Guy—50-60s, by warm, lovely, pretty, petite, blond, blue-eyed (914) lady. Photo. 9342 ✉ ☎

Auburn And Alluring—With great looks, taste and style (so I'm told). I'm 39, Jewish, with a beautiful 4-year-old daughter. Looking for chemistry with the right man. You are kind, sensitive, emotionally and financially secure, aware of culture and the arts and preferably (not necessarily) into golf. If you admire independence, intelligence and success in a woman who is also warm, nurturing and fun-loving, please send note/photo. 9348 ✉ ☎

Handsome/Good Heart—Family-oriented, successful Jewish male, 47, seeking intelligent, pretty, fit female, 35-45, to share all that life has to offer. I enjoy sports, dining out, movies...and have a good personality and a great sense of humor. Note/photo/phone. 9293 ✉ ☎

Romance—Are there still people out there who believe in it? This 5'11", 175 lb, green-eyed Greek/Jewish male, 1961 model, looking for 27-34-year woman who wants a true romance with marriage to follow. Cindy Crawford looks desirable. Photo/note. (914) preferred. 9326 ✉

He's So Fine—So honest, so funny, so fit. Divorced Jewish dad, 46, marketing VP, seeks the acquaintance of a Jewish woman (35-45) with strong cultural and athletic interests. Please be a nonsmoker with a positive personality. Photo/letter. 9328 ✉

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First Time—Handsome, athletic, professional, 33-year-old Jewish guy seeks "sexy" tomboy-type female for running partner and... Note/photo/phone. 9363 ✉

Attractive, Joyful, Centered—Professional (long dark hair, green eyes, fair skin, 5'7", 35, nonsmoking). Interests include romance languages, art, films, yoga, cooking and sports. Seeks same in gentle man (30-40). 9345 ✉ ☎

Bald, Smart Male Wanted—By beautiful, fit grad student. 9313 ✉

"Top Ten" List:—Honesty, respect, love, affection, family, movies, dinner, fun, travel, sports. Wanted by 36-year-old, 5'4", adventurous female. Photo/note/phone, please. 9370 ✉

Manhattan MD—45, 5'10", 175. Interests include Italian restaurants, travel, the arts. Seeks very pretty lady, nonsmoker, ambitious. Under 40 and/or great legs a plus. Note/photo/phone. 9373 ✉

Prince Seeks Princess—European professional, good looks, slim, 6'1", 30s, fun, seeks attractive lady - slender, over 5'5", 20s-30s, bright, cultured, charming, (203) or (212). Expect candlelight dinners, red roses, fiery romance. Photo/phone. 9361✉

Successful Businessman—Jewish, 44, tired of the singles scene. Enjoys movies, theater, travel, suburbs, romantic settings, museums. Seeks honest, slender woman, 30-39, not a time-waster. Wants children, marriage. Phone/photo. 9324 ✉

Jersey Girl—Crazy about sailing, travel, art, the outdoors! 40, professional, spiritual, petite. Seeking lifetime best friend, lover, companion. Note/photo. 9286 ✉

Striking Brunette, 40s—Glamorous, with long hair, dazzling smile, bikini shape! Confident, caring, fun-loving! Seeks relationship with worldly, kind, attractive male, to make me laugh and listen to my heart! Photo, please. 9307 ✉

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Just A Nice, Selective, Quality Gal—36, searching for a handsome, successful, classy guy (35-45). Be Christian and desire marriage and family. The way to my heart is to make me laugh. Let's be soul mates and share a wonderful life. You'll be glad you replied. Photo appreciated. 9338✉

Handsome, Fit, 37—White male, full-time child therapist, part-time blues guitarist and world's greatest uncle. Seeks a 25-plus, attractive, fit female who would look great in my leather bomber jacket. Photo/note. 9284 ✉

Seeking Beauty With Intellect—Divorced physician, 50 - enjoys skiing, tennis, culture. Lives in Cedarhurst, LI. Looking for warm, giving, available, beautiful Jewish professional woman, 35-45, with similar interests. Prefers doctors, teachers, psychologists. Letter/photo. 9290 ✉

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained—Articulate, successful, confident, fit, tall (6'5") Wasp male, attorney, 37, lives/works (212), seeks educated, fit, articulate, tall female. Note/photo. 9311 ✉

Pretty, Well-Educated—Professional woman. I am a very young-looking 41, thin, 5'6" and white. I enjoy the outdoors, biking, skiing and hiking. Looking to meet an educated, attractive, affectionate and fit white man, 38-48, for a relationship leading to marriage. Note/photo. 9300 ✉

I Am Attractive—Dark-haired, blue-eyed professional female, 37, 5'3", Jewish. You are 34-42 (preferably Jewish), tall, attractive, intelligent, stable and secure male. Let's meet. Photo/note for response. 9276 ✉ ☎

NY Style—White Christian female, 42, dirty blond, with pizzazz - passion for traveling, horseback riding and theater. Seeking white Christian male, 35-45, to experience life. Photo/note. 9316 ✉

American-Israeli—42, seeks fun professional female for long-term relationship. 9301 ✉

Lovely Lady—37, enjoys movies, museums, cooking, piano - seeks commitment-minded man. Picture/note. 9289 ✉

Attractive, Charismatic, Romantic—Mature white male, 31 - loves water, tennis, travel (but has no baggage). Seeks spontaneous, truly beautiful woman of distinction, to laugh with and love. 9329 ✉ ☎

Love Thy Fate—Because adversity is also opportunity, our lives inconceivably precious... Can we place our hearts into simple action, loving, planting flowers and making soup? Single man, 50, spirited, athletic, brave, hilarious, honest and (516)-located - loves his daughter, dogs, swimming, fast cars and ginkgo trees. This Jewish professional, highly cultured and politically incorrect, aware of his patterns and changing them, lives in the domain of integrity and feeling. He misses kissing and meaningful talk. He seeks single woman, age 35-40, intrigued, who responds with photo and letter. 9281 ✉

Where Are You?—I can feel you sometimes like a dream feels to reality. I'm 38, a single mother of 4-year-old. I cannot be objective about my looks. Dare you take the challenge? Photo, please. 9322 ✉ ☎

Affectionate, Successful, Beautiful—Intelligent, uninhibited, slim 48-year-old female - looks like Botticelli's "Venus" (no shell). Seeks interesting, sexy, sophisticated, outgoing man with liberal politics, easy laugh, tuxedo, and no serious life problems. 9330 ✉

Beautiful, Sophisticated, Tall—Slender brunette, Ivy, European background, seeks male counterpart, 45-59. 9292 ✉ ☎

Help Wanted—For good times, tender moments. Fun, leggy, bright, independent lady, 43, seeks fiscally and physically healthy, emotionally mature, attentive, upbeat Jewish gent. Why you? Photo/note. 9283 ✉

Called The Prettiest/Most Popular—Sylphlike, with long legs, golden tresses, eyes of emerald, a radiant smile... Broadcast communicator seeks gentleman with a social conscience, 48 plus, to enjoy the arts, dreams and ideas. 9277 ✉

A Female Golfer Wanted—For "fore!" play by single white male, 42, Catholic (nonreligious), professional, Upper East Sider. You're a professional/exec and a player! Photo appreciated. 9353 ✉

Nice-Looking, Down-To-Earth Guy—That's me. Nothing fancy. After all, this isn't rocket science...it's more like chemistry - just two people meshing. I seek a slender, sensitive woman who can see the humor in everyday life. Write if you seek a natural man who loves rock, sports, books, and still believes in Clinton. 9118 ✉

If You're An Intelligent, Independent—Professional Jewish woman with a sense of humor, 23-30, then this Ivy-educated, professional Jewish man, 25, who likes everything from concerts in Central Park to Yankees games to the theater, would like to hear from you. 9285 ✉

Charming Woman—33, petite, professional, Jewish - loves tennis, theater, jazz, dancing and old movies. Seeks educated, fun Jewish man with similar interests. 9279 ✉ ☎

Upbeat And Energetic—Petite professional woman seeks motivated, financially secure man, 38-55, who loves blonds, fine dining, opera, theater, and who is looking for a wonderful relationship. 9346 ✉ ☎

CT Blond Female—5'3", 110 lbs, blue eyes, financially and emotionally secure - enjoys NY, nature, travel, arts, tennis lessons. Would like to meet only one tall, fit, kind widower or single, professional white male with resolvable baggage, age 40-50ish. Cannot handle overweight or beards. Note/photo. 9309 ✉

Latin Beauty Sought—By successful professional, 38, 6'2", Jewish, very handsome (I'm told), sweet, kind, caring, loyal, with a real heart of gold. 9302 ✉ ☎

Asian Beauty—Professional, seeks a quality man, 5'11" plus, 40-55. Bio/photo/phone. 9383 ✉

Young, Successful Jewish Businessman—Muscular build, dark hair and mysterious eyes, 26 years old - loves travel, concerts, flying, motorcycling, skiing. Include photo, age and description. 9297 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

iery Redhead With Warm Spirit—tall, slim, shapely, blue-eyed natural eauty seeks handsome, soulful, successful an, 33-43. Let's captivate each other ith our intelligence, awareness, wit, love f books, the outdoors and NYC fun. ote/photo, please. 9381 ✉

uccessful European Businessman—iving in NY, 5'8", athletic, with good oks - looking for beautiful, elegant, telligent blond lady, 25-30 years old, ho likes theater, dining out and exciting fe of NYC. Photo please. 9323 ✉

uccessful, Fun-Loving Woman—eeks white 40ish male who is professionlly accomplished, enjoys life and apprecites art, music and nature. Photo. 9336✉

uick-Witted, Warmhearted—Blueyed blond social worker, 36, fit/ttractive, funny and hopelessly liberal. eeking educated, easygoing, all-around ood guy, 30s-40s, for future/family. ote/phone/photo. 9335 ✉

'm Hysterical—Listening to your fablous sense of humor...packaged in the rm of an athletic, 35-45-year-young, ealth-conscious, spiritual and fun-loving utdoorsman. If your only baggage is ouis Vuitton, send note/photo. 9319 ✉

uthor—Per Washington Post, his eclectic data...arrives with the swiftness nd intensity of a furious tennis olley...engaging, witty and brisk." ouse-bound, deeply affectionate, trim '8" body, mesmerizing sense of humor... eeks smiling, loving female. 9332 ✉

ingle Jewish Female—Striking, intellient, artistic, 40s, relocating, seeks quality ale. POB 620746, Newton, MA 02162

el Gibson, DDS—Seeks brainy Bay Vatch babe. Pix. POB 20063, NYC 10023

own-To-Earth—Charming, witty ttorney, 48, Jewish, seeking long-term, exy professional lady, 32-42. 9380 ✉

lond With Perfect Pitch—Warm, retty, slim, savvy, arts lover, traveler, eeks cultured, handsome man, 45-59, for ach and beyond. Photo/note. 9384 ✉

Female Model Dream Come True—world-class, bicoastal entertainment roducer, 45, 6'1", 175, very honest, very ensitive, very sincere, very giving, very andsome, very successful, is looking to neet just one female, 25-35, who is now working high-fashion cover-girl model, vhose inner characteristics are the same, nd has the time to become a best friend, ompanion, is marriage-minded. Photo/ote/phone a must to get a reply. 9325 ✉

Vhat's The Point—Of being a genuinely ice, handsome, nonsmoking, affectionate ewish guy, 33, with a great sense of umor, sailboat on the Sound, love of ennis, movies, beach, sun and sunsets... vith no special person to share it all with? eeking nice, real cute, Jewish young lady o share. Note/photo/phone. 9312 ✉ ☎

Curly-Mopped Redhead—Attractive, Jewish, 47, seeks companionable Jewish male (nature, arts). Me: quiet, cute. You: Mr. Personality! Nonsmoker. 9343 ✉

Tall, Talented, Stunning—Slim, stylish, accomplished downtown arts professional, Jewish, 38, seeks tall, handsome man who is self-aware, loving, witty, successful, fit, romantic, visual. Let's stay late at the ocean, listen to that sweet soul music, cook fabulous meals, watch films, go to Paris and drive south, see our friends, plot adventures, design the kitchen, name the baby. It's time. (212) or (914) only. CD or film list. Photo essential. 9197 ✉

Nicest Guy Around—Caring, fit, engaging executive, 41, would like to share travel, dining, the ocean and hopefully more with kind, slim, bright, emotionally available, nice gal, 27-40. Note/photo - will reciprocate. Thanks. 9347 ✉

This Classy, Considerate—Pleasingly attractive, urbane, accomplished, Manhattan single man relishes a duet with a refined, playful, sophisticated best friend, woman - to savor his second best 51 years of life's eclectic wonders in stylish comfort at an unruffled pace, with effortless panache. A photo moment with some musings would be highly esteemed. 9275✉

Do You Possess Joie De Vivre—And sensibility? I am a mature, fun-loving, independent and sensitive woman, seeking a companion over 50 - sincere and caring and wanting to share the many pleasures of life. 9333 ✉ ☎

Worth Wooing—Warm, witty, wickedly winsome widow with numerous interests, seeks attractive, affectionate, physically fit, humorous, financially secure mensch, 50-65, for lasting relationship. Note/recent photo, please. 9371 ✉

Pretty Lady Dentist—47, 5'4", with exciting professional life, would like same in personal life. Loves city life, country weekends, good music, good food, good conversation. Looking to meet warm, caring, successful professional man with healthy lifestyle, who is passionate about life and has genuine desire for committed relationship. Note and photo. 9278 ✉ ☎

Shapely And Sensual—Single Jewish female, blond hair, green eyes, 5'5", 125 lbs, 40s - enjoys tennis, dancing, movies and travel. Seeks Jewish professional male over 40, who is emotionally secure, has a good sense of humor and can commit to a relationship. 9306 ✉

Lost In Cyberspace—Hazel-eyed journalist/editor, 38, with two advanced degrees, seeks "hot link" to an irreverent, successful, down-to-earth, self-aware, sensitive, creative and fit, NYC-based Jewish man, 40-50, who values curiosity, books and literature, writing, films, the art of conversation, the Web, nature, yoga, laughter and cafe latte. If you're looking for a "real" connection, not a virtual one, write. Nonsmoker. Picture please. 9364 ✉

Looking For That Trophy—Are you the one I saw strutting down Park Avenue looking quite provocative with that short skirt and long legs, in those sexy high heels? I did a double take - you looked like a model. I'm a successful CEO, 40, and I would like to meet you for a fun relationship. No drugs/smoking. 9318✉☎

Very Feminine—33, passionate, adventurous, educated, very pretty Canadian - seeks gentleman to share sports, dinner, theater and hopefully more. 9377 ✉ ☎

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I'm Not Going To Brag—I'm beautiful, intelligent, successful or sexy, but you'll be pleasantly surprised. I've hit the big five-O - but only in numbers, not in spirit. Please be younger or young-at-heart, physically fit, nonsmoker. Note/recent photo. 9357✉

Act Now! This Offer Won't Last Long!—Very attractive, single Jewish female, 34, 110 lbs, 5'5", seeks single Jewish male, 35-45, never married. You won't be disappointed. Photo/letter/phone. 9294 ✉

Warm, Sensitive, Sensual—Female, attractive, fit, secure...seeks male, 45-58, with similar qualities. My interests range from great music (classical to reggae), film or just a good conversation. Note. 9273✉☎

Sushi-Loving Doctor—41 years old, seeks elegant, professional Japanese lady for dinner, movies, museums, friendship and romance. Note/photo/phone. 9351 ✉

Vegetarian Psychologist—Runner, exercise lover, 35, single white male, wants to meet unmarried woman who thinks about how to make quality relationships and how to make the world a better place. Photo optional. 9340 ✉ ☎

Lets Make A We Out Of Thee And Me
I am a 6'4", 185 lb, 52 year-old, white Jewish male, with salt and pepper buzz cut hair (what's left) and beard. My interests are music, especially opera and jazz, art and photography, movies (even bad ones), sailing and weekends on the Jersey Shore (sun and sand during the day; clubs and fun at night). Your race and religion don't matter to me. Send me a note and picture if you like, leave me a voice mail and I'll call you tonight. 9385 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Warm Writer—Witty, active, well-rounded, easy to talk to, fun, seeks kind, smart, flexible, comfortable man (40-54) with sense of humor, available for a relationship. Note/photo. 9374 ✉

Will I Ever Meet—The beautiful, petite, (Caucasian or Oriental) lady of my dreams? If you are approximately 40 years old and wish to enjoy life by traveling, playing golf or tennis, sailing, skiing, scuba diving, fine dining, visiting museums, the opera or ballet, then please respond (with a photo) to this ad by a good-looking, nonsmoking, considerate, honest, successful and Christian, NJ businessman. 9350 ✉

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Shapely, Slim, Attractive, Youthful—Mid 40s outside, down-to-earth and romantic inside. Seeks attractive, educated white man, 43-53, for one-to-one relationship. Phone preferred. 9341 ✉ ☎

Be My Obsession—Attractive woman, 38, slender, fit, 5'5", affectionate and caring, who loves music, dancing, beaches, nature...is active, intellectually curious, politically incorrect (mostly), with sense of humor...seeks intelligent, commitment-minded man, 37-46. 9327 ✉ ☎

Gay Woman—40s, attractive, kind NYC book editor seeks lady friend. 9366 ✉ ☎

Lost Without You—This smart, loving male attorney, 48, 6'2", dark hair, blue eyes, smoker, with wide interests, seeks pretty, kind and special woman to adore, marry, have children. Note/photo. 9344 ✉

Stunning Anglo Female—Seeks world-class gent, 50s (silveresque), for all life's best ahead. RSVP: 9359 ✉

Take A Chance—I've eaten piranha, been charged by hyenas, captured by pygmies. Slim, 38, 5'5", seeking 35-45 man who laughs, lives, reads a lot. 9291 ✉ ☎

Looking For A Middle-Aged Man—Who has done the Younger Woman thing and now wants somebody who has been where he has. If you're out there, you're 48-58, good-natured, handsome, bemused, adventurous, with hair that's salty or white but enough for me to get my hands into. You have kids, you have a full life, you like your life. You love books, you love good talk. I am 48, a writer, very pretty, feminine, slender, fit and passionate. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters). 9356 ✉

Cute, Romantic Man With Boat—Seeks sweet cutie pie, who loves beach, to be best friend and fall head-over-heels in love with. I'm 40, 6', 170, athletic body, affectionate, fun-loving, stable, loves smiling. Please, photo a must. 9349 ✉

Pretty, Lovely Lady—42, Jewish, 5'2", slim, auburn hair, big blue eyes - wishes to meet attractive, slim man with a sense of humor, for a happy relationship. 9317 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Slim—Business professional, youthful 53, down-to-earth - enjoys sports, travel, dining. Seeks successful, intelligent, fun-loving soul mate, 52-63. You won't be disappointed. LI preferred. Photo/phone appreciated. 9354 ✉

Shapely Brunette—Health care professional, Manhattanite, seeks well-educated male professional, late 40s-early 50s. Prefer nonsmoker. 9287 ✉

NYC - Handsome, Humorous—Retired lawyer, 6', 175 lbs, brown hair. Pursuing second career in acting. Plays racquetball, tennis. 72, nonsmoking, nonreligious, sensitive, gentle, affectionate, literate, analyzed, divorced. Seeks slim, educated, humorous woman, 5'5"-5'7". Photo. 9337✉

Lady Captain—Seeks experienced sailin man to share beautiful sloop. 9295 ✉

First-Time Ad!—Very pretty professional 35, 5'7", fit, trim, sexy, fun, adventurous with good heart and humor. Loves to dine sun, travel, theater, movies, and I jus started playing golf (but I'm really bad).. Looking for a great guy to fall in love Note/phone/photo. 9375 ✉

Handsome, Passionate—Professiona male, 38, 5'11", 150 lbs, dark features educated and adventurous - loves art music, travel, culture and the outdoors Seeks bright, sensitive and loving female 26-36, with big heart and open mind, fo fun, romance and hopefully more. Phot please - will exchange. 9272 ✉

Home Alone—Are you home alone too Attractive professional female, 40s laid-back and easygoing, seeking mal partner for movies, arts, dining, travel fun, laughter, companionship. Note photo/phone. 9358 ✉

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MARY ANN MADDEN #858

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

NY, NY—Three alleged serial killers were arrested here last week. One of the suspects in custody at the 19th Precinct remarked, "It's getting so that it's not safe to leave your apartment."...

"Actually," remarked actress Demi Moore when asked about her new film, "I'm doing *The Nun's Story*"...

Above, things to come. Competitors are invited to invent remarks for attribution from a newspaper or magazine interview in a worst-future-case scenario.

Results of Competition 855, in which you were asked for rhyming verse for customized greeting or gift cards.

Report: Fewer newer things might have worked here to eliminate most of the "similarly from"s. As it was, many chose truly recent headlines as opposed to uh, sea changes. We've a long lead time in the summer. Thus, replication of semi-current topics. Kathie Lee. Kathie Lee's clothing. Corporate downsizing. Liposuction (or corporeal downsizing). Divorce. Dentures. Julie and the Tonys. Lois and Clark. Bob and Newt and Bill and Al. Peres and Nosferatu. Betsy and the Governors. Bris and the Mohels. Lhude sing cuccu. And see that you do.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

This package is for you, so we
Can share in what you sell.
From all your good ami-
Gos, the Colombia Cartel.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

Hello from Cincinnati
Where fans are going batty
We would like it more than lots
If we had fired our departing Schotts.
Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.;
sp. ment.: Franc Dillon, Beachwood, Ohio

Sorry that you're melancholy;
Danes are not a happy lot.
But don't commit the final folly
'Tis better, pal, to be than not.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Your empathy, devoted heart,
And crazy sense of fashion . . .
Dear swain composed, in equal parts,
Of love, velours, compassion.
Janet Siefert, N.Y.C.

Lost your meal?
What a bummer!
Couldn't feel
Any glummer.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

Heard that your baby
Is 4 lb. 8 oz.
Am hoping that maybe
He's well, and he b oz.
Walt O. Wikol, Birmingham, Mich.

And Honorable Mention to:

Were hoping you will get well soon
We think about you night and noon
And every morning, kneel to pray
That you won't send for Dr. K.
Page M. Collier, Thibodaux, La.
sp. ment.: Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

Your inaugural speech, if it's heard
Will be scanned for each meaningless word.
So don't be lampooned as absurd
And refer to yourself in the Third.
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Hill and Bill went up the hill
To fetch the "ayes" no "noes"
Good luck this fall! or bon voyage
Whichever way it goes.
Allan G. Sperling, Rye, N.Y

This card is for your hospitality
For the use of your pool and your house, rent-free
You've made me feel welcome, not at all like a pest,
Best wishes from Kato, your number-one guest.
Melissa Arnold, N.Y.C.

Sacked from the Met?
You shouldn't fret.
The opera ain't done
'Til the Battle is won.
Terry Zheutlin-Kehoe, Wilmette, Ill.

A grandchild! What a precious thing,
As it grows older, may it bring
Its parents some of the distress
Their son brought them. Much joy. God bless!
Nicole Liberman, N.Y.C.

Sorry to hear that your mouse has been sick
You've pressed left and right sides and still there's no click
Its ball won't revolve for your poor CD-ROM
Have you tried all the keywords like mousehelp.com?
Suzanne Ross, Rego Park, N.Y.

Gray stones stood tall, the sun was high,
Its rays now still, now fluid.
You held the orb and swore your vows;
Congrats: You're now a Druid.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

Hand in hand for fifty years,
Loved the laughter, braved the tears.
Now comes the joy of your Golden Days:
As you finally go your separate ways.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

Word has spread all over town
The syndicate is sizing down.
Hoping you can keep your job,
Since there's no pension in the mob.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

Hip hip hooray!
I love your toupee!
In that new rug
You're as cute as a bug.
CeCe Trachy, Westfield, Mass.

Courage, kid. There may be jokes
About your suit against your folks.
I hope the judge will find a way
For you to keep your movie pay.
Norman H. Levine, Beverly Hills, Calif.

A thank-you note for a taxi driver?
Don't knock it—here's an extra fiver.
You knew the way, controlled the wheel,
You made my day. Are you for real?
Katie L. Sperling, N.Y.C.

Welcome, friend, to managed care,
You're in a great position.
The treatment's good, the price is fair.
Surprise! There's no physician.
Gouri Mukherrjee, Brooklyn, N.Y.

It's Father's Day and I'm so sad
'Cause I no longer have a dad
I don't even got a mother
But I got you, Lyle, for my brother.
Lois Fisher Corcoran, Chicago, Ill.

Enjoy your drive, past bogs and stables
And landfill sites near picnic tables—
Past road signs you find most perplexing:
One which warns that "Deer" are "X-ing."
Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.

Kudos to "Rent"
It drew Patrick Swayze.
I never went,
Just call me layze.
Albert Komishane, Elizabeth, N.J.
sp. ment.: Ronald Ballard, Little Rock, Ark.

Three cheers for you and all the rest
Who proved to be Olympics' best.
You didn't have to learn what "loss" meant;
Now, focus on your next endorsement.
Al Hattal, Potomac, Md.

Hey, Hoover-face!
Your fat's been hosed.
Good luck, Your Grace.
(Your bill enclosed.)
similarly: Gloria Ferguson, Va. Beach, Va.
Teddy Lempert, N.Y.C.

None of us is perfect, that's certainly true
But it takes courage to admit a mistake.
I salute you for what you're about to do

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COMPETITION

Lots of luck on "Ricki Lake."
Stacey Roy, Silver Spring, Md.

Good-bye from the gang!
We all are feeling
Sad that you hit
The big glass ceiling.
Elaine Anderson, N.Y.C.

Congratulations
On your success.
We'll be in touch.
—The I.R.S.
Tom Doyle Sr., Bristol, Ct.

Condolences, New York fans,
Sorry if we spoil your plans.
Some things money just can't fix:
Michael will not join the Knicks.
L. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

You're leaving after all these years
We can hardly hold back tears.
Hallmark, you were something special
When it came to making things rhyme.
Lawrence J. Pippick, Los Angeles, Calif.;
sp. ment.: Adriana Delia, Monmouth Jct., N.J.

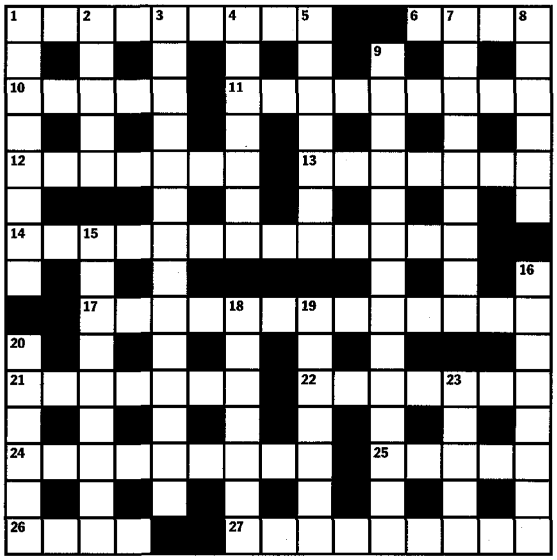
Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 858, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by August 2. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the September 9 issue.

Solutions to last week's puzzle

C	O	B	B	L	E	R	■	P	O	P	U	L	A	R
H	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	U	■	E	■	A	■	E
O	W	L	E	T	■	F	E	L	L	R	A	C	E	S
P	■	Z	■	T	■	T	■	V	■	E	■	H	■	I
I	N	A	F	L	U	S	T	E	R	■	B	A	R	D
N	■	C	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	G	■	I	■	E
■	■	■	■	J	I	M	M	O	R	R	I	S	O	N
C	■	C	■	O	■	O	■	U	■	A	■	E	■	T
E	A	R	T	H	H	O	U	S	E	S	■	■	■	■
M	■	E	■	N	■	N	■	■	■	S	■	F	■	S
E	Y	A	S	■	O	S	C	A	R	W	I	L	D	E
T	■	T	■	S	■	H	■	W	■	I	■	A	■	R
E	D	I	T	H	P	I	A	F	■	D	I	N	G	O
R	■	O	■	O	■	N	■	U	■	O	■	G	■	U
Y	A	N	G	T	S	E	■	L	A	W	L	E	S	S

I	L	S	A	■	H	E	D	D	A	■	R	A	G	E	D	■	H	E	S	S
O	A	H	U	■	A	B	O	I	L	■	O	L	I	V	E	■	O	P	T	O
W	H	E	R	E	T	O	G	O	O	N	M	Y	V	A	C	A	T	I	O	N
A	R	M	A	D	A	■	E	R	N	O	■	■	E	N	O	L	A	G	A	Y
■	■	■	■	I	R	A	■	■	S	T	A	T	S	■	■	L	I	L	■	■
S	H	A	L	L	I	S	I	T	O	R	S	H	A	L	L	I	R	O	A	M
H	E	N	I	E	■	F	D	A	■	E	T	A	■	E	E	N	■	T	R	Y
O	M	I	T	■	■	O	I	L	S	■	A	L	A	N	A	■	S	T	I	R
W	I	T	H	A	G	R	O	U	P	O	R	I	S	O	L	A	T	I	O	N
■	N	A	O	M	I	■	T	S	A	R	■	A	P	R	■	M	E	S	T	A
■	■	■	■	U	S	E	■	■	M	O	B	■	■	E	A	U	■	■	■	■
M	I	S	T	S	■	M	A	P	■	N	A	Z	I	■	S	L	A	P	S	■
I	N	T	H	E	H	I	L	L	S	O	R	O	N	T	H	E	F	O	A	M
A	L	A	I	■	E	L	L	E	N	■	A	R	C	H	■	■	O	N	N	O
M	E	T	■	S	R	I	■	X	I	S	■	R	O	E	■	M	O	T	T	O
I	T	I	S	T	O	O	M	U	C	H	C	O	G	I	T	A	T	I	O	N
■	■	O	P	A	■	■	O	S	K	A	R	■	■	R	O	N	■	■	■	■
A	G	N	O	S	T	I	C	■	■	W	E	S	T	■	T	E	S	T	E	D
S	O	I	T	H	I	N	K	I	L	L	S	T	A	Y	A	T	H	O	M	E
W	A	N	T	■	L	O	E	W	E	■	T	Y	R	O	L	■	O	T	I	S
E	D	G	Y	■	E	N	D	O	W	■	S	E	A	N	S	■	P	E	R	K

The 'Guardian' Crossword



ACROSS

1 Motor round stalls and sideshows till one finds a place to eat. (9)
6 Fish born to donkey. (4)
10 Mother and I among footballers doing our thing? (5)
11 Ram and pig had issue, close to the chest. (9)
12 West African people in opposition to smokers opposed. (7)
13 Go away or missing. (3,4)
14 Towering Inferno, maybe: inferno-like expression for love and struggle. (8,5)
17 1,000 people with sailor in company fight for somewhere to broadcast from. (10,3)
21 Complete article in Russian aircraft for Scots port. (7)
22 Fragrant appeal to tub-thumper to do his stuff? (7)
24 Spooner's vendeuse does what mollusks produce. (9)
25 Even lower than 6 for cats or dogs. (5)
26 My French appearance? (4)
27 Happy and unhappy state played wrathfully? (5,4)

DOWN

1 Stop don changing raiders. (8)
2 Dominant note on Guy Fawkes' day? (5)
3 Pet may stay hand? Not so; she will pour. (3,3,8)
4 Advise as of old about clothing for raptor. (3,4)
5 Seaweed found in a millimetre of filling. (7)
7 A claw nearly gets one of two Fabians down. (2,1,3,3)
8 Clothing for sword-arm: hit without one. (6)
9 I'm not arguing: at every level the States follow, within reason. (8,3,3)
15 Time to recover from reaper's welcome. (4,5)
16 Parrot leaves stage to ask how one voted. (4,4)
18 Fruit, for example: doctor gets some illumination. (3-4)
19 Sort of suit for model with rising bell? (7)
20 Stomach order with some money. (6)
23 A republican language? Say yes. (5)

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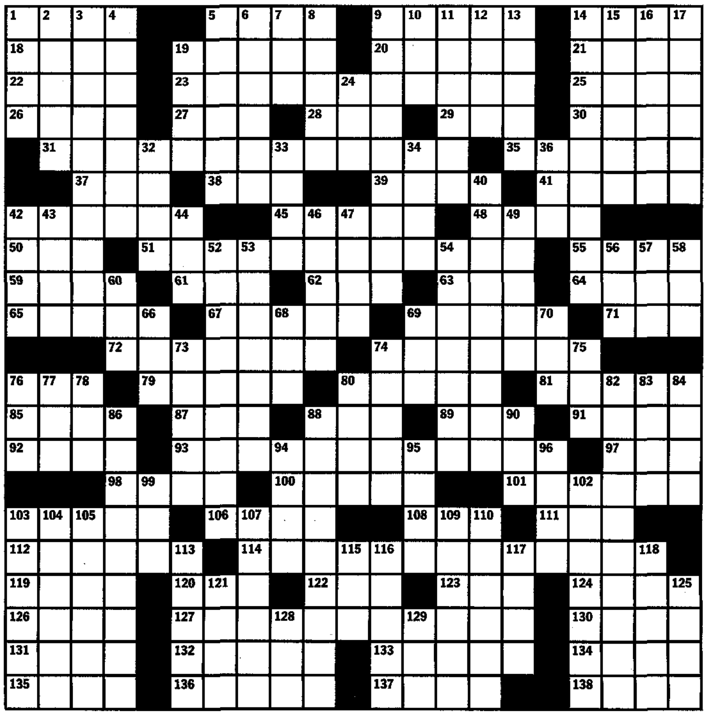
'Olympic Gold': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Singer McEntire
5 Sci-fi transports
9 Sparkle
14 Sail support
18 Yoko's family
19 Separated
20 Taylor or Adorée
21 Inter —— (among other things)
22 Throngs
23 U.S. gold medalist, '76
25 Tire mountings
26 West Point team
27 Time immemorial
28 Appomattox VIP
29 Dog tags, for short
30 Shoelace annoyance
31 U.S. gold medalist, '84
35 Ancient ascetic
37 Uncle: Sp.
38 Half an African fly
39 "Bus Stop" dramatist
41 Basilica areas
42 Kin of propane
45 Lacking company
48 Surrealism great
50 Ending of Chou's name
51 U.S. gold medalist, '84 and '88
55 Defrost
59 Gulf War enemy
61 Bunyan's tool
62 #7 on a phone button
63 From —— Z
64 "Nana" author
65 Atelier tripod
67 Virgil hero: var.
69 Cut of steak
71 Cowpoke's nickname
72 Ancestry
74 Citizen of a Nile capital
76 Ear: prefix
79 Riding-boot appendages
80 Ankles, to an M.D.
81 Get pleasure from
85 Pilgrimage to Mecca
87 —— loss for words
88 Newsman Donaldson
89 Gown's go-with
91 "La Plume —— Tante"
92 The south of France
93 U.S. gold medalist, '60
97 Hope to reap
98 "Ask —— questions . . ."
100 Weatherworn
101 Add spice
103 Having much substance
106 Astronauts' org.
108 Between ready and go
111 Stage signal
112 Foot curvatures
114 U.S. gold medalist, '32
119 Filled tortilla
120 Crown, in Agra
122 Gone by
123 Homo sapiens
124 What Noah counted by
126 Pusher's buyer
127 U.S. gold medalist, '32
130 Enlist again, in G.I. lingo
131 Tie fabric
132 Heston role
133 Legal tender
134 —— uncertain terms
135 Art Deco designer
136 ZaSu of old films
137 Neither front nor back
138 Aide: abbr.

DOWN

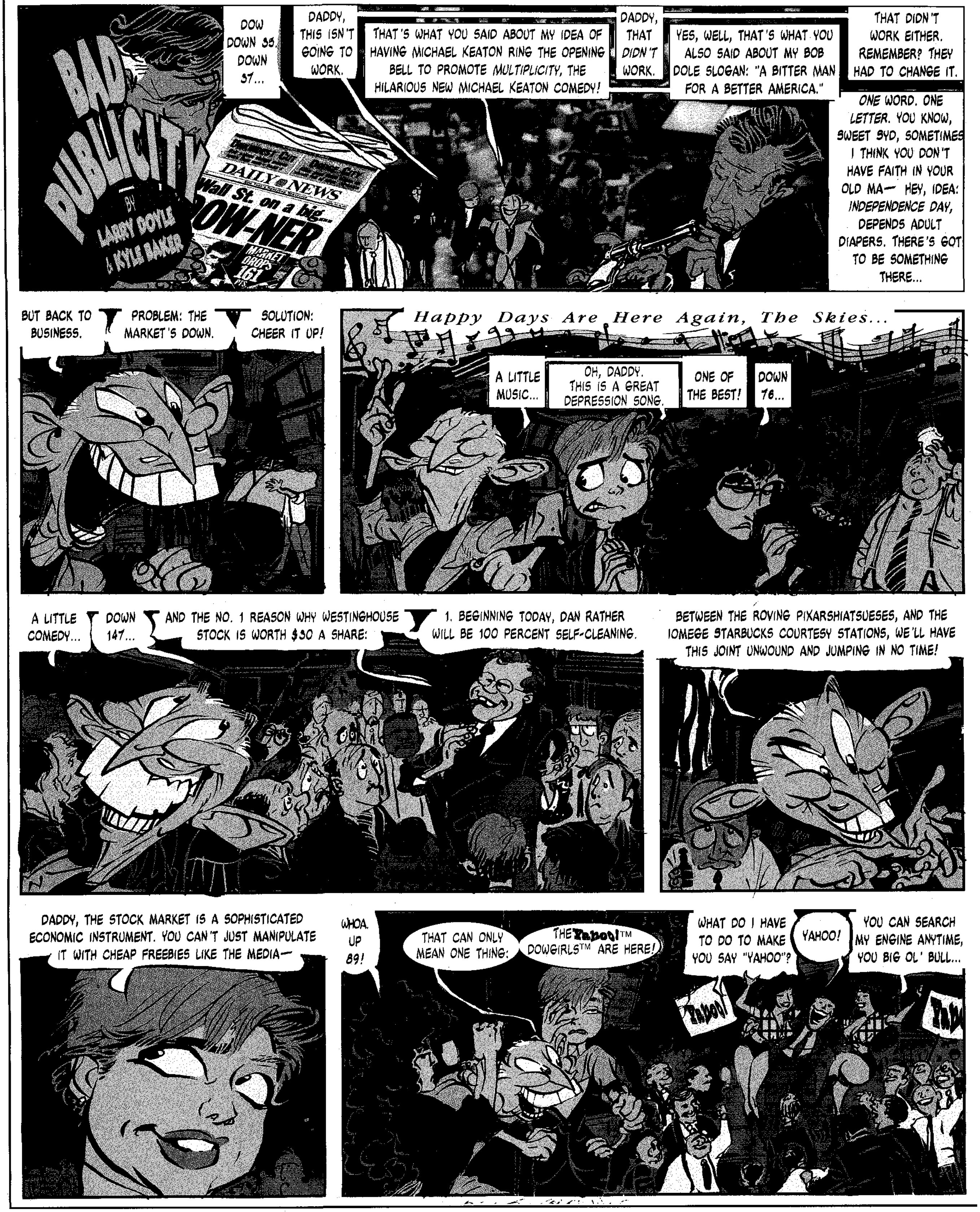
1 "Arrivederci" city
2 Huge, old style
3 U.S. gold medalist, '48 and '52
4 Where Nineveh was
5 Pull out of the earth
6 Roman counterpart of Pan
7 Killer whale
8 Stone marker
9 Salutations
10 Actor Cariou
11 Baseball-game segment
12 Have to have
13 Succinct
14 U.S. gold medalist, '72
15 Dress shapes
16 Signoret of the cinéma
17 Samples the cooking
19 First murder victim
24 Boeing product
32 Egg foo ——
33 Genuine
34 Draft rating
36 Gal of song
40 Newspaper opinion article
42 Nobelist Wiesel
43 Fictional plantation
44 Feminists' cause: abbr.
46 "Steady Eddie" of pitching fame
47 Not theirs
49 In unison
52 Death penalty
53 Colin Powell's rank
54 Cookie company
56 Sizzling
57 Heady beverage
58 Simonize
60 Abbr. on a math proof
66 Broadway's "—— Miz"
68 Nanny has three
69 Paver's goo
70 Opposite of WSW
73 Deposit roe
74 Sartre contemporary
75 Sign off
76 Electrical unit
77 Olympic skater Babilonia
78 Like Simon's couple
80 Starchy Hawaiian foodstuff
82 U.S. gold medalist, '36
83 Melville adventure
84 Sign of boredom
86 U.S. gold medalist, '12
88 Stately old dances
90 2nd postscript
94 Western plateau
95 Lucy's vis-à-vis
96 Hell, euphemistically
99 Spud bud
102 The Hapsburgs' realm
103 Full-grown
104 Typo remover
105 Receive willingly
107 Lowly
109 Oscar winner O'Brien
110 "The Rose of ——"
113 Hard to climb
115 Self-image
116 Campus digs
117 "There's a Girl —— Soup"
118 These can be common and proper
121 Dylan's "—— Really Want to Do"
125 Dry-cleaner's target
128 Lake isle
129 Word with polloi



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.

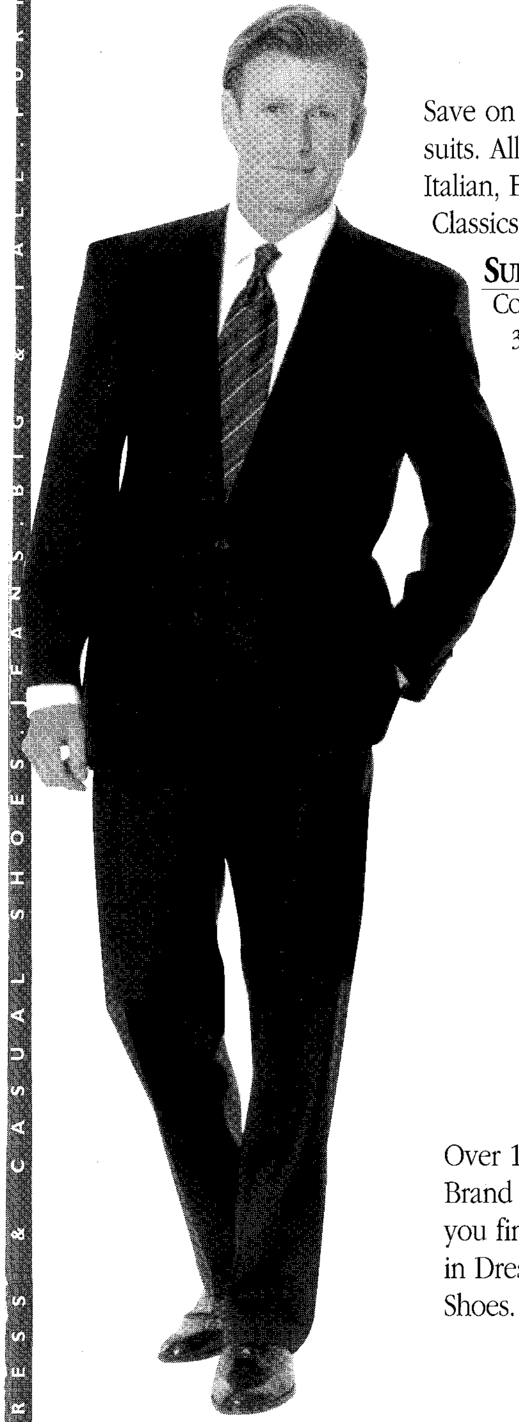
The Bull Market

Sandy plots to boost those shaky stocks by injecting some of his trademark Flacco optimism.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
DAILY NEWS
Wall St. on a big... DOW-NER
MARKET DROPS 161 PTS.
DOW DOWN 35. DOWN 37...
DADDY, THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK.
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY IDEA OF HAVING MICHAEL KEATON RING THE OPENING BELL TO PROMOTE *MULTIPLICITY*, THE HILARIOUS NEW MICHAEL KEATON COMEDY!
DADDY, THAT *DIDN'T* WORK.
YES, WELL, THAT'S WHAT YOU ALSO SAID ABOUT MY BOB DOLE SLOGAN: "A BITTER MAN FOR A BETTER AMERICA."
THAT DIDN'T WORK EITHER. REMEMBER? THEY HAD TO CHANGE IT.
ONE WORD. ONE *LETTER*. YOU KNOW, SWEET SYD, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU DON'T HAVE FAITH IN YOUR OLD MA— HEY, IDEA: *INDEPENDENCE DAY*, DEPENDS ADULT DIAPERS. THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING THERE...
BUT BACK TO BUSINESS.
PROBLEM: THE MARKET'S DOWN.
SOLUTION: CHEER IT UP!
Happy Days Are Here Again, The Skies...
A LITTLE MUSIC...
OH, DADDY. THIS IS A GREAT DEPRESSION SONG.
ONE OF THE BEST!
DOWN 76...
A LITTLE COMEDY...
DOWN 147...
AND THE NO. 1 REASON WHY WESTINGHOUSE STOCK IS WORTH $30 A SHARE:
1. BEGINNING TODAY, DAN RATHER WILL BE 100 PERCENT SELF-CLEANING.
BETWEEN THE ROVING PIXARSHIATSUESES, AND THE IOMEGE STARBUCKS COURTESY STATIONS, WE'LL HAVE THIS JOINT UNWOUND AND JUMPING IN NO TIME!
DADDY, THE STOCK MARKET IS A SOPHISTICATED ECONOMIC INSTRUMENT. YOU CAN'T JUST MANIPULATE IT WITH CHEAP FREEBIES LIKE THE MEDIA—
WHOA. UP 89!
THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING:
THE Yahoo!™ DOWGIRLS™ ARE HERE!
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO MAKE YOU SAY "YAHOO"?
YAHOO!
YOU CAN SEARCH MY ENGINE ANYTIME, YOU BIG OL' BULL...
Yahoo!

THE SUMMER SALE

VISIT NEW YORK'S GREATEST SAVINGS INSTITUTION



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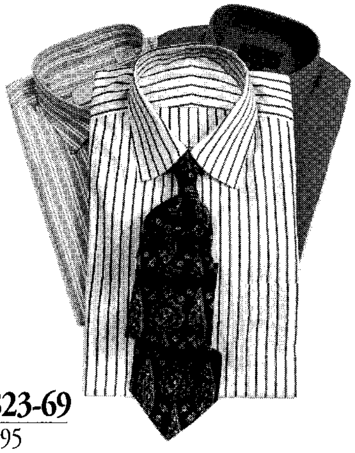
3rd & 5th Floors



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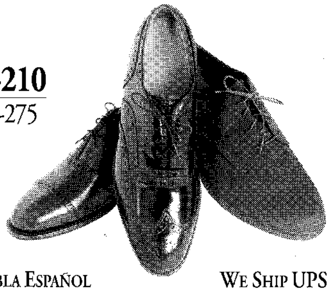

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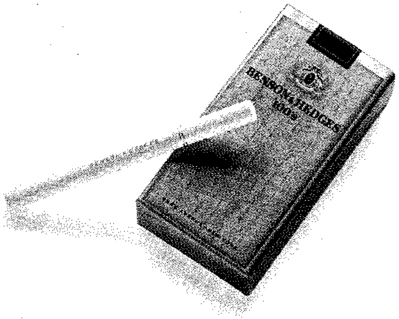

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